

ORIGINAL POEMS  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS,

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Now First Collected and Publish'd together,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* SECOND,  
CONTAINING

TRANSLATIONS.	ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,	EPITAPHS,
PROLOGUES,	AND
EPILOGUES,	SONGS.

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TRANS.

THE CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AS REVISED BY THE

SEVENTH CONFERENCE

OF THE STATES

IN 1792

AND

THE

SEVENTH CONFERENCE

OF THE STATES

IN 1792

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# TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER, THEOCRITUS,  
LUCRETIVS *and* HORACE.



VOL. II.

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# P R E F A C E

Concerning Mr. *Dryden's* Translations.\*



OR this last half Year I have been troubled with the Disease (as I may call it) of Translation: The cold Prose-fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the *History of the League*; the hot, which succeeded them, in Verse Miscellanies. The Truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but that the Humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of *Theocritus*, and as many Odes of *Horace*. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary Productions, I encouraged my

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\* Prefix'd to the *First Part of Miscellany Poems*, &c.  
Publish'd by Mr. *Dryden*.

self to renew my old acquaintance with *Lucretius* and *Virgil*; and immediately fix'd upon some Parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the Undertaking. But there was an accidental Motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord *Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse*; which made me uneasy 'till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the Speculation into Practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry is, like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks, very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his Instructions; I am sure my Reason is sufficiently convinced both of their Truth and Usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a Vanity, than to pretend that I have at least in some Places made Examples to his Rules. Yet, withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission: for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such Expositions of my Authors, as no *Dutch* Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular Passages, I have thought that I discover'd some Beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this Consideration, that what was beautiful in the *Greek* or *Latin*, wou'd not appear so shining in the *English*. And where I have enlarged them, I desire the false Criticks wou'd not always think, that those Thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or, at least, if both those Considerations should fail, that my own is of a Piece with

with his, and that if he were living, and an *Englishman*, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of Likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the Posture, the Shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit, which animates the whole. I cannot, without some Indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience *Virgil*, *Homer*, and some others, whose Beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say, to their Faces, by a botching Interpreter. What *English* Readers, unacquainted with *Greek* or *Latin*, will believe me, or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our *Ogilby's* have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcase would be to his living Body. There are many, who understand *Greek* and *Latin*, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The Proprieties and Delicacies of the *English* are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good Wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners,



the freedom of Habitues and Conversation with the best Company of both Sexes ; and, in short, without wearing off the rust, which he contracted, while he was laying in a Stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the Purity of *English*, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper Style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that, which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men take up some cry'd-up *English* Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his Thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of Words and Style ; but he must be a Master of them too: He must perfectly understand his Author's Tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that to be a thorough Translator, he must be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Author's Sense, in good *English*, in poetical Expressions, and in musical Numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder Task ; and 'tis a Secret of which few Translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet, whom you wou'd interpret. For Example, not only the Thoughts,

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but the Style and Verfication, of *Virgil* and *Ovid* are very different. Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents ; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to judge, by the Copies, which was *Virgil*, and which was *Ovid*. It was objected against \* a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such Translators I can easily distinguish the Hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in Sweetness ; as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own Method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets ; *Virgil*, *Theocritus*, *Lucretius*, and *Horace*. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on *Virgil* as a succinct, grave and majestick Writer ; one who weigh'd, not only every Thought, but every Word and Syllable : Who was still aiming to crowd his Sense into as narrow a Compass as possibly he cou'd ; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very Thing in your Ears, whose Sense it bears: Yet the Num-

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\* *Sir P. Lely.*

bers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader ; so that the same Sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, *Ovid* and *Claudian*, though they write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the Versification and little variety of *Claudian* is included within the Compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour ; perpetually closing his Sense at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call *Golden*, or two Substantives and two Adjectives, with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. *Ovid*, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and Sound as he : He is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his Verse runs upon Carpet Ground. He avoids, like the other, all *Synalæpha*'s, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following Word. But to return to *Virgil*, tho' he is smooth where Smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it ; frequently makes use of *Synalæpha*'s, and concludes his Sense in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above Conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles : He maintains Majesty in the midst of Plainness ; he shines, but glares not ; and is stately without Ambition, which is the Vice of *Lucan*. I drew my Definition of Poetical Wit from my particular Consideration of him : For Propriety of Thoughts and Words are only to be found in him ; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of Necessity, as the Effect does the Cause ; and therefore is not to be put into the Definition. This exact Propriety of *Virgil* I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character ; but must confess, to my Shame, that I have

not



not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same Compass. *Hannibal Caro's*, in the *Italian*, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the *Æneid*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows two Lines for one of *Virgil*, and does not always hit his Sense. *Tasso* tells us, in his Letters, that *Sperone Speroni*, a great *Italian* Wit, who was his Contemporary, observ'd of *Virgil* and *Tully*; that the *Latin* Orator endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of *Homer*, the *Greek* Poet; and that the *Latin* Poet made it his Business to reach the Conciseness of *Demosthenes*, the *Greek* Orator. *Virgil* therefore, being so very sparing of his Words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be translated, as he ought, in any modern Tongue. To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to translate him Line for Line is impossible, because the *Latin* is naturally a more succinct Language, than either the *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, or even than the *English*, which, by reason of its Monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. *Virgil* is much the closest of any *Roman* Poet, and the *Latin* Hexameter has more Feet than the *English* Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own Thoughts and Words, which a Translator has not; he is confin'd by the Sense of the Inventor to those Expressions, which are the nearest to it: So that *Virgil*, studying Brevity, and having the command of his own Language, could bring those Words into a narrow compass, which a Translator cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short, they, who have call'd him the Torture



of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the Plague of Translators ; for he seems to have study'd not to be translated. I own, that, endeavouring to turn his *Nisus* and *Euryalus* as close as I was able, I have perform'd that *Episode* too literally ; that, giving more scope to *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, that Version, which has more of the Majesty of *Virgil*, has less of his Conciseness ; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both better than *Ogilby*, and perhaps as well as *Caro*. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him ; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better ; but never so well as to have satisfy'd my self.

He, who excels all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord *Roscommon* justly observes, approaches nearest to the *Roman* in its Majesty : Nearest indeed, but with a vast Interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable Grace in *Virgil's* Words, and in them principally consists that Beauty, which gives so inexpressible a Pleasure to him, who best understands their Force. This Diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied ; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his Breakings, his Propriety, his Numbers, and his Gravity, I have as far imitated, as the Poverty of our Language, and the hastiness of my Performance, wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his Sense ; but I think the greatest Variations may be fairly deduced from him ; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better : At least I writ without consulting them in many places.

# P R E F A C E.

11

places. But two particular Lines in *Mezentius* and *Lausus* I cannot so easily excuse: they are indeed remotely ally'd to *Virgil's* Sense; but they are too like the Tenderness of *Ovid*, and were printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

*When Lausus died, I was already slain.*

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the Expression is too bold; that *Virgil* wou'd not have said it, though *Ovid* wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines, which are more according to the Author:

*Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design;  
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.*

Having with much ado got clear of *Virgil*, I have in the next place to consider the Genius of *Lucretius*, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best Age of *Roman* Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of Perfection, both in the Language and the Thoughts, that he left an easy Task to *Virgil*; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copy'd his Excellencies: For the Method of the *Georgicks* is plainly derived from him. *Lucretius* had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical Descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending

of his Books. Which you see *Virgil* has imitated with great Success, in those four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine *Aeneid*. The turn of his Verses he has likewise followed, in those places which *Lucretius* has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much Variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of *Lucretius* (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble Pride, and Positive Assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own Reason, and assuming an absolute Command, not only over his vulgar Readers, but even his Patron *Memmius*. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial Authority, while he instructs him. From his Time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of *Malmsbury*. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by *Lucretius*; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain Sincerity, I believe, he differs from our *Hobbs*, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some Eternal Truths, which he has oppos'd. But for *Lucretius*, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his Cause, that he is before-hand with his Antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagin'd they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an Objection for the future: All this too with so much Scorn and Indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his Thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation,



mentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery Temper proceeds the Loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual Torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral Part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making *Memmius* a Materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible Power. In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the Considerations, which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the Mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future State demonstrable even by natural Arguments; at least, to take away Rewards and Punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a Man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being Nothing after Death is a burthen unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at Happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider, that Virtue is generally unhappy in this World, and Vice fortunate. So that 'tis Hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the Excesses,



Excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural Inclinations, if he may do them with Security while he is alive, and be incapable of Punishment after he is dead ? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of Morality to restrain him : For Fame and Reputation are weak Ties : Many men have not the least Sense of them : Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their Interest, and that not always, when a Passion is predominant : And no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my Thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into *English*) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in Love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things ; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures ; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others. These, and many other Reasons, so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with Examples, and so admirably rais'd by the *Prosopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own Endeavours, which but rarely happens to me ; and that I am not dissatisfied

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upon the review of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my *Englishing* the *Nature of Love*, from the fourth Book of *Lucretius*: And I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first Place, without the least Formality of an Excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that Passion, but that I want my Author's Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which Reasons I translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious *English*? (for I will not give it a worse Word.) Instead of an Answer, I would ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound, when I translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfy'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his Expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freedom of Thought and Words being thus cashier'd in my Hands, he had no longer been *Lucretius*. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular Passages in Books, which, to avoid Prophaneness, I do not name. But the Intention qualifies the Act; and both mine and my Author's were to instruct as well

as please. 'Tis most certain that barefaced Bawdery is the poorest pretence to Wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great Authorities against me. The one is the *Essay on Poetry*, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the Commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his *Essay on Translated Verse*: The other is no less than our admir'd Cowley, who says the same thing in other Words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;

*Much less can that have any place,  
At which a Virgin hides her Face:  
Such Dross the Fire must purge away; 'tis just  
The Author blush, there where the Reader must.*

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the *Essay*; for he asserts plainly, that Obscenity has no place in Wit: The other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced Ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case: For in the first place, I am only the Translator, not the Inventor; so that the heaviest part of the Censure falls upon *Lucretius*, before it reaches me: In the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest Words, but the cleanest Metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the Meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted.

This puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translator of *Lucretius*. I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that

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that Commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd is no more than I intended above twenty Years ago. The ways of our Translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem : I take more liberty, because it best suited with my Design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he us'd my Method in so long a Work ; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The Preference then is justly his ; and I join with Mr. *Evelyn* in the confession of it, with this additional Advantage to him ; that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if *Lucretius* himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new Pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him : And yet I have *Horace* and *Theocritus* upon my Hands ; but the *Greek* Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the *Roman*.

That, which distinguishes *Theocritus* from all other Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and which raises him even above *Virgil* in his *Eclogues*, is the inimitable Tenderness of his Passions, and the natural Expression of them in Words so becoming of a Pastoral. A Simplicity shines thro' all he writes. He shews his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education



cation in their complaints of Love. There is the same difference betwixt him and *Virgil*, as there is betwixt *Tasso's Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* of *Guarini*. *Virgil's* Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of *Epicurus* and of *Plato*; and *Guarini's* seem to have been bred in Courts. But *Theocritus* and *Tasso* have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of *Tasso*, in relation to his Similitudes, that *he never departed from the Woods*, that is, all his Comparisons were taken from the Country. The same may be said of our *Theocritus*. He is softer than *Ovid*; he touches the Passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own Fund, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a Supply. Even his *Dorick* Dialect has an incomparable Sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Ruffet, talking in a *Yorkshire* Tone. This was impossible for *Virgil* to imitate; because the severity of the *Roman* Language deny'd him that Advantage. *Spencer* has endeavour'd it in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*: but neither will it succeed in *English*; for which reason I have forbore to attempt it. For *Theocritus* writ to *Sicilians*, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take Pleasure in such homely Expressions. I proceed to *Horace*.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satirist, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them: For let his *Dutch* Commentators say what they will, his Philosophy was *Epicurean*; and he made use of Gods and Providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which  
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are the most instructive of any that are written in this Art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond *Juvenal's*, if to laugh and rally is to be prefer'd to railing and declaiming, are no part of my present Undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his *Odes*. These are also of several sorts: some of them are Panegyrical, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) *Bacchanalian*. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate *Pindar*, yet, in his most elevated Flights, and in the sudden Changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible Connexions, that *Theban* Poet is his Master. But *Horace* is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza, in every Ode. That, which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the Numerousness of his Verse. There is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the *Roman* Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or (to speak *English*) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as *Virgil's*; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which in *Petronius* is call'd *Curiosa Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Feliciter audere* of *Horace* himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character seems to me to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And those I have chiefly endeavour'd to copy. His other Excellencies, I confess, are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarick Verse: 'Tis that, which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of *Rocheſter*, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small Testimony of my Gratitude can never pay.

'Tis.

'Tis his Darling in the *Latin*, and I have taken some Pains to make it my Master-piece in *English*: For which reason I took this kind of Verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread: but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom (to keep the rest in Countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection, as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of *English*, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of Sweetness in the Numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer Turn, and more Lyrical Verse, is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigour of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the Copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet if the Kind it self be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental Parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or Respect have I broken, in naming the Defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice Point, and there are few Poets, who deserve to be Models in all they write. *Milton's Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no Flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred Lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his Expression, without defending his antiquated Words, and the perpetual harshness of their Sound? 'Tis as much Commendation as a Man can bear, to

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own him excellent ; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since *Pindar* was the Prince of *Lyrick* Poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our Numbers should, for the most part, be Lyrical. For Variety, or rather where the Majesty of Thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the *English* Heroick of five Feet, and to the *French* Alexandrine of Six. But the Ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of Numbers. Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat : the Cadency of one Line must be a Rule to that of the next ; and the Sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows ; without leaping from one Extreme into another. It must be done like the Shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker Colour. I shall be glad, if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood ; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum*, must be my Excuse. There remains much more to be said on this Subject ; but, to avoid Envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restored by one Man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical Ear, and a great Genius, if another Mr. *Cowley* cou'd arise, in another Age, may bring it to Perfection. In the mean time,

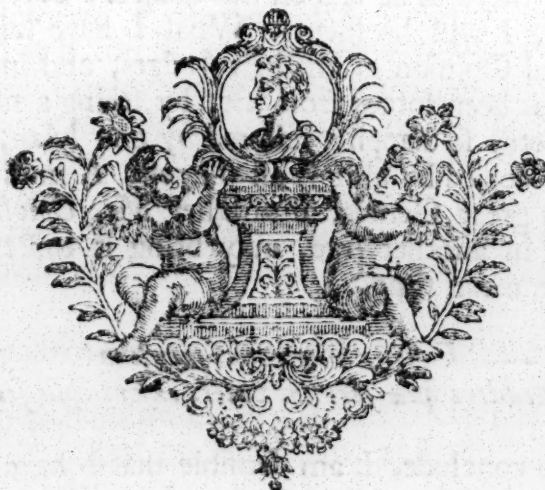
— *Fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.*

To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely : I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worse, it comes out from the first Draught, and uncorrected, This I grant is no  
Excuse :



Excuse : for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more Leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my Case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a Subject ? The Objection is unanswerable ; but, in part of Recompence, let me assure the Reader, that, in hasty Productions, he is sure to meet with an Author's present Sense, which cooler Thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of Spirit, though not of Judgment, in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently, though my Hazard be the greater, yet the Reader's Pleasure is not the less.

JOHN DRYDEN.





The Last Parting of  
**HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.**  
*From the Sixth Book of the Iliad.*

ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the Field of Battle, to visit Helen his Sister-in-law, and his Brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully Hand to Hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own Palace to see his Wife Andromache, and his Infant Son Astyanax. The Description of that Interview is the Subject of this Translation.



HUS having said, brave Hector went to see  
 His virtuous Wife, the fair Andromache.  
 He found her not at home; for she was  
 gone,  
 Attended by her Maid and Infant Son,

To climb the steepy Tow'r of Ilion:  
 From whence, with heavy Heart, she might survey  
 The bloody Business of the dreadful Day.  
 Her mournful Eyes she cast around the Plain,  
 And sought the Lord of her Desires in vain.

But

But he, who thought his peopled Palace bare,  
 When she, his only Comfort, was not there,  
 Stood in the Gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,  
 Which way she took, and whither she was gone;  
 If to the Court, or, with his Mother's train,  
 In long Procession to *Minerva's* Fane?  
 The Servants answer'd, Neither to the Court,  
 Where *Priam's* Sons and Daughters did resort,  
 Nor to the Temple was she gone, to move  
 With Prayers the Blue ey'd Progeny of *Jove*;  
 But more solicitous for him alone,  
 Than all their safety, to the Tow'r was gone,  
 There to survey the Labours of the Field,  
 Where the *Greeks* conquer, and the *Trojans* yield:  
 Swiftly she pass'd, with Fear and Fury wild;  
 The Nurse went lagging after with the Child.

This heard, the noble *Hector* made no stay;  
 Th' admiring Throng divide, to give him way:  
 He pass'd through every Street, by which he came,  
 And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager pace  
 Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace:  
 His Wife, who brought in Dow'r *Cilicia's* Crown,  
 And, in her self, a greater Dow'r alone:  
*Action's* Heir, who on the woody Plain  
 Of *Hippoplacus* did in *Thebe* reign.

Breathless she flew, with Joy and Passion wild;  
 The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.

The Royal Babe upon her Breast was laid;  
 Who, like the Morning Star, his Beams display'd.  
*Scamandrius* was his Name, which *Hector* gave,  
 From that fair Flood which *Ilion's* Wall did lave:  
 But him *Astyanax* the *Trojans* call,  
 From his great Father, who defends the Wall.

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*Hector* beheld him with a silent Smile ;  
His tender Wife stood weeping by the while :  
Press'd in her own, his warlike Hand she took,  
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too late)  
Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate :  
Nor dost thou pity, with a Parent's Mind,  
This helpless Orphan, whom thou leav'st behind ;  
Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy Bed ;  
Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led :  
They seek thy Life, and, in unequal Fight  
With Many, will oppress thy single Might :  
Better it were for miserable me  
To die, before the Fate which I foresee.  
For ah ! what Comfort can the World bequeath  
To *Hector's* Widow, after *Hector's* Death ?

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears  
Began my Youth, and will conclude my Years :  
I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers left ;  
By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.  
Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he overthrew,  
His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew ;  
He slew *Action*, but despoil'd him not ;  
Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot ;  
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,  
And reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe :  
A Tomb he rais'd ; the Mountain Nymphs around  
Inclos'd with planted Elms the holy Ground.

My seven brave Brothers in one fatal Day  
To Death's dark Mansions took the mournful way ;  
Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep  
The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.  
My Mother, who the Royal Sceptre sway'd,  
Was Captive to the cruel Victor made,



And hither led ; but, hence redeem'd with Gold,  
Her native Country did again behold,  
And but beheld: for soon *Diana's* Dart  
In an unhappy Chace transfix'd her Heart.

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone  
My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one :  
O kill not all my Kindred o'er again,  
Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain ;  
But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain.  
Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost :  
'This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.  
The *Scean* Gate commands the Plains below ;  
Here marshal all thy Soldiers as they go ;  
And hence with other Hands repel the Foe.  
By yon wild Fig tree lies their chief ascent,  
And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent :  
The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,  
And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan* Queen :  
With him his greater Brother ; and with these  
Fierce *Diomed*e and bold *Meriones* :  
Uncertain if by Augury, or Chance,  
But by this easy rise they all advance ;  
Guard well that Pass, secure of all beside.  
To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care ;  
But shou'd I shun the Dangers of the War,  
With scorn the *Trojans* wou'd reward my Pains,  
And their Proud Ladies with their sweeping Trains.  
The *Grecian* Swords and Lances I can bear :  
But loss of Honour is my only Fear.  
Shall *Hector*, born to War, his Birth-right yield,  
Belye his Courage, and forsake the Field ?  
Early in rugged Arms I took delight,  
And still have been the foremost in the Fight :

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With Dangers dearly have I bought Renown,  
And am the Champion of my Father's Crown.  
And yet my Mind forebodes, with sure presage,  
That *Troy* shall perish by the *Grecian* Rage.  
The fatal Day draws on, when I must fall ;  
And universal Ruin cover all.

Not *Troy* it self, tho' built by Hands Divine,  
Nor *Priam*, nor his People, nor his Line,  
My Mother, nor my Brothers of Renown,  
Whose Valour yet defends th' unhappy Town ;  
Not these, nor all their Fates which I foresee,  
Are half of that Concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fatal Hour,  
Subjected to the Victor's cruel Pow'r ;  
Led hence a Slave to some insulting Sword,  
Forlorn, and trembling at a Foreign Lord ;  
A Spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,  
Gracing with *Trojan* Fights a *Grecian* Room ;  
Or from deep Wells the living Stream to take,  
And on thy weary Shoulders bring it back.  
While, groaning under this laborious Life,  
They insolently call thee *Hector's* Wife ;  
Upbraid thy Bondage with thy Husband's name ;  
And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.

This when they say, thy Sorrows will increase  
With anxious Thoughts of former Happiness ;  
That he is dead who cou'd thy Wrongs redress.  
But I, oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,  
Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more.

He said——

Then, holding forth his Arms, he took his Boy,  
The Pledge of Love and other Hope of *Troy*.  
The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away,  
And on his Nurse's Neck reclining lay,

His

His unknown Father shunning with affright,  
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight ;  
 Daunted to see a Face with Steel o'er-spread,  
 And his high Plume, that nodded o'er his Head.  
 His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent Joy ;  
 And *He* ~~for~~ hasten'd to relieve his Boy ;  
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone afar,  
 The Pride of Warriors, and the Pomp of War :  
 Th' Illustrious Babe, thus reconcil'd, he took :  
 Hugg'd in his Arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods and Men, propitious *Jove*,  
 And you bright Synod of the Pow'rs above ;  
 On this my Son your Gracious Gifts bestow ;  
 Grant him to live, and great in Arms to grow,  
 To reign in *Troy*, to Govern with Renown,  
 To shield the People, and assert the Crown :  
 That, when hereafter he from War shall come,  
 And bring his *Trojans* Peace and Triumph home,  
 Some aged Man, who lives this act to see,  
 And who in former times remember'd me,  
 May say, the Son in Fortitude and Fame  
 Out-goes the Mark, and drowns his Father's Name :  
 That at these words his Mother may rejoice,  
 And add her Suffrage to the publick Voice.

Thus having said,  
 He first with suppliant Hands the Gods ador'd :  
 Then to the Mother's Arms the Child restor'd :  
 With Tears and Smiles she took her Son, and press'd  
 Th' Illustrious Infant to her fragrant Breast.  
 He, wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,  
 And eas'd her Sorrows with this last Relief.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears away,  
 Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day :

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Think not it lies in any *Grecian's* Power,  
To take my Life before the fatal Hour.  
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly  
Th' irrevocable Doom of Destiny.  
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,  
There task thy Maids, and exercise the Loom,  
Employ'd in Works that Womankind become.  
The Toils of War, and Feats of Chivalry  
Belong to Men, and most of all to me.

}

At this, for new Replies he did not stay,  
But lac'd his Crested Helm, and strode away.  
His lovely Confort to her House return'd,  
And looking often back in silence mourn'd :  
Home when she came, her secret Woe she vents,  
And fills the Palace with her loud Laments ;  
Those loud Laments her echoing Maids restore,  
And *Hector*, yet alive, as dead deplore.

---

A M A R Y L L I S :

Or the Third *Idyllium* of

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,  
My browsing Goats upon the Mountains stray :  
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed  
In Pastures fresh, and to their watering led ;  
And 'ware the Ridgling with his budding head.  
Ah beauteous Nymph ! can you forget your Love,  
The conscious Grottes, and the shady Grove ;  
Where stretch'd at ease your tender Limbs were laid,  
Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd ?

}



Then I was call'd your Darling, your Desire,  
 With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire ;  
 But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same ;  
 My Heart maintains for both a double Flame ;  
 Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your Scorn :  
 So faithful I, and you so much forsworn !  
 I die, and Death will finish all my pain ;  
 Yet, ere I die, behold me once again :  
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late ?  
 What partial Judges are our Love and Hate !  
 Ten wildings have I gather'd for my Dear ;  
 How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear !  
 Far-off you view'd them with a longing Eye  
 Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high) :  
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd,  
 And for to morrow have Ten more reserv'd.  
 Look on me kindly, and some pity shew,  
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.  
 Some God transform me by his Heav'nly Pow'r  
 Ev'n to a Bee to buzz within your Bow'r,  
 The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,  
 And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.  
 Now to my cost the force of Love I find ;  
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind.  
 The Milk of Tigers was his Infant food,  
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood ;  
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.  
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,  
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport !  
 Unheeded Ruin ! treacherous Delight !  
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight !  
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,  
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn !

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Smile once again, revive me with your Charms ;  
 And let me die contented in your Arms.  
 I would not ask to live another Day,  
 Might I but sweetly kiss my Soul away.  
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd ?  
 For Kisses are but empty, when compar'd.  
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear  
 The Garland, which I wove for you to wear,  
 Of Parsly, with a wreath of Ivy bound,  
 And border'd with a Rosy edging round.  
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard !  
 Since I must die, why is my Fate deferr'd !  
 I strip my Body of my Shepherd's Frock :  
 Behold that dreadful downfall of a Rock,  
 Where yon old Fisher views the Waves from high !  
 'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.  
 You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,  
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.  
 I might have read my Fortune long ago,  
 When, seeking my success in Love to know,  
 I try'd th' infallible Prophetick way,  
 A Poppy-leaf upon my Palm to lay :  
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow ;  
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow :  
 And which was worse, if any worse could prove,  
 The with'ring Leaf foreshew'd your with'ring Love.  
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares !) }  
 My last recourse I had to Sieve and Sheers ;  
 And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease :  
*Agreo*, that in Harvest us'd to lease ;  
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire ;  
 Meat, Drink, and two Pence was her daily hire.  
 To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,  
 And yet the resty Sieve wagg'd ne'er the more ; }  
 I wept for woe, the testy Beldame swore,

And, foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;  
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.  
 A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;  
 Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her side,  
 For which the Nut brown Lads, *Eritbatis*,  
 Full often offer'd many a savoury Kifs.  
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:  
 What madman would o'erstand his Market twice!  
 My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,  
 Perhaps my *Amiaryllis* may appear;  
 I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.  
 What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?  
 She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.  
*Hippomenes*, who ran with noble strife  
 To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,  
 (What shift some men will make to get a Wife?)  
 Threw down a golden Apple in her way;  
 For all her haste she could not choose but stay:  
 Renown said, Run; the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd, Hold;  
 The Man might have been hang'd, but for his Gold.  
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed)  
 That stopt the fatal fury of her speed:  
 She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse  
 Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.  
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,  
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye)  
 From steepy *Othrys*' top to *Pylus* drove  
 His Herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:  
 If such another wager should be laid,  
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.  
 Why name I men, when Love extended finds  
 His pow'r on high, and in Cœlestial Minds?  
*Venus* the Shepherd's homely habit took,  
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook;

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Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,  
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.  
 How blest was fair *Endymion* with his Moon,  
 Who sleeps on *Latmos'* top from Night to Noon!  
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possest,  
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.  
 My aking Head can scarce support the pain;  
 This cursed Love will surely turn my brain:  
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;  
 Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.  
 A clammy sweat does o'er my Temples creep;  
 My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:  
 I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,  
 The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;  
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,  
 For Love has made me Carrion ere I die.

The *Epithalamium* of H E L E N and  
 M E N E L A U S.

From the 18th *Idyllium* of Theocritus.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,  
 With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;  
 And to the pompous Palace did resort,  
 Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.  
 There hand in hand a comely Choir they led;  
 To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,  
 With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers  
 bespread.

*Jove's* beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,  
 And *Jove* himself was less a God than he.



For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,  
 Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.  
 This was their song: Why, happy Bridegroom, why,  
 Ere yet the Stars are kindled in the Sky,  
 Ere twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,  
 Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed?  
 Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,  
 Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,  
 With flowing bowls of a more generous God?  
 If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,  
 (But, naughty Man, thou dost not mean to sleep)  
 Betake thee to thy Bed, thou drowzy Drone,  
 Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone:  
 Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play  
 At sports more harmless, 'till the break of day:  
 Give us this Evening; thou hast Morn and Night,  
 And all the year before thee, for delight.  
 O happy Youth! to thee, among the crowd  
 Of rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud;  
 And every lucky Omen sent before,  
 To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.  
 Of all our Heroes thou canst boast alone,  
 That *Jove*, when-e'er he Thunders, calls thee Son:  
 Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,  
 With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare;  
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.  
 A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:  
 But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.  
 Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,  
 Twelvescore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,  
 While naked to *Eurotas'* banks we bend,  
 And there in manly exercise contend,  
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,  
 And hide the Beauties that we made our boast.

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So, when the Night and Winter disappear,  
 The purple morning, rising with the year,  
 Salutes the Spring, as her Celestial eyes  
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:  
 So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,  
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.  
 As Pines the Mountains, or as Fields the Corn,  
 Or as *Thessalian* Steeds the race adorn;  
 So Rosy-colour'd *Helen* is the pride  
 Of *Lacedæmon*, and of *Greece* beside.  
 Like her no Nymph can willing *Ofers* bend  
 In Basket-works, which painted streaks commend:  
 With *Pallas* in the Loom she may contend.  
 But none, ah! none can animate the Lyre,  
 And the mute strings with Vocal Souls inspire:  
 Whether the learn'd *Minerva* be her Theme,  
 Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream;  
 None can record their Heavenly praise so well  
 As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand *Cupids* dwell.  
 O fair, O graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,  
 But whom to-morrow's Sun a Matron shall behold!  
 Yet, ere to-morrow's Sun shall shew his head,  
 The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,  
 For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.  
 Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,  
 As bleating Lambs their absent Mother mourn.  
 Our noblest Maids shall to thy Name bequeath  
 The Boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.  
 This Monument, thy Maiden Beauties due,  
 High on a Plane tree shall be hung to view:  
 On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see  
 Thy Name engrav'd, and worship *Helen's* Tree:  
 Balm, from a Silver-box distill'd around,  
 Shall all bedew the Roots, and scent the sacred Ground.

The

The Balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,  
 But *Helen's* Name will keep it ever young.  
 Hail Bride, hail Bride-groom, Son-in-Law to *Jove* !  
 With fruitful joys *Latona* blest your Love ;  
 Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,  
 Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires :  
 Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,  
 Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.  
 From generous Loins a generous Race will spring,  
 Each Girl, like her, a Queen ; each Boy, like you, a King.  
 Now sleep, if sleep you can ; but, while you rest,  
 Sleep close, with folded Arms, and Breast to Breast :  
 Rise in the morn ; but oh ! before you rise,  
 Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.  
 We will be with you ere the crowing Cock  
 Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.  
*Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,  
 And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle won.

---

*The* DESPAIRING LOVER.

*From the 23d Idyllium of Theocritus.*

**W**ITH inauspicious Love, a wretched Swain  
 Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain ;  
 Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,  
 She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :  
 Her heav'nly form too haughtily she priz'd,  
 His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd ;  
 Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel Darts,  
 Nor fear'd his awful Pow'r on human Hearts ;  
 But either from her hopeless Lover fled,  
 Or with disdainful Glances shot him dead.

No

No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy ;  
 No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.  
 But, as a hunted Panther casts about  
 Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning Ears to scout,  
 So she, to shun his Toils, her cares employ'd,  
 And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.  
 Her Mouth she writh'd, her Forehead taught to frown,  
 Her Eyes to sparkle fires to Love unknown :  
 Her fallow Cheeks her envious Mind did shew,  
 And ev'ry feature spoke aloud the curstness of a Shrew.  
 Yet could not he his obvious Fate escape ;  
 His Love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape ;  
 And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn  
 But fann'd the Fuel that too fast did burn.  
 Long time, unequal to his mighty Pain,  
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain :  
 At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief  
 With Tears, the dumb petitioners of grief :  
 With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love,  
 And any Heart, but only hers, wou'd move.  
 Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,  
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :  
 Staring his Eyes, and haggard was his Look ;  
 Then, kissing first the Threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph, more cruel than of human Race !  
 Thy Tigress Heart belies thy Angel Face :  
 Too well thou shew'st thy Pedigree from Stone ;  
 Thy Grandame's was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown :  
 Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;  
 But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd.  
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;  
 But take this Gift, the last that I can give.  
 This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife  
 Betwixt my ling'ring Love and lothsome Life :

This



This moment puts an end to all my Pain ;  
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.  
 Farewel, ungrateful and unkind ! I go  
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.  
 I go th' extremest remedy to prove,  
 To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love :  
 There happily to lose my long desires :  
 But ah ! what draught so deep to quench my Fires ?  
 Farewel ye never-opening Gates, ye Stones,  
 And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans.  
 What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;  
 What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.  
 The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time ;  
 The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;  
 White Lilies hang their Heads and soon decay,  
 And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :  
 Such is your blooming Youth, and withering so :  
 The time will come, it will, when you shall know  
 The rage of Love ; your haughty heart shall burn  
 In flames like mine, and meet a like return.  
 Obdurate as you are, oh ! hear at least  
 My dying Prayers, and grant my last Request.  
 When first you ope your Doors, and passing by  
 The sad ill-omen'd Object meets your Eye,  
 Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;  
 The breathless Wretch, so made by you, survey :  
 Some cruel Pleasure will from thence arise,  
 To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.  
 I wish (but oh ! my wish is vain, I fear)  
 The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :  
 Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,  
 And spread your Mantle o'er my grisly Face ;  
 Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss :  
 O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss !

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Nor fear your kisses can restore my Breath;  
 Even you are not more pitiless than death.  
 Then for my corps a homely Grave provide,  
 Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.  
 Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast,  
 And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:  
 Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear:

A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here;  
 O Passengers, *Aminta's* Eyes beware.

}

Thus having said, and furious with his Love,  
 He heav'd with more than human force, to move  
 A weighty Stone (the labour of a Team) [Beam:  
 And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring  
 Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,  
 And fitted to his Neck the fatal Noose:  
 Then spurning backward took a swing, 'till death  
 Crept up, and stopt the Passage of his Breath.  
 The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful Fair [Air;  
 Relentless look'd and saw him beat his quivering feet in  
 Nor wept his Fate, nor cast a pitying Eye,  
 Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:  
 And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,  
 Her Garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:  
 Next to the Dance, thence to the Bath did move;  
 The Bath was sacred to the God of Love;  
 Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,  
 Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:  
 Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,  
 He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful Nymph below:  
 Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;  
 And this her last expiring Voice was heard;  
 Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn;  
 Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

DAPH.

## D A P H N I S.

*From the 27th Idyllium of Theocritus.*

D A P H N I S.

**T**HE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride  
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd ;  
But I by free consent can boast a Bliss,  
A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kifs.

C H L O R I S.

Kisses are empty Joys, and soon are o'er.

D A P H N I S.

A Kifs betwixt the Lips is something more.

C H L O R I S.

I wipe my Mouth, and where's your kissing then ?

D A P H N I S.

I swear, you wipe it to be kifs'd agen.

C H L O R I S.

Go, tend your Herd, and kifs your Cows at home ;  
I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's bloom.

D A P H N I S.

'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time ;  
But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

C H L O R I S.

Blown Roses hold their Sweetness to the last,  
And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

D A P H N I S.

The Sun's too hot ; those Olive shades are near ;  
I fain wou'd whisper something in your Ear.

C H L O R I S.

'Tis honest talking where we may be seen ;  
God knows what secret Mischief you may mean ;  
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kifs again.

D A P H N I S.

DAPHNIS.

At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear ;  
My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

CHLORIS.

Play by your self, I dare not venture thither :  
You, and your naughty Pipe, go hang together.

DAPHNIS.

Coy Nymph, beware, lest *Venus* you offend.

CHLORIS.

I shall have chaste *Diana* still to Friend.

DAPHNIS.

You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart.

CHLORIS.

*Diana* will defend, or heal my Heart.

Nay, fy, what mean you in this open place ?  
Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your Face.  
Let go for shame ; you make me mad for spite ;  
My Mouth's my own ; and if you kiss, I'll bite.

DAPHNIS.

Away with your dissembling Female Tricks :  
What, wou'd you 'scape the Fate of all your Sex ?

CHLORIS.

I swear, I'll keep my Maidenhead 'till death,  
And die as pure as *Queen Elizabeth*.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, mum for that ; but let me lay thee down ;  
Better with me, than with some nauseous Clown.

CHLORIS.

I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,  
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind ;  
But never found a Husband to my Mind.

}

DAPHNIS.



DAPHNIS.

But they are absent all ; and I am here.

CHLORIS.

The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear ;  
And Marriage is a woful word to hear.

DAPHNIS.

A Scarecrow, set to frighten Fools away ;  
Marriage has Joys ; and you shall have Assay.

CHLORIS.

Sour Sauce is often mix'd with our Delight ;  
You kick by Day more than you kifs by Night.

DAPHNIS.

Sham Stories all ; but say the worst you can,  
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.

CHLORIS.

But Child-birth is, they say, a deadly pain ;  
It costs at least a Month to knit again.

DAPHNIS.

*Diana* cures the Wounds *Lucina* made ;  
Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.

CHLORIS.

But I shall spoil my Beauty, if I bear.

DAPHNIS.

But *Mam* and *Dad* are pretty names to hear.

CHLORIS.

But there's a civil Question us'd of late ;  
Where lies my Jointure, where your own Estate ?

DAPHNIS.

My Flocks, my Fields, my Woods, my Pastures take,  
With Settlement as good as Law can make.

CHLORIS.

Swear then you will not leave me on the common,  
But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears Horns you'll say)  
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

CHLORIS.

I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,  
A House, and handsom Lodging for a Guest.

DAPHNIS.

A House well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;  
And, for a Flock-bed, I can sheer my Sheep.

CHLORIS.

What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

DAPHNIS.

'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.

CHLORIS.

But, after all, in Troth I am to blame  
To be so loving, ere I know your Name.  
A pleasant founding Name's a pretty thing.

DAPHNIS.

Faith, mine's a very pretty Name to sing;  
They call me *Daphnis*; *Lycidas* my Sire:  
Both sound as well as Woman can desire.  
*Nomæa* bore me; Farmers in degree:  
He a good Husband, a good Housewife she.

CHLORIS.

Your Kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true;  
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

DAPHNIS.

I know your Father, and his Family;  
And without boasting am as good as he,  
*Menalcas*; and no Master goes before.

CHLORIS.

Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;  
But if you love me, let me see your Living,  
Your House and Home; for seeing is believing.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

See first yon Cypress Grove, a shade from Noon.

CHLORIS.

Browze on my Goats ; for I'll be with you soon.

DAPHNIS.

Feed well my Bulls, to whet your Appetite,  
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

CHLORIS.

What do you mean, uncivil as you are,  
To touch my Breasts, and leave my Bosom bare ?

DAPHNIS.

These pretty Bubbies, first, I make my own.

CHLORIS.

Pull out your Hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

DAPHNIS.

Why does thy ebbing Blood forsake thy Face ?

CHLORIS.

Throw me at least upon a cleaner place :  
My Linen ruffled, and my Wastecoaft soiling ;  
What, do you think new Clothes were made for spoiling ?

DAPHNIS.

I'll lay my Lambkins underneath thy Back.

CHLORIS.

My Head-Geer's off ; what filthy work you make !

DAPHNIS.

To *Venus*, first, I lay these Off'rings by.

CHLORIS.

Nay, first look round, that nobody be nigh :  
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

DAPHNIS.

The Cypress Trees are telling Tales of Love.

CHLORIS.

You tear off all behind me, and before me ;  
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

I'll buy thee better Clothes than these I tear,  
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

CHLORIS.

Y'are liberal now, but when your turn is sped,  
You'll wish me chok'd with every Crust of Bread.

DAPHNIS.

I'll give thee more, much more than I have told ;  
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold.

CHLORIS.

Forgive thy Handmaid, Huntress of the Wood !  
I see there's no resisting Flesh and Blood !

DAPHNIS.

The noble Deed is done ; my Herds I'll cull ;  
*Cupid*, be thine a Calf ; and, *Venus*, thine a Bull.

CHLORIS.

A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,  
But hence return without my Virgin flow'r.

DAPHNIS.

A Maid is but a barren Name at best ;  
If thou canst hold, I bid for Twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispense  
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense :  
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest,  
And present at his own mysterious Feast.  
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,  
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed ;  
While folded in each other's Arms they lay,  
He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play,  
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat  
away.

First rose the Maid, and with a glowing Face,  
Her down-cast Eyes beheld her Print upon the Grass ;

Thence



Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste :  
The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,  
And piping homeward jocundly he past.

*The Beginning of the First Book of*  
LUCRETIVS.

**D**elight of human Kind, and Gods above,  
Parent of *Rome*, Propitious Queen of Love,  
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies ;  
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling Skies :  
For every kind, by thy prolifick might,  
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.  
Thee, Goddess, thee the Clouds and Tempests fear,  
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear :  
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest ;  
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy  
Breast ; [light is blest.  
And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer  
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,  
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,  
When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,  
And Western Gales unlock the lazy Year ;  
The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,  
Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess :  
Then savage Beasts bound o'er their flighted Food,  
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.  
All Nature is thy Gift ; Earth, Air, and Sea :  
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,  
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.  
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,  
The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,  
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.

## Through

Through all the living Regions dost thou move,  
 And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly Seeds of  
 Since then the race of every living thing [Love:  
 Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring  
 Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,  
 Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;  
 Be thou my Aid, my tuneful Song inspire,  
 And kindle with thy own productive fire;  
 While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,  
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay  
 Of Heav'n and Earth, and every where thy won-  
 drous Pow'r display :

To *Memmius*, under thy sweet Influence born,  
 Whom thou with all thy Gifts and Graces dost adorn.

The rather then assist my Muse and me,  
 Infusing Verses worthy him and thee.

Mean-time on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord cease,  
 And lull the listning World in universal Peace.

To thee Mankind their soft repose must owe;

For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;

Because the brutal business of the War

Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care;

Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove

The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love;

And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies, [Eyes;

While with thy heavenly Form he feeds his famish'd

Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,

By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.

There while thy curling Limbs about him move,

Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love,

When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,

Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;

With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,

And Quiet to the weary World restore.

The

*The Beginning of the Second Book of*  
LUCRETIIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore  
The rowling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar:  
Not that another's Pain is our delight ;  
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.  
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far  
The moving Legions mingled in the War.  
But much more sweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide  
To Virtue's heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,  
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd :  
From thence to look below on human kind,  
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :  
To see vain Fools ambitiously contend  
For Wit and Pow'r ; their last endeavours bend  
T' outshine each other, waste their time and health  
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.  
O wretched Man ! in what a mist of Life,  
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,  
He spends his little Span ; and overfeeds  
His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs !  
For Nature wisely flints our appetite,  
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;  
Which Minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain ;  
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.  
So little this corporeal Frame requires ;  
So bounded are our natural Desires,  
That wanting all, and setting Pain aside,  
With bare Privation Sense is satisfy'd.  
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,  
To light the costly Suppers and the Balls ;

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If the proud Palace shines not with the State  
 Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate;  
 If well-tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing Sound  
 Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound;  
 Yet on the Grass, beneath a Poplar shade,  
 By the cool Stream, our careless Limbs are lay'd;  
 With cheaper Pleasures innocently blest,  
 When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is drest.  
 Nor will the raging Fever's fire abate,  
 With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:  
 But the poor Patient will as soon be found  
 On the hard mattress, or the Mother ground.  
 Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more  
 By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,  
 'Tis plain, these useless Toys of every kind  
 As little can relieve the lab'ring Mind:  
 Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful fight  
 Of marshal'd Legions, moving to the fight,  
 Cou'd, with their Sound and terrible Array,  
 Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of Death away.  
 But, since the supposition vain appears,  
 Since clinging Cares, and trains of inbred Fears,  
 Are not with Sounds to be affrighted thence,  
 But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,  
 Not aw'd by Arms, but in the Presence bold,  
 Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;  
 Why should not we these pageantries despise;  
 Whose worth but in our want of Reason lies?  
 For Life is all in wandring Errors led;  
 And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,  
 And tremble in the dark, so riper Years  
 E'en in broad day-light are possess'd with fears;  
 And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,  
 As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.



These bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,  
 No rays of outward sunshine can dispel ;  
 But Nature and right Reason must display  
 Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to day.

The latter Part of the Third Book of  
 L U C R E T I U S ; *against the Fear of Death.*

W H A T has this Bugbear Death to frighten Men,  
 If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can ?  
 For, as before our Birth we felt no pain,  
 When *Punick* Arms infested Land and Main,  
 When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd  
 For the debated Empire of the World,  
 Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,  
 Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who should sway :  
 So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,  
 The lifeless Lump uncoupled from the Mind,  
 From sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free ;  
 We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.  
 Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,  
 We should not move, we only should be tost.  
 Nay, even suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,  
 The Soul could feel in her divided State,  
 What's that to us ? for we are only *We*  
 While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.  
 Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,  
 And Matter leap into the former dance ;  
 Tho' time our Life and Motion could restore,  
 And make our Bodies what they were before,  
 What gain to us would all this bustle bring ?  
 The new-made Man would be another thing.

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When once an interrupting Pause is made,  
 That individual Being is decay'd.  
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part  
 In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,  
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,  
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.  
 For backward if you look, on that long space  
 Of Ages past, and view the changing Face  
 Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd  
 In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the Mind  
 From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been  
 In the same Order as they now are seen :  
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,  
 Because a pause of Life, a gaping space,  
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,  
 And all the wandring Motions from the sense are fled.  
 For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,  
 Must *Be*, when those Misfortunes shall arrive ;  
 And since the Man, who *Is not*, feels not woe,  
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,  
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)  
 What is there left for us in death to fear ?  
 When once that pause of Life has come between,  
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.  
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,  
 That after Death his mouldring Limbs shall rot,  
 Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,  
 Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.  
 A secret Sting remains within his Mind ;  
 The fool is to his own cast offals kind.  
 He boasts no sense can after Death remain ;  
 Yet makes himself a part of life again ;  
 As if some *other He* could feel the pain.

}

If, while he live, this Thought molest his Head,  
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead ?  
 He wastes his days in idle Grief, nor can  
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man ;  
 But thinks himself can still himself survive ;  
 And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.  
 Then he repines that he was born to die,  
 Nor knows in death there is no other He,  
 No living He remains his Grief to vent,  
 And o'er his senseless Carcase to lament.  
 If after death 'tis painful to be torn  
 By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to burn,  
 Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be soak'd,  
 Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;  
 Or on an airy Mountain's top to lie,  
 Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency ;  
 Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd  
 With monumental Marble on thy Breast ?  
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,  
 From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,  
 Whose little Arms about thy Legs are cast,  
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mother's haste,  
 Inspiring secret Pleasure thro' thy Breast ;  
 Ah ! these shall be no more : Thy Friends oppress'd  
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free :  
 Ah ! Wretch, thou cry'st, ah ! miserable me !  
 One woful day sweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,  
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life !  
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;  
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too :  
 Which well consider'd were a quick Relief  
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief.  
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,  
 And, quitting Life, shalt quit thy living pain.

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But we thy Friends shall all those Sorrows find,  
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind ;  
No time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from  
our Mind. }

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,  
Is a sound slumber, and a long good Night.  
Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought the Wits,  
Disturb their Mirth with melancholy fits :  
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,  
'Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,  
They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,  
Short are the joys that human Life can give.  
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,  
And pall the God, that never thinks, with thought ;  
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst  
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,  
Or any fond desire as vain as these.  
For, ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease  
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave ;  
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.  
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death ;  
Yet the first Atoms then, the Seeds of breath,  
Are moving near to sense ; we do but shake  
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.  
Then death to us, and death's anxiety  
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.  
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,  
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,  
And never can return into their place,  
When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.  
And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call  
To thee, or me, or any of us all,  
What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,  
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,



And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?  
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,  
 If all the bounteous Blessings, I could give,  
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,  
 And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve ;  
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous Feast,  
 Cramm'd to the Throat with Life, and rise and take thy  
 But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away, [rest ?  
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,  
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still ?  
 If Life be grown a load, a real Ill,  
 And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,  
 Lay down thy burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.  
 To please thee, I have empty'd all my Store,  
 I can invent, and can supply no more ;  
 But run the round again, the round I ran before.  
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,  
 Yet still the self-same Scene of things appears,  
 And would be ever, couldst thou ever live ;  
 For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.  
 What can we plead against so just a Bill ?  
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.  
 But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,  
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,  
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,  
 Be still, thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.  
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament ;  
 What thou (she cries) who hast out-liv'd Content !  
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store ?  
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more.  
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings ;  
 Loathing the present, liking absent things ;  
 From hence it comes thy vain desires, at strife  
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,

And

And ghastly Death appear'd before thy sight,  
 Ere thou hast gorg'd thy Soul and Senses with delight.  
 Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,  
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.  
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?  
 No sure; for 'tis her Business to provide  
 Against this ever-changing Frame's decay,  
 New things to come, and old to pass away.  
 One Being, worn, another Being makes;  
 Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:  
 New Matter must be found for things to come,  
 And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.  
 All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;  
 And from each other's ruin are begot:  
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;  
 'Tis giv'n to all for Use, to none for Property.  
 Consider former Ages past and gone,  
 Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun,  
 Then tell me, Fool, what part in them thou hast?  
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.  
 What horror seest thou in that quiet State,  
 What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?  
 No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep;  
 But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.  
 For all the dismal Tales, that Poets tell,  
 Are verity'd on Earth, and not in Hell.  
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye,  
 Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on high:  
 But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy hours,  
 Or vain imagin'd Wrath of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.  
 No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;  
 Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell  
 To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal Meal:

Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er  
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;  
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giant's floor.  
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lie;  
 Nor could his Corps sufficient food supply.  
 But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,  
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,  
 And ever-anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.  
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom noise and strife  
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of Life,  
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws:  
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,  
 He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,  
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.  
 For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,  
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,  
 What is it, but, in Reason's true account,  
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount,  
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,  
 Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and smokes along  
 the plain.

Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind  
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry kind,  
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite;  
 Though Years and Seasons vary thy delight,  
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,  
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more;  
 This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell  
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell  
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;  
 'To Vessels of their Sex, which none could ever fill.  
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,  
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,

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And all the vain infernal trumpery,  
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.  
 But here on Earth the Guilty have in view  
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due ;  
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,  
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoke ;  
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,  
 Th' avenging horror of a Conscious Mind,  
 Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,  
 And sees no end of Punishment and Woe ;  
 But looks for more, at the last gasp of Breath :  
 This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.  
 Mean-time, when thoughts of death disturb thy Head ;  
 Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;  
*Ancus*, thy better far, was born to die ;  
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?  
 So many Monarchs with their mighty State,  
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.  
 That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,  
 And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,  
 (In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatn'd wreck,  
 While his proud Legions march'd upon their back : )  
 Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;  
 Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their immortal Name  
 The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,  
*Scipio*, the Thunder-bolt of War, is dead,  
 And, like a common Slave, by Fate in triumph led.  
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost ;  
 And Wits, who made Eternity their boast.  
 Where now is *Homer*, who possess'd the Throne ?  
 Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.  
*Democritus*, perceiving Age invade,  
 His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,



Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face ;  
 Made haste to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.  
 That stroke ev'n *Epicurus* could not bar,  
 Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far  
 As does the mid-day Sun the mid-night Star.  
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,  
 Whose very life is little more than death ?  
 More than one half by lazy sleep possessest ;  
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,  
 Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy Breast.  
 Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,  
 Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find ;  
 But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,  
 Thou wander'st in the Labyrinth of Life.  
 O, if the foolish Race of Man, who find  
 A weight of cares still pressing on their Mind,  
 Could find as well the cause of this unrest,  
 And all this burden lodg'd within the Breast ;  
 Sure they would change their Course, nor live as now,  
 Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.  
 Uneasy both in Country and in Town,  
 They search a Place to lay their Burden down.  
 One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,  
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load :  
 But straight returns ; for he's as restless there ;  
 And finds there's no relief in open Air.  
 Another to his *Villa* would retire,  
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;  
 No sooner enter'd at his Country door,  
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore ;  
 Or seeks the City which he left before.  
 Thus every Man o'erworks his weary will,  
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;  
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.

No

No prospect of Repose, nor hope of Ease ;  
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease ;  
 Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare ;  
 For he would know the World not worth his care :  
 Then would he search more deeply for the cause ;  
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws :  
 For in this moment lies not the debate,  
 But on our future, fix'd, eternal State ;  
 That never-changing State, which all must keep,  
 Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.  
 Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,  
 Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife ?  
 A Life, which all our care can never save ;  
 One Fate attends us, and one common Grave.  
 Besides, we tread but a perpetual round ;  
 We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,  
 And the same Maukish Joys in the same track are found.  
 For still we think an absent Blessing best,  
 Which cloy, and is no Blessing when possess ;  
 A new arising With expels it from the Breast.  
 The fev'rish thirst of Life increases still ;  
 We call for more and more, and never have our fill ;  
 Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,  
 What dregs of Life in the last draught may lie :  
 Nor, by the longest Life we can attain,  
 One Moment from the length of Death we gain ;  
 For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.  
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,  
 The Man as much to all Intents is dead,  
 Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,  
 As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.



The latter Part of the Fourth Book of  
LUCRETIIUS.

*Concerning the Nature of Love.*

Beginning at this Line,

*Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.*

**T**HUS, therefore, he, who feels the fiery Dart  
Of strong Desire transfix his amorous Heart,  
Whether some beauteous Boy's alluring Face,  
Or lovelier Maid, with unresisted Grace,  
From her each part the winged Arrow sends,  
From whence he first was struck he thither tends;  
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,  
And eager to inject the sprightly Seed.  
For fierce Desire does all his Mind employ,  
And ardent Love assures approaching Joy.  
Such is the nature of that pleasing Smart,  
Whose burning Drops distil upon the Heart,  
The fever of the Soul shot from the Fair,  
And the cold Ague of succeeding Care.  
If absent, her Idea still appears,  
And her sweet Name is chiming in your Ears.  
But strive those pleasing Faints to remove,  
And shun th' aerial Images of Love,  
That feed the Flame: When one molests thy Mind,  
Discharge thy Loins on all the leaky kind;  
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain  
Within thy swelling Nerves that hoard of Pain.  
For ev'ry Hour some deadlier Symptom shows,  
And by delay the gath'ring Venom grows,  
When kindly Applications are not us'd;  
The Scorpion, Love, must on the Wound be bruised:

On

On that one Object 'tis not safe to stay,  
But force the tide of Thought some other way :  
The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,  
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.  
Nor wants he all the Blifs, that Lovers feign,  
Who takes the Pleasure, and avoids the Pain ;  
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,  
And less affect the sickly than the sound.  
When Love its utmost Vigour does employ,  
Ev'n then 'tis but a restless wand'ring Joy :  
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,  
With Hands or Eyes, what first he would possess ;  
But strains at all, and, fast'ning where he strains,  
Too closely presses with his frantick Pains ;  
With biting Kisses hurts the twining Fair,  
Which shews his Joys imperfect, unsincere :  
For, stung with inward Rage, he flings around,  
And strives t'avenge the Smart on that which gave the  
Wound.

But Love those eager bitings does restrain,  
And mingling Pleasure mollifies the Pain.  
For ardent Hope still flatters anxious Grief,  
And sends him to his Foe to seek Relief :  
Which yet the nature of the thing denies ;  
For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys,  
By full Possession does but fan the Fire ;  
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.  
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a space,  
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain place :  
Hence Thirst and Hunger may be satisfy'd ;  
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd :  
Form, Feature, Colour, whatsoe'er Delight  
Provokes the Lover's endless Appetite,

These



These fill no Space, nor can we thence remove  
 With Lips, or Hands, or all our Instruments of Love :  
 In our deluded Grasp we nothing find,  
 But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.  
 As he, who in a Dream with drought is curst,  
 And finds no real Drink to quench his thirst ;  
 Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep,  
 And vainly swills and labours in his sleep :  
 So Love with Fantoms cheats our longing Eyes,  
 Which hourly seeing never satisfies :  
 Our hands pull nothing from the Parts they strain,  
 But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain :  
 Nor when the youthful Pair more closely join,  
 When Hands in Hands they lock, and Thighs in Thighs  
 Just in the raging foam of full Desire, [they twine,  
 When both press on, both murmur, both expire,  
 They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart,  
 As each wou'd force their way to t'other's Heart :  
 In vain ; they only cruize about the Coast ;  
 For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost ;  
 As sure they strive to be, when both engage  
 In that tumultuous momentary Rage ;  
 So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,  
 'Till Man dissolves in that excess of Joy.  
 Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its way,  
 And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,  
 A Pause ensues ; and Nature nods a while,  
 'Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil ;  
 And then the same vain Violence returns ;  
 With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.  
 Again they in each other wou'd be lost,  
 But still by adamantine Bars are crost.  
 All ways they try, successless all they prove,  
 To cure the secret Sore of ling'ring Love.

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Besides ———

They waste their Strength in the venereal Strife,  
And to a Woman's Will enslave their Life;

Th' Estate runs out, and Mortgages are made;

All Offices of friendship are decay'd;

Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd.

*Affyrian* Ointment from their Temples flows,

And Diamond Buckles sparkle in their Shooes.

The chearful Emerald twinkles on their Hands,

With all the Luxury of foreign Lands:

And the blue Coat, that with Imbroid'ry shines,

Is drunk with Sweat of their o'er-labour'd Loins.

Their frugal Father's Gains they misemploy,

And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry Female Toy.

*French* Fashions, costly Treats are their Delight;

The Park by Day, and Plays and Balls by Night.

In vain: ———

For in the Fountain, where their Sweets are sought,

Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the Draught.

First guilty Conscience does the Mirroure bring,

Then sharp Remorse shoots out her angry Sting;

And anxious Thoughts, within themselves at strife,

Upbraid the long, mis-spent, luxurious Life.

Perhaps, the fickle Fair-one proves unkind,

Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind,

And leaves a rankling Jealousy behind.

Perhaps, he watches close her amorous Eyes,

And in the act of Ogling does surprize;

And thinks he sees upon her Cheeks the while

The dimpled Tracks of some foregoing Smile;

His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits boil.

This is the product e'en of prosp'rous Love;

Think then what pangs disastrous Passions prove.

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Innumerable Ills ; Disdain, Despair,  
 With all the meager Family of Care.  
 Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,  
 Than flatter the Disease, and late repent :  
 Because to shun th' allurements is not hard  
 To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd;  
 But wond'rous difficult, when once beset, [Net.  
 To struggle thro' the straits, and break th' involving  
 Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,  
 If, like a Fool, thou dost not hug thy Chain ;  
 If not to ruin obstinately blind,  
 And wilfully endeavouring not to find  
 Her plain defects of Body and of Mind. }  
 For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use  
 T' enhance the value, and the faults excuse.  
 And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see  
 They doat on Dowdys and Deformity :  
 E'en what they cannot praise, they will not blame,  
 But veil with some extenuating Name :  
 The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,  
 And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut.  
 If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love ;  
 If freckled, she's a party colour'd Dove :  
 If little, then she's Life and Soul all o'er :  
 An *Amazon*, the large two-handed Whore.  
 She stammers ; oh what grace in lisping lies !  
 If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.  
 If shrill, and with a Voice to drown a Quire,  
 Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.  
 The lean, consumptive, Wench, with coughs decay'd,  
 Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.  
 Th' o'er-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,  
 A Bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.

Flat

Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,  
 And hanging blobber Lips but pout for kisses.  
 The task were endless all the rest to trace :  
 Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her Face  
 And Shape, yet others equal Beauty share ;  
 And time was, you could live without the fair :  
 She does no more, in that for which you woo,  
 Than homelier Women full as well can do.  
 Besides she daubs, and flinks so much of paint,  
 Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent,  
 But laugh behind, and bite their Lips to hold ;  
 Mean-time excluded, and expos'd to cold,  
 The whining Lover stands before the Gates,  
 And there with humble adoration waits :  
 Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,  
 And printing kisses on th' obdurate Door :  
 Who, if admitted in that nick of time,  
 If some unsav'ry Whiff betray the crime,  
 Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,  
 Or makes some faint Excuses to be gone ;  
 And calls himself a doating Fool to serve,  
 Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.  
 Which well they understand like cunning Queans ;  
 And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes,  
 From him they have allur'd, and would retain ;  
 But to a piercing Eye 'tis all in vain :  
 For common Sense brings all their Cheats to view,  
 And the false light discovers by the true :  
 Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find  
 A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.  
 Nor always do they feign the sweets of Love,  
 When round the panting Youth their pliant Limbs  
 they move,

And



And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss.  
 They often share, and more than share the bliss :  
 From every part, e'en to their inmost Soul, [Goal.  
 They feel the trickling Joys, and run with vigour to the  
 Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,  
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males require:  
 Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins  
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly Pains :  
 The lusty leap th' expecting Female stands,  
 By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.  
 Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd ;  
 Nor shouting Boys nor Blows their Union can divide :  
 At either end they strive the link to loose ;  
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the noose.  
 Which never would those wretched Lovers do, }  
 But that the common Heats of Love they know ; }  
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common too : }  
 And when the Woman's more prevailing juice  
 Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce  
 The Mother's likeness ; when the Man prevails,  
 His own resemblance in the Seed he seals.  
 But when we see the new-begotten Race  
 Reflect the Features of each Parents Face,  
 Then of the Father's and the Mother's Blood  
 The justly temper'd Seed is understood :  
 When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,  
 From every Limb the due proportion sent,  
 When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,  
 This gives the splendid Features of the Child.  
 Sometimes the Boy the Grandfire's image bears ;  
 Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares ;  
 Because the genial Atoms of the Seed  
 Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed ;

And,

And, after sundry Ages past, produce  
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice.  
 Hence Families such different Figures take, [Make.  
 And represent their Ancestors in Face, and Hair, and  
 Because of the same Seed, the Voice, and Hair, }  
 And Shape, and Face, and other Members are, }  
 And the same antique Mould the Likeness does prepare. }  
 Thus oft the Father's Likeness does prevail  
 In Females, and the Mother's in the Male.  
 For since the Seed is of a double kind,  
 From that, where we the most resemblance find,  
 We may conclude the strongest Tincture sent,  
 And that was in conception prevalent.  
 Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above  
 Deny production to the act of Love,  
 Or hinder Fathers of that happy Name,  
 Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame ;  
 As many think, who stain with Victims Blood  
 The mournful Altars, and with Incense load,  
 To bless the show'ry Seed with future Life,  
 And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.  
 In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly  
 To Oracles, or Magick Numbers try :  
 For Barrenness of Sexes will proceed  
 Either from too condens'd or watry Seed :  
 The watry Juice too soon dissolves away,  
 And in the parts projected will not stay :  
 The too condens'd, unsoul'd, unwieldly Mass,  
 Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place ;  
 Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,  
 Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the Womb.  
 For Nuptials are unlike in their Success :  
 Some Men with fruitful Seed some Women bless ;

And,

And

And from some Men some Women fruitful are ;  
 Just as their Constitutions join or jar :  
 And many seeming barren Wives have been,  
 Who, after match'd with more prolific Men,  
 Have fill'd a Family with prattling Boys :  
 And many, not supply'd at home with Joys,  
 Have found a Friend abroad, to ease their smart,  
 And to perform the Suplefs Husband's part.  
 So much it does import, that Seed with Seed  
 Should of the kindly mixture make the Breed ;  
 And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,  
 So to produce and propagate the Line.  
 Of such Concernment too is Drink and Food,  
 T' increffate, or attenuate the Blood.  
 Of like importance is the Pofture too,  
 In which the genial feat of Love we do :  
 For as the Females of the four-foot kind  
 Receive the Leapings of their Males behind ;  
 So the good Wives, with Loins up-lifted high,  
 And leaning on their Hands, the fruitful ftroke may try :  
 For in that pofture will they beft conceive ;  
 Not when, fupinely laid, they frisk and heave :  
 For active Motions only break the blow ;  
 And more of Strumpets than of Wives they fhew ;  
 When, answering ftroke with ftroke, the mingled Li-  
     quors flow. }  
 Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,  
 Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd ground.  
 But common Harlots in Conjunction heave,  
 Becaufe 'tis lefs their Bufinefs to conceive  
 Than to delight, and to provoke the deed ;  
 A trick which honeft Wives but little need.  
 Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid's* dart,  
 That many a homely Woman takes the Heart ;

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But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,  
 And clean, will hold their wand'ring Husbands fast ; }  
 Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will last.  
 For what remains, long habitude, and use,  
 Will kindness in domestick Bands produce :  
 For Custom will a strong Impression leave.  
 Hard Bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,  
 In length of time, will moulder and decay,  
 And Stones with drops of Rain are wash'd away.

*From the Fifth Book of L U C R E T I U S.*

*Tum porrò puer, &c.*

**T**HUS, like a Sailor by a Tempest hurl'd  
 Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World :  
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire ;  
 Helpless of all that human wants require ;  
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,  
 From the first moment of his hapless Birth.  
 Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room ;  
 Too true presages of his future Doom.  
 But Flocks and Herds, and every savage Beast,  
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.  
 They want no Rattles for their froward mood,  
 Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their Food,  
 With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear,  
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year :  
 Nor, for their Safety, Citadels prepare,  
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :  
 Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,  
 And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wants.

*The*



*The third ODE of the first Book of*  
H O R A C E.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended  
Voyage to Ireland.*

S O may th' auspicious Queen of Love,  
And the twin Stars, the Seed of *Jove*,  
And he who rules the raging Wind,  
'To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind ;  
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,  
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales :  
As thou, to whom the Muse commends  
The best of Poets and of Friends,  
Dost thy committed Pledge restore,  
And land him safely on the Shore ;  
And save the better part of me,  
From perishing with him at Sea.  
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,  
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,  
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side ;  
Or his at least, in hollow wood  
Who tempted first the briny Flood :  
Nor fear'd the Winds contending roar,  
Nor Billows beating on the Shore ;  
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain ;  
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.  
What form of Death cou'd him affright,  
Who unconcern'd, with stedfast fight,  
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,  
And monsters rolling in the deep !  
Cou'd thro' the ranks of Ruin go,  
With Storms above, and Rocks below !

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In vain did Nature's wise command  
Divide the Waters from the Land,  
If daring Ships and Men prophane  
Invade th' inviolable Main ;  
Th' eternal Fences over-leap,  
And pass at will the boundless Deep.  
No toil, no hardship can restrain  
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain ;  
The more confin'd, the more he tries,  
And at forbidden quarry flies.  
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,  
And stole from Heav'n the seeds of Fire :  
A train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,  
The Robber's blazing track pursue ;  
Fierce Famine with her Meagre Face,  
And Fevers of the fiery Race,  
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,  
All brooding on the blasted Ground :  
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,  
Comes up to shorten half our date.  
This made not *Dedalus* beware,  
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air :  
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,  
Plung'd through the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey :  
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes,  
Are safe from our audacious Crimes ;  
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,  
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

---

*The ninth ODE of the first Book of*  
HORACE.

I.

**B**Ehold yon' Mountain's hoary height  
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;  
Again

Again behold the Winter's weight  
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below :  
 And Streams, with icy Fetters bound,  
 Benumb'd and cramp't to solid Ground.

## II.

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,  
 And feed the genial Hearth with Fires ;  
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bo'd,  
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :  
 For what hereafter shall betide,  
 God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

## III.

Let him alone, with what he made,  
 To tofs and turn the World below ;  
 At his Command the Storms invade ;  
 The Winds by his Commission blow ;  
 'Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,  
 And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

## IV.

To-morrow and her Works desie,  
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,  
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,  
 To put them out of Fortune's pow'r :  
 Nor Love, nor Love's delights disdain ;  
 Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is Gain.

## V.

Secure those golden early Joys,  
 That Youth unfour'd with Sorrow bears,  
 Ere with'ring Time the taste destroys,  
 With Sicknefs and unwieldy Years.  
 For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,  
 This is the time to be posselt ;  
 The best is but in Season best.

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VI.

Th' appointed Hour of promis'd Blifs,  
 The pleasing Whisper in the dark,  
 The half unwilling willing Kifs,  
 The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,  
 When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyness feign,  
 And hides but to be found again ;  
 These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

*The twenty-ninth ODE of the third Book of*  
 H O R A C E.

*Paraphras'd in Pindarick Verse, and inscrib'd to the*  
*Right Honourable Laurence Earl of Rochester.*

I.

**D**Escended of an ancient Line,  
 That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,  
 Make haste to meet the generous Wine,  
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :  
 The rosy Wreath is ready made ;  
 And artful hands prepare  
 The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,  
 And the well-natur'd Friend cries, Come away ;  
 Make haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care :  
 No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat ;  
 And, to be great indeed, forget  
 The nauseous Pleasures of the Great :  
 Make haste and come :

VOL. II.

E

Come,



Come, and forsake thy cloying store ;  
 Thy Turret that surveys, from high,  
 The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome* ;  
 And all the busy pageantry  
 That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore :  
 Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures of  
 the Poor.

## IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich to try  
 A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty :  
 A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,  
 Where all is plain, where all is neat,  
 Without the stately spacious Room,  
 The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,  
 Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

## V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high ;  
 The *Syrian* Star  
 Barks from afar,  
 And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky ;  
 The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.  
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock  
 Beneath the covert of a Rock,  
 And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh :  
 The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire, [require,  
 Those very Shades and Streams new Shades and Streams [ing fire.  
 And want a cooling breeze of Wind to fan the rage

## VII.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,  
 And what the City Factions dare,  
 And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,  
 And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,  
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know :

But God has, wisely, hid from human Sight  
The dark Decrees of future Fate,  
And sown their Seeds in depth of Night ;  
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State ;  
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII

Enjoy the present smiling Hour ;  
And put it out of Fortune's Pow'r :  
The tide of Business, like the running Stream,  
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,  
And always in extreme.  
Now with a noiseless gentle Course  
It keeps within the middle Bed ;  
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,  
And bears down all before it with impetuous force :  
And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,  
Sheep and their Folds together drown :  
Both House and Homestead into Seas are born ;  
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,  
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Ho-

VIII.

[nours mourn.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call to-Day his own :  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To-Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-Day.  
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The Joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are mine.  
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r ;  
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour,

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious Joy,  
Does Man her Slave oppress,

Proud of her Office to destroy,  
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless:  
 Still various and unconstant still,  
 But with an Inclination to be ill,  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,  
 And makes a Lottery of Life.  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;  
 But when she dances in the Wind,  
 And shakes her Wings and will not stay,  
 I puff the Prostitute away :  
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd :  
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm ;  
 And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,  
 Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,  
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black ;  
 If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck ?  
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear  
 For his ill-gotten Gain ;  
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,  
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear  
 His Wealth into the Main.  
 For me, secure from Fortune's Blows,  
 Secure of what I cannot lose,  
 In my small Pinnace I can sail,  
 Contemning all the blustering roar ;  
 And running with a merry Gale,  
 With friendly Stars my safety seek  
 Within some little winding Creek ;  
 And see the Storm ashore.

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*The Second Epode of HORACE.*

**H**OW happy in his low Degree,  
 How rich in humble Poverty, is he,  
 Who leads a quiet Country Life ;  
 Discharg'd of Business, void of Strife,  
 And from the griping Scrivener free ?  
 Thus, ere the Seeds of Vice were sown,  
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born,  
 Who plow'd with Oxen of their own  
 Their small paternal Field of Corn.  
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War,  
 Nor Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,  
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,  
 Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.  
 The clamours of contentious Law,  
 And Court and State, he wisely shuns,  
 Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,  
 To servile Salutations runs ;  
 But either to the clasping Vine  
 Does the supporting Poplar wed,  
 Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin  
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,  
 And grafts more happy in their stead :  
 Or, climbing to a hilly Steep,  
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,  
 Or sheers his overburden'd Sheep,  
 Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,  
 Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.  
 Or in the now declining Year,  
 When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,  
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,  
 And clustring Grapes with Purple spread.



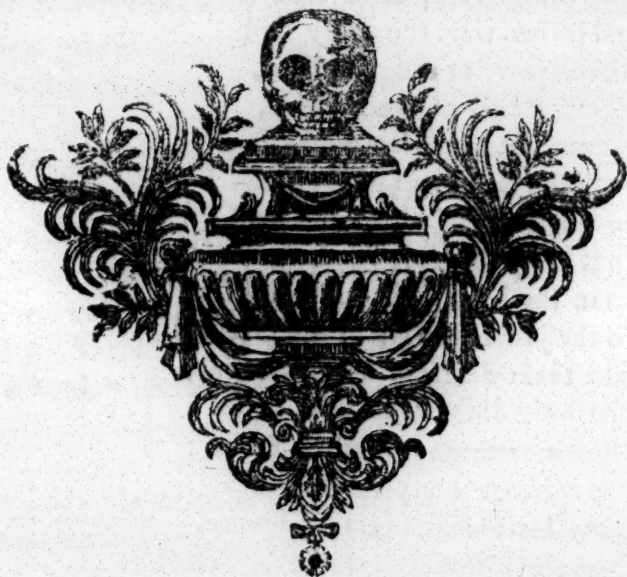
The fairest of his Fruit he serves,  
*Priapus*, thy rewards :  
*Sylvanus* too his part deserves,  
 Whose care the Fences guards.  
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted Grass he lies ;  
 No God of Sleep he need invoke ;  
 The stream that o'er the pebbles flies  
 With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.  
 The Wind that whistles through the Sprays  
 Maintains the consort of the Song ;  
 And hidden Birds with native lays  
 The golden sleep prolong.  
 But when the blast of Winter blows,  
 And hoary frost inverts the Year,  
 Into the naked Woods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear :  
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from sight  
 With twinkling Glasses, to betray  
 The Larks that in the Meshes light,  
 Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.  
 Amidst his harmless easy joys  
 No anxious Care invades his Health,  
 Nor Love his peace of Mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.  
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,  
 To ease the business of his Life,  
 Divides with him his household care,  
 Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,  
 Such as the swift *Apulian's* Bride,  
 Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,  
 Will fire for Winter Nights provide,

And

And without noise will oversee  
 His Children and his Family ;  
 And order all things 'till he come,  
 Sweaty and overlabour'd, home ;  
 If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,  
 And then produce her Dairy store,  
 With Wine to drive away the cold,  
 And unbought dainties of the poor ;  
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake  
 My sober appetite would wish,  
 Nor *Turbot*, or the Foreign Fish  
 That rowling Tempests overtake,  
 And hither wast the costly Dish.  
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,  
 Which *Phasis* or *Ionia* yields,  
 More pleasing Morfels wou'd afford  
 Than the fat Olives of my Fields ;  
 Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,  
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound,  
 Or than the Lamb, that falls by Lot  
 To the just Guardian of my Ground.  
 Amidst these Feasts of happy Swains,  
 The jolly Shepherd smiles to see  
 His Flock returning from the Plains ;  
 The Farmer is as pleas'd as he  
 To view his Oxen, sweating smoke,  
 Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke ;  
 To look upon his menial Crew,  
 That sit around his chearful Hearth,  
 And Bodies spent in Toil renew  
 With wholesom Food and Country Mirth.  
 This *Morecraft* said within himself,

80 TRANSLATIONS, &c.

Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town:  
And live retir'd upon his own  
He call'd his Money in ;  
But the prevailing Love of Pelf :  
Soon split him on the former Shelf,  
He put it out again.



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# P R E F A C E

Concerning OVID's Epistles \*.



THE Life of *Ovid* being already written in our Language before the Translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys* his Undertaking. The *English* Reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*; that he was extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable Progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other Reason,

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\* *Prefix'd to Ovid's Epistles, &c. translated into English Verse, by the most eminent Hands.*

than.

than what was pretended by *Augustus* ; which was, the Lasciviousness of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the Severity of Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome* : Yet this may be said in behalf of *Ovid*, that no Man has ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expression, or search'd into the Nature of it more Philosophically than he. And the Emperor, who condemn'd him, had as little Reason as another Man to punish that Fault with so much Severity, if at least he were the Author of a certain *Epigram*, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the Cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself and *Marc Antony* the Triumvir, which is more fulsome than any Passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked Familiarity of his Expressions to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking *Livia* to his Bed, when she was not only married, but with Child by her Husband then living. But Deeds, it seems, may be justified by Arbitrary Power, when Words are question'd in a Poet. There is another Guess of the *Grammarians*, as far from Truth as the first from Reason : They will have him banish'd for some Favours, which, they say, he receiv'd from *Julia* the Daughter of *Augustus*, whom they think he celebrates under the Name of *Corinna* in his *Elegies* : But he, who will observe the Verses, which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole Contexture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman of the highest Quality. If *Julia* were then married to *Agrippa*, why should our Poet make his Petition to *Isis*, for  
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her safe Delivery, and afterwards condole her Miscarriage ; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own Husband ? Or, indeed, how durst he be so Bold to make the least Discovery of such a Crime, which was no less than Capital, especially committed against a Person of *Agrippa's* Rank ? Or, if it were before her Marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have publish'd an Accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this Opinion, is, that *Ovid* himself complains, that the true Person of *Corinna* was found out by the Fame of his Verses to her : Which if it had been *Julia*, he durst not have own'd ; and, besides, an immediate Punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have touch'd at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure Verses ;

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci ? &c.*

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procur'd him his Disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the Incest of the Emperor with his own Daughter : For *Augustus* was of a Nature too Vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple Banishment ; but would certainly have secur'd his Crimes from publick Notice, by the Death of him who was Witness to them. Neither have Histories given us any Sight into such an Action of this Emperor : Nor would he (the greatest Politician of his Time) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so little Secrecy, as not to shun the Observation of any Man. It seems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confident of some other Passion, or that he had stumbled by  
some



some Inadvertency upon the Privacies of *Livia*,  
and seen her in a Bath : For the Words

*Sine veste Dianam*

agree better with *Livia*, who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the *Julia*'s, who were both noted of Incontinency. The first Verses, which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publicly, according to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to *Corinna* : His Banishment happen'd not till the Age of Fifty : From which it may be deduc'd, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occasion it : Nay, he tells us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedness ; and in the same Paper of Verses also, that the Cause was notoriously known at *Rome*, though it be left so obscure to After-Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more Authentick of this Poet : That he frequented the Court of *Augustus*, and was well received in it, is most undoubted : All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written, as the *French* call it, *Cavalierement* : Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to Persons well known to us, even at this Distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor was his Acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular Account of his own Life, that *Macer*, *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and many others of them, were his Familiar Friends, and that some

of

of them communicated their Writings to him ; but that he had only seen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet, I know no Author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the Description of the Passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers : For all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges, when we are concern'd in the Representation of them. Now I will appeal to any Man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd Persons ? His Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Persons speak more eloquently, than the Violence of their Passion would admit : So that he is frequently witty out of Season ; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the false Applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age : For why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinish'd ? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest : But many Things ought to have been retrenched ; which, I suppose, would have been the Business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even of *Julius Scaliger* himself.

himself, that *Seneca's* Censure will stand good against him ;

*Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;*

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same Sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his Readers instead of satisfying them ; and gives occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the Nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid's* Writings, which is sufficiently recompens'd by his other Excellencies : Nay, this very Fault is not without its Beauties ; for the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit, tho' at the same time he could have wish'd, that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him ; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret Gracefulness of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidness and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material Part, which is the Conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom has miscarried : For if his *Elegies* be compar'd with those of *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found, that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ : And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more polish'd, and the Learning of *Propertius*, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to Ostentation ; yet their common Practice was, to look no further before them than the next Line ; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with some-

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somewhat, which is not of a piece with their Beginning :

*Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter  
Assuitur pannus,*

as *Horace* says : Though the Verses are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race ; some Beautiful Design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to judicious Readers in his *Epistles*, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epistolæ Heroidum*, The Letters of the Heroines. But *Heinsius* has judg'd more truly, that the Inscription of our Author was barely, *Epistles* ; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where *Ovid* asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Masters of their Learning) the *Romans* usually did imitate. But it appears not from their Writings, that any of the *Grecians* ever touch'd upon this Way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, because 'tis us'd by *Ovid* in his Art of love :

*Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.*

But, sure, he cou'd not be guilty of such an Oversight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men, or *Heroes*, as, namely, *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, join'd in it. Except *Sabinus*, who writ some Answers to *Ovid's* Letters,

(*Quam*



( *Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus* )

I remember not any of the *Romans*, who have treated on this Subject, save only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epistle of *Arethusa* to *Lycotas*, which is written so near the Style of *Ovid*, that it seems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning the *Epistles*, I shall content my self to observe these few Particulars : First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Style of them is tenderly Passionate and Courtly ; two Properties well agreeing with the Persons, which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet, where the Characters were lower, as in *OEnone*, and *Hero*, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though, perhaps, he has *Romaniz'd* his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Augustus*. There seems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects, which he has chosen ; most of the Epistles being written from Ladies, who were forsaken by their Lovers : Which is the Reason that many of the same Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters : But of the general Character of Women, which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming Care : for his amorous Expressions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet : It remains that I should say somewhat of Poetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submission

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sion to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to me most proper.

All Translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three Heads.

First, That of *Metaphrase*, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was *Horace* his *Art of Poetery* translated by *Ben Johnson*. The second Way is that of *Paraphrase*, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in View by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his Words are not so strictly follow'd as his Sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. *Waller's* Translation of *Virgil's* Fourth *Aeneid*. The third Way is that of *Imitation*, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the Liberty, not only to vary from the Words and Sense, but to forsake them both as he sees Occasion; and, taking only some general Hints from the Original, to run Division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. *Cowley's* Practice in turning two Odes of *Pindar*, and one of *Horace*, into *English*.

Concerning the first of these Methods, our Master *Horace* has given us this Caution:

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres* —————

*Nor Word for Word too faithfully Translate,*

as the Earl of *Roscommon* has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: 'Tis a Faith like that, which proceeds from Superstition, Blind and Zealous. Take it in the Expression of Sir *John Denham*.

Denham to Sir Rich. Fanshaw, on his Version of  
the *Pastor Fido*.

*That servile Path thou nobly dost decline,  
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.  
A new and nobler Way thou dost pursue,  
To make Translations and Translators too :  
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,  
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.*

'Tis almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time: for the *Latin* (a most Severe and Compendious Language) often expresses that in one Word, which either the Barbarity, or the Narrowness, of Modern Tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in *English*.

*Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.*

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this Thought literally in *English*, and to strike Wit, or almost Sense, out of it?

In short, the Verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many Difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the Thought of his Author, and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And, besides this, he is to confine himself to the Compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhyme. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A Man can shun a Fall by using Caution; but the Gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task: for no sober  
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Man would put himself into a Danger for the Applause of escaping without breaking his Neck. We see *Ben Johnson* could not avoid Obscurity in his literal Translation of *Horace*, attempted in the same Compass of Lines: Nay *Horace* himself could scarce have done it to a *Greek Poet*:

*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:*

either Perspicuity or Gracefulness will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has, indeed, avoided both these Rocks in his Translation of the three first Lines of *Homer's Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

*Dic mihi, Musa, Virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

*Muse, speak the Man, who, since the Siege of Troy,  
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.*

ROSCOMMON.

But then the Sufferings of *Ulysses*, which are a considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted:

[“Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:”]

The Consideration of these Difficulties, in a servile, literal, Translation, not long since made two of our Famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another Way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd, by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other; and, therefore, their Reasons for it are little different. Though the Practice of one is much more Moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same Subject: That is, not to translate his Words, or to be



be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this *libertine* way of rendering Authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Customs and Ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what Mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an Innovation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him shall imitate so bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the Way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his Translation of *Pindar*, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our Understanding) to soar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and *Samson*-like he shakes it off. A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make *Pindar* speak *English*, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors, be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their Work, when neither the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original: but instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the Creation of another Hand. By this way, 'tis true, somewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the first Design; though *Virgil* must be still excepted, when that *perhaps* takes Place. Yet he,

who

who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And 'tis not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To state it fairly ; Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the Dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself) gives his Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Æneid*. *Poetry is of so subtle a Spirit, that, in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate ; and, if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum.* I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation ; but who defends it ? Imitation and verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extremes, which ought to be avoided : And therefore, when I have propos'd the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own : Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same Turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful,  
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it were an Injury to the Author that they should be chang'd : But since every Language is so full of its own Proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometimes Nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow Compass of his Author's Words: Tis enough if he choose out some Expression which does not vitiate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude; but, by Innovation of Thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost : And thus 'tis plain, that the Reason alledged by Sir *John Denham* has no farther Force than to Expression: For Thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language; but the Words that convey it to our Apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsom Dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is, therefore, a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expression; neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the Measure of their Original. The Sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be so; and, if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be reply'd, that he receives Advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches; but I rejoin, that a Translator has no such Right. When a *Painter* copies from the Life, I suppose he has no Privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under Pretence that his Picture will look better: perhaps, the Face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the Eyes or Nose were alter'd; but 'tis his Business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming Difficulty arise; that is, if the Thought be notoriously

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riously trivial, or dishonest ; But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated :

— *Et quæ*  
*Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.*

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories ; for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompense the Loss, which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true Reason, why we have so few Versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Author's Sense, but because there are so few, who have all the Talents, which are requisite for Translation, and that there is so little Praise, and so small Encouragement, for so considerable a Part of Learning.







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## CANACE to MACAREUS.

EPIST. xi.

### The ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other incestuously : Canace was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discover'd to Æolus, who, inrag'd at the Wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beasts on the Mountains : And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self : But before she dy'd, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.



Streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,  
Imagine, ere you read, the Writer slain ;  
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen  
employs,  
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.  
Think in this Posture thou behold'st me write :  
In this my cruel Father would delight.

O! were he present, that his Eyes and Hands!  
Might see, and urge, the Death which he commands:  
Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he,  
Unmov'd, without a Tear, my Wounds would see.

*Jove* justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne,  
His People's Temper is so like his own.

The *North* and *South*, and each contending Blast,  
Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:

Those he can rule; but his Tempestuous Mind  
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.

Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,  
That in their Number I can reckon *Jove*!

What help will all my Heav'nly Friends afford,  
When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?

That Hour, which join'd us, came before its Time:  
In Death we had been one without a Crime.

Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?

Why lov'd I thee with more than Sister's Love?

For I lov'd too; and knowing not my Wound,

A secret Pleasure in thy Kisses found:

My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boast,

My Food grew loathsome, and my Strength I lost:

Still ere I spoke, a Sigh would stop my Tongue;

Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long.

I knew not from my Love these Griefs did grow,

Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.

My wily Nurse by long Experience found,

And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.

'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-cast Eyes,

And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Surprise.

Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain I tell:

And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!

“ When half denying, more than half content,

“ Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent.

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" Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,  
 " And Guilt that made them anxious made them great.  
 But now my swelling Womb heav'd up my Breast,  
 And rising Weight my sinking Limbs opprest.  
 What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurse produce,  
 To make Abortion by their pow'rful Juice ?  
 What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown ?  
 Our first Crime common ; this was mine alone.  
 But the strong Child, secure in his dark Cell,  
 With Nature's Vigour did our Arts repel.  
 And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night  
 Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd Light :  
 Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain  
 Of sudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain :  
 My Throes came thicker, and my Cries increas'd,  
 Which with her Hand the conscious Nurse suppress'd.  
 To that unhappy Fortune was I come,  
 Pain urg'd my Clamours, but Fear kept me dumb.  
 With inward Struggling I restrain'd my Cries,  
 And drunk the Tears that trickled from my Eyes.  
 Death was in Sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid ;  
 And even my Dying had my Guilt betray'd.  
 Thou cam'st, and in thy Count'nance fate Despair ;  
 Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair :  
 Yet feigning Comfort, which thou cou'dst not give,  
 (Prest in thy Arms, and whisp'ring me to live :)  
 For both our Sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy Life ;  
 Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.  
 Rais'd by that Name, with my last Pangs I strove :  
 Such Pow'r have Words, when spoke by those we love.  
 The Babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,  
 With hasty Joy sprung forward to be born.  
 What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm ?  
 Fear of our Father does another form.



High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,  
 'The King with his tempestuous Council sate.  
 Thro' this large Room our only Passage lay,  
 By which we could the new born Babe convey.  
 Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurse bore him out,  
 With Olive Branches cover'd round about ;  
 And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as Holy Rites she meant,  
 Thro' the divided Croud unquestion'd went.  
 Just at the Door, th' unhappy Infant cry'd :  
 The Grandfire heard him, and the Theft he spy'd.  
 Swift as a Whirlwind to the Nurse he flies,  
 And deafs his stormy Subjects with his Cries.  
 With one fierce Puff he blows the Leaves away :  
 Expos'd the self-discover'd Infant lay,  
 The Noise reach'd me, and my presaging Mind  
 Too soon its own approaching Woes divin'd.  
 Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken more,  
 Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests roar,  
 Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear :  
 The Bed beneath me trembled with my Fear.  
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain ;  
 Scarce from my Murder could his Hands refrain.  
 I only answer'd him with silent Tears ;  
 They flow'd : my Tongue was frozen up with Fears.  
 His little Grand-child he commands away,  
 To Mountain Wolves and ev'ry Bird of Prey.  
 The Babe cry'd out, as if he understood,  
 And begg'd his Pardon with what Voice he cou'd.  
 By what Expressions can my Grief be shown ?  
 (Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)  
 To see my Bowels, and, what yet was worse,  
 Your Bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse !  
 Out went the King ; my Voice its Freedom found,  
 My Breasts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.

And

And now appear'd the Messenger of Death ;  
 Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,  
 To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that Word  
 His trembling Hands presented me a Sword :)  
*Your Father sends you this ; and lets you know,*  
*That your own Crimes the Use of it will show.*  
 Too well I know the Sense those Words impart :  
 His *Present* shall be treasur'd in my Heart.  
 Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives ?  
 And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives ?  
 Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Disgrace,  
 And take thy Torch from this detested Place :  
 Instead of that, let Furies light their Brands,  
 And fire my Pile with their infernal Hands.  
 With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed ;  
 Warn'd by the dire Example of the Dead.  
 For thee, poor Babe, what Crime could they pretend ?  
 How could thy Infant Innocence offend ?  
 A Guilt there was ; but, Oh, that Guilt was mine !  
 Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine.  
 Thy Mother's Grief and Crime ! but just enjoy'd,  
 Shewn to my Sight, and born to be destroy'd !  
 Unhappy Offspring of my teeming Womb !  
 Drag'd headlong from thy Cradle to thy Tomb !  
 Thy un-offending Life I could not save,  
 Nor weeping could I follow to thy Grave :  
 Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn Hair ;  
 Nor shew the Grief which tender Mothers bear.  
 Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost ;  
 For soon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghost.  
 But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair,  
 Perform his Fun'ral with paternal Care.  
 His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn ;  
 And once more join us in the pious Urn.

If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st a Tear,  
Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound did bear;  
And faithfully my last Desires fulfil,  
As I perform my cruel Father's Will.

## HELEN to PARIS\*.

EPIST. xvii.

### The ARGUMENT.

*Helen, having receiv'd an † Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer: Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Virtue; then owns her self to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspected his Constancy; and at last discovers her Inclination to be favourable to him: The whole Letter shewing the extreme Artifice of Woman-kind.*

**W**HEN loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,  
She half Consents, who silently Denies.  
How dares a Stranger, with Designs so vain,  
Marriage and Hospitable Rights prophane?  
Was it for this, your Fleet did Shelter find  
From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind?  
(For tho' a distant Country brought you forth,  
Your Usage here was equal to your Worth.)

\* By the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.

† The foregoing, in Ovid.

Does this deserve to be rewarded so ?  
 Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe ?  
 Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,  
 And think me barb'rous for my just Disdain.  
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,  
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.  
 Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,  
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown,  
 I keep my Honour still without a Stain,  
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.  
 Your Boldness I with Admiration see ;  
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me ?  
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away,  
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey ?  
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame,  
 But sure my Part was nothing but the Shame.  
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did bear,  
 I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.  
 Rude Force might some unwilling Kisses gain ;  
 But that was all he ever could obtain.  
 You on such Terms would ne'er have let me go ;  
 Were he like you, we had not parted so.  
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my Friends,  
 And modest Usage made me some Amends.  
 'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed.  
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed ?  
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above Wrongs,  
 Yet still exposes me to busy Tongues.  
 I'll not complain ; for who's displeas'd with Love,  
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?  
 But that I fear ; not that I think you base,  
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face ;  
 But all your Sex is subject to deceive,  
 And ours, alas, too willing to believe.



Yet others yield ; and Love o'ercomes the best :  
 But why should I not shine above the rest ?  
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be  
 A fit Example ready form'd for me.  
 But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd Shape,  
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape.  
 If I should yield, what Reason could I use ?  
 By what Mistake the loving Crime excuse ?  
 Her Fault was in her powerful Lover lost ;  
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast ?  
 Tho' you to Heroes and to Kings succeed,  
 Our Famous Race does no Addition need ;  
 And great Alliances but useless prove  
 To one that comes herself from mighty *Jove*.  
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty Place  
 Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam's* ancient Race ;  
 Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst ;  
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the first.  
 The Crown of *Troy* is pow'ful, I confess ;  
 But I have reason to think ours no less.  
 Your Letter, fill'd with Promises of all  
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call,  
 Gives Expectation such an ample Field,  
 As wou'd move Goddesses themselves to yield.  
 But if I e'er offend great *Juno's* Laws,  
 Your self shall be the dear, the only Cause :  
 Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,  
 Or follow you, without mean Thoughts of Gain.  
 Not that so fair a Present I despise ;  
 We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize.  
 But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take  
 Such Pains, and run such Hazards for my Sake.  
 I have perceiv'd (tho' I disssembled too)  
 A thousand things that Love has made you do.

Your

Your eager Eyes would almost dazzle mine,  
In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd shine.  
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,  
And with unusual Ardor press my Hand ;  
Contrive just after me to take the Glass,  
Nor wou'd you let the least Occasion pass :  
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,  
And blushing fate for Things which you have done :  
Then murmur'd to my self, He'll for my Sake  
Do any thing ; I hope 'twas no Mistake.  
Oft have I read within this pleasing Grove,  
Under my Name, those charming Words, *I Love*.  
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your Flame ;  
But now, alas, am come to write the same.  
If I were capable to do amiss,  
I could not but be sensible of this.  
For oh ! your Face has such peculiar Charms,  
That who can hold from flying to your Arms !  
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,  
May some blest Maid possess with Innocence.  
Pleasure may tempt, but Virtue more should move ;  
O learn of me to want the Thing you love.  
What you desire is fought by all Mankind :  
As you have Eyes, so others are not Blind.  
Like you they see, like you my Charms adore ;  
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.  
Oh ! had you then upon our Coasts been brought,  
My Virgin-Love when thousand Rivals fought,  
You had I seen, you should have had my Voice ;  
Nor cou'd my Husband justly blame my Choice.  
For both our Hopes, alas ! you come too late ;  
Another now is Master of my Fate.  
More to my Wish I cou'd have liv'd with you,  
And yet my present Lot can undergo.

Cease

Cease to sollicit a weak Woman's Will,  
 And urge not her you love to so much Ill.  
 But let me live contented as I may,  
 And make not my unspotted Fame your Prey.  
 Some Right you claim, since naked to your Eyes  
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauty's Prize :  
 One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns ; but she  
 Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd me.  
 But first I am not of Belief so light,  
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such a Sight :  
 Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd ;  
 A Bribe so mean your Sentence had not gain'd.  
 With partial Eyes I shou'd my self regard,  
 To think that *Venus* made me her Reward :  
 I humbly am content with human Praise ;  
 A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise.  
 But be it as you say ; for, 'tis confess'd,  
 The Men, who flatter highest, please us best.  
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ;  
 For Miracles are not believ'd with Ease.  
 One Joy I have, that I had *Venus*' Voice ;  
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice ;  
 That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sovereignty,  
*Juno* and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.  
 Am I your Empire then, and your Renown ?  
 What Heart of Rock, but must by this be won ?  
 And yet bear Witness, O you Pow'rs above,  
 How rude I am in all the Arts of Love !  
 My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men :  
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen.  
 Happy those Nymphs, whom Use has perfect made !  
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.  
 E'en while I write, my fearful conscious Eyes  
 Look often back, misdoubting a Surprise.

For

For now the Rumour spreads among the Croud,  
 At Court in Whispers, but in Town aloud :  
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say :  
 To leave off loving were your better Way ;  
 Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.  
 Love secretly : the Absence of my Lord  
 More Freedom gives, but does not all afford :  
 Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay ;  
 Call'd by Affairs of Consequence away.  
 To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,  
 I bid him make what swift Return he cou'd :  
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend  
 All to thy Care, but most my *Trojan* Friend.  
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,  
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.  
 Propitious Winds have born him far from hence,  
 But let not this secure your Confidence.  
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands :  
 You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands*.  
 My Fame's my Burden ; for the more I'm prais'd,  
 A juster Ground of Jealousy is rais'd.  
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest :  
 Great Beauty through great Danger is possess'd.  
 To leave me here his Venture was not hard,  
 Because he thought my Virtue was my Guard.  
 He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my Life,  
 The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.  
 You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,  
 Put in our Hands by the good easy Man.  
 I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear ;  
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.  
 Our Flames are mutual, and my Husband's gone :  
 The Nights are long ; I fear to lie alone.



One House contains us, and weak Walls divide,  
 And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.  
 Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conspires  
 To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.  
 You court with Words, when you shou'd Force employ:  
 A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd Joy.  
 Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,  
 Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.  
 What have I said ? for both of us 'twere best,  
 Our kindling Fire if each of us suppress.  
 The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,  
 And, like themselves, their wand'ring Passions range.  
*Hyppisile*, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,  
 Were both by trusting of their Guests betray'd.  
 How can I doubt that other Men deceive,  
 When you your self did fair *OEnone* leave ?  
 But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,  
 You make a Merit of that Crime to me.  
 Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,  
 Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.  
 Should you prevail ; while I assign the Night,  
 Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your Flight :  
 Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,  
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd Joys.  
 But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,  
 To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam's* Court :  
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame,  
 And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.  
 In *Asia* what Reception shall I find ?  
 And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind ?  
 What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,  
 And what will all your modest Matrons say ?  
 E'en you, when on this Action you reflect,  
 My future Conduct justly may suspect ;

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And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coast,  
 Conclude me, by your own Example, lost.  
 I from your Rage a Strumpet's Name shall hear,  
 While you forget what Part in it you bear.  
 You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid :  
 Deep under Ground, Oh, let me first be laid !  
 You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,  
 And promise all shall be at my Command :  
 Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise ;  
 My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.  
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,  
 What help of Kindred could I there implore ?  
*Medea* was by *Jason's* Flatt'ry won :  
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone.  
 Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no Cheat,  
 And Love contributes to its own Deceit.  
 The Ships, about whose Sides loud Tempests roar,  
 With gentle Winds were wafted from the Shore.  
 Your teeming Mother dream'd a flaming Brand,  
 Sprung from her Womb, consum'd the *Trojan* Land.  
 To second this, old Prophecies conspire,  
 That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire.  
 Both give me Fear ; nor is it much allay'd,  
 That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.  
 For they, who lost their Cause, Revenge will take ;  
 And for one Friend two Enemies you make.  
 Nor can I doubt, but, shou'd I follow you,  
 The Sword would soon our fatal Crime pursue.  
 A Wrong so great my Husband's Rage would rouse,  
 And my Relations would his Cause espouse.  
 You boast your Strength and Courage ; but, alas !  
 Your Words receive small Credit from your Face.  
 Let Heroes in the dusty Field delight,  
 Those Limbs were fashion'd for another Fight.

Bid

112 TRANSLATIONS

Bid *Hector* sally from the Walls of *Troy*;  
 A sweeter Quarrel should your Arms employ.  
 Yet Fears like these shou'd not my Mind perplex,  
 Were I as Wise as many of my Sex.  
 But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inspire;  
 And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.  
 You last demand a private Conference;  
 These are your Words, but I can guess your Sense.  
 Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must attend:  
 Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.  
 This is enough to let you understand;  
 For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand:  
 My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,  
 And may hereafter better News impart.



DIDDO

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## DIDO to ÆNEAS.

EPIST. vii.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Æneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father, and Son Ascanius, from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships; and, having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the Shore of Libya, where Queen Dido (flying from the Cruelty of Pygmalion her Brother, who had killed her Husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great Civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promised him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to engage him to stay, at last in Despair writes to him as follows.*

**S**O, on *Mæander's* Banks, when Death is nigh,  
 The mournful *Swan* sings her own Elegy.  
 Not that I hope (for, oh, that Hope were vain!)  
 By Words your lost Affection to regain:  
 But having lost whate'er was worth my Care,  
 Why should I fear to lose a dying Pray'r?  
 'Tis then resolv'd poor *Dido* must be left,  
 Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!  
 While you, with loosen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare  
 To seek a Land that flies the Searcher's Care.  
 Nor can my rising Tow'rs your Flight restrain,  
 Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.

Built



Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek ; that Land  
 Is yet to conquer ; but you this command.  
 Suppose you landed where your Wish design'd,  
 Think what Reception Foreigners would find.  
 What People is so void of common Sense,  
 To vote Succession from a Native Prince ?  
 Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek ;  
 New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.  
 When will your Tow'rs the Height of *Carthage* know ?  
 Or when your Eyes discern such Crowds below ?  
 If such a Town and Subjects you cou'd see,  
 Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.  
 For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense bright :  
 Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light :  
*Aeneas* is my Thoughts perpetual Theme ;  
 Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream.  
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still :  
 Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill !  
 My self I cannot to my self restore :  
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
 Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,  
 And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.  
 I rave : Nor canst thou *Venus*' Offspring be,  
 Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.  
 From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,  
 At least thou art from some fierce Tigress come ;  
 Or on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,  
 Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born :  
 Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear ;  
 Like that whose Rage should still detain thee here.  
 Behold how high the foamy Billows ride !  
 The Winds and Waves are on the juster side.  
 To Winter Weather and a stormy Sea  
 I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.

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Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;  
 But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.  
 To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy Fate,  
 'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate.  
 Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease,  
 And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace.  
 May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!  
 And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.  
 Know'st thou not yet what Dangers Ships sustain?  
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the Main?  
 Which were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave asleep,  
 Ten thousand Forms of Death are in the Deep.  
 In that Abyss the Gods their Vengeance store,  
 For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.  
 There winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,  
 To vindicate the Justice of her State.  
 Thus I to thee the Means of Safety show;  
 And, lost my self, would still preserve my Foe.  
 False as thou art, I not thy Death design:  
 O rather live, to be the Cause of mine!  
 Should some avenging Storm thy Vessel tear,  
 (But Heav'n forbid my Words should Omen bear)  
 Then in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;  
 And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy Eye.  
 With threat'ning Looks think thou behold'st me stare,  
 Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair.  
 Then, shou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall,  
 What cou'dst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?  
 Lest this shou'd happen, make not haste away;  
 To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.  
 Have pity on thy Son, if not on me:  
 My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.  
 What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,  
 To sink in Seas, who were from Fires preserv'd?

But

But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou bear ;  
 Smooth Stories all to please a Woman's Ear,  
 False as the Tale of thy Romantick Life.  
 Nor yet am I thy first-deluded Wife :  
 Left to pursuing Foes *Creüsa* stay'd,  
 By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd.  
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender Heart,  
 That such Requital follow'd such Desert.  
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,  
 Sev'n Winters kept thee wand'ring on the Seas.  
 Thy starv'd Companions, cast ashore, I fed,  
 Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.  
 To harbour Strangers, succour the Distrest,  
 Was kind enough ; but, oh, too kind the rest !  
 Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin brought,  
 Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter sought !  
 A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place :  
 The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.  
 I thought so then, but now too late I know  
 'The Furies yell'd my Fun'erals from below.  
 O Chastity and violated Fame,  
 Exact your Dues to my dead Husband's Name !  
 By Death redeem my Reputation lost,  
 And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.  
 Close by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,  
 Is rais'd a Chapel to my murder'd Love ;  
 There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue stands,  
 The pious Monument of Artful Hands.  
 Last Night, methought, he call'd me from the Dome,  
 And thrice, with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.  
 She comes ; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hears ;  
 But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious Fears.  
 Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed ;  
 Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith mis-led.

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His Goddess Mother, and his Aged Sire  
 Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire.  
 O! such he was, and is, that, were he true,  
 Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.  
 But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend ;  
 And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.  
 My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,  
 Whose Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain.  
 Friendless, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,  
 To foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate ;  
 And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands  
 I bought the Ground on which my City stands,  
 With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea ;  
 E'en to the friendly Port that shelter'd thee :  
 Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into the Air,  
 At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.  
 For now they arm ; and round me Leagues are made,  
 My scarce establish'd Empire to invade.  
 To man my new-built Walls I must prepare,  
 An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.  
 Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend ;  
 And for my Person wou'd my Crown defend :  
 Whose jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,  
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.  
 To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey ;  
 (For that must follow, if thou goest away.)  
 Or to my Husband's Murd'rer leave my Life,  
 That to the Husband he may add the Wife.  
 Go then, since no Complaints can move thy Mind :  
 Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.  
 Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art forsworn,  
 Who will in impious Hands no more be born :  
 Thy Sacrilegious Worship they disdain,  
 And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires sustain.

Perhaps



Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come,  
 And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.  
 The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,  
 And perish guiltless in his Mother's Fate.  
 Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does command;  
 Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from my Land!  
 The same, I doubt not, thy Departure steers,  
 Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years;  
 While thy long Labours were a Price so great,  
 As thou to purchase *Troy* wou'd'st not repeat.  
 But *Tyber* now thou seek'st, to be at best,  
 When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Guest.  
 Yet it deludes thy Search: Perhaps it will  
 To thy Old Age lie undiscover'd still.  
 A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,  
 And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.  
 Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy *Troy*:  
 Here young *Ascanius* may his Arms employ;  
 And, while we live secure in soft Repose,  
 Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.  
 By *Cupid's* Arrows, I adjure thee stay;  
 By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.  
 So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,  
 Live still, and with no future Fortune strive;  
 So may thy youthful Son old Age attain,  
 And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:  
 As thou hast pity on unhappy me,  
 Who knew no Crime, but too much Love of thee.  
 I am not born from fierce *Achilles'* Line,  
 Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine.  
 To be thy Wife if I unworthy prove,  
 By some inferior Name admit my Love.  
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
 What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be!

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Our *Libyan* Coasts their certain Seasons know,  
When free from Tempests Passengers may go :  
But now with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,  
And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shore.  
Leave to my Care the Time to sail away ;  
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.  
Thy weary Men wou'd be with Ease content ;  
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are spent.  
If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,  
What thou deny'st my Merit, give my Love.  
Stay, 'till I learn my Loss to undergo ;  
And give me time to struggle with my Woe.  
If not, know this, I will not suffer long ;  
My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too strong.  
Death holds my Pen and dictates what I say,  
While cros's my Lap the *Trojan* Sword I lay.  
My Tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts their Flood,  
And drinks my Sorrows that must drink my Blood.  
How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree !  
My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.  
To no new Wounds my Bosom I display :  
The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.  
But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,  
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.  
*Sichæus'* Wife let not the Marble boast,  
I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.  
This short Inscription only let it bear :  
" Unhappy *Dido* lies in Quiet here.  
" The Cause of Death, and Sword by which she dy'd,  
" *Æneas* gave : The rest her Arm supply'd.

From

## From OVID'S AMOURS,

Book i. Eleg. 1.

**F**OR mighty Wars I thought to tune my Lute,  
 And make my Measures to my Subject suit.  
 Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse design'd :  
 But *Cupid*, laughing, when he saw my Mind,  
 From ev'ry second Verse a Foot purloin'd.  
 Who gave thee, Boy, this arbitrary sway,  
 On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,  
 Who *Phæbus* only and his Laws obey ?  
 'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love  
 Shou'd in *Minerva's* Arms to Battle moye ;  
 Or manly *Pallas* from that Queen shou'd take  
 Her Torch, and o'er the dying Lover shake.  
 In Fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,  
 Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle-horn.  
 As well may *Phæbus* quit the trembling String,  
 For sword and Shield ; and *Mars* may learn to sing.  
 Already thy Dominions are too large ;  
 Be not ambitious of a foreign Charge.  
 If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,  
 The God of Musick for his Harp may fear.  
 Thus when with soaring Wings I seek Renown,  
 Thou pluck'it my Pinions, and I flutter down.  
 Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse employ,  
 I want a Mistress or a blooming Boy.  
 Thus I complain'd : His Bow the Stripling bent,  
 And chose an Arrow fit for his intent.  
 The Shaft his purpose fatally pursues ;  
 Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse.  
 He said : Too well, alas, he knows his Trade ;  
 For in my Breast a mortal Wound he made.

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Far hence, ye proud Hexameters, remove ;)  
My Verse is pac'd and trammel'd into Love.  
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows inclose,  
While in unequal Verse I sing my Woes.

From OVID'S AMOURS.

Book i. Eleg. 4.

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited to a Feast  
with them. The Poet instructs her how to behave  
herself in his Company.*

YOUR Husband will be with us at the Treat;  
May that be the last Supper he shall eat.  
And am poor I a Guest invited there,  
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair ?  
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous Lord,  
While his leud hand descends below the Board ?  
Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,  
At such a sight, the *Centaurs* urg'd to Arms ;  
That in a rage they threw their Cups aside,  
Assail'd the Bride-groom, and wou'd force the Bride.  
I am not half a Horse, (I wou'd I were)  
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.  
Take then my Counsel ; which, observ'd, may be  
Of some importance both to you and me.  
Be sure to come before your Man be there ;  
There's nothing can be done ; but come howe'er,  
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)  
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.  
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,  
And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer make.



My lifted Eye-brow shall declare my pain ;  
 My Right-hand to his Fellow shall complain ;  
 And on the back a Letter shall design ;  
 Besides a Note that shall be writ in Wine.  
 Whene'er you think upon our last Embrace,  
 With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.  
 If any Word of mine offend my Dear,  
 Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your Ear.  
 If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,  
 Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.  
 As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the board,  
 Whene'er you wish the Devil may take your Lord.  
 When he fills for you, never touch the Cup,  
 But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.  
 The Waiter on those Services employ ;  
 Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy ;  
 Watching the part where your sweet Mouth hath been,  
 And thence with eager Lips will suck it in.  
 If he, with clownish Manners, thinks it fit  
 To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,  
 Reject his greasy Kindness, and restore  
 Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.  
 Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest  
 Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.  
 Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,  
 And rudely with your pretty Bubbles play.  
 But above all, let him no Kiss receive ;  
 That's an Offence I never can forgive.  
 Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,  
 Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'tis mine.  
 I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear  
 The manifest Adult'rer will appear.  
 These things are plain to Sight ; but more I doubt  
 What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.

Take

Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,  
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.  
How many Love-inventions I deplore,  
Which I my self have practis'd all before ?  
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift  
In Company ; to make a homely shift  
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,  
While o'er my side the Fair her Mantle cast.  
You to your Husband shall not be so kind ;  
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind.  
Encourage him to tope ; but kifs him him not,  
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.  
If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,  
Then we may take Advice from time and place.  
When all depart, when Compliments are loud,  
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd :  
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,  
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kifs.  
Alas ! what length of Labour I employ,  
Just to secure a short and transient Joy !  
For Night must part us ; and when Night is come,  
Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you home.  
He locks you in ; I follow to the Door,  
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.  
He kisses you, he more than kisses too ;  
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.  
But add not to his Joy by your Consent,  
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.  
Return no Kifs, nor move in any sort ;  
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.  
Had I my wish, he should no Pleasure take,  
But slubber o'er your Business for my sake.  
And whate'er Fortune shall this night besal,  
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

The first Book of  
*OVID's ART of LOVE.*

**I**N *Cupid's* School whoe'er wou'd take Degree,  
 Must learn his Rudiments, by reading me.  
 Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move ;  
 Art guides the Chariot ; Art instructs to Love.  
 Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule ;  
 But I am Master in Love's mighty School.  
*Cupid* indeed is obstinate and wild,  
 A stubborn God ; but yet the God's a Child :  
 Easy to govern in his tender Age,  
 Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage :  
 'That *Hero*, born for Conquest, trembling stood  
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.  
 As *Chiron* mollify'd his cruel Mind  
 With Art, and taught his warlike Hands to wind  
 The silver Strings of his melodious Lyre :  
 So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire,  
 'To teach her softer Arts ; to sooth the Mind,  
 And smoothe the rugged Breasts of Human Kind.  
 Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn  
 And Rage were fill'd ; and both were Goddess-born.  
 The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws :  
 The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws ;  
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my Sway,  
 Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.  
 He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with his Darts ;  
 But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.  
 The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my Sight,  
 The more he teaches to revenge the Spite.

I boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,  
 Nor Auspice from the Flight of chattering Birds ;  
 Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen ;  
 As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green :  
 Experience makes my Work ; a Truth so try'd  
 You may believe ; and *Venus* be my Guide.

Far hence, ye Vestals, be, who bind your Hair ;  
 And Wives, who Gowns below your Ancles wear.  
 I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd,  
 Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind ;  
 Which all alike, for Love, or Money, find.

You, who in *Cupid's* Rolls inscribe your Name,  
 First seek an Object worthy of your Flame ;  
 Then strive, with Art, your Lady's Mind to gain :  
 And, last, provide your Love may long remain.  
 On these three Precepts all my Work shall move :  
 These are the Rules and Principles of Love.

Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress'd,  
 Make choice of one who suits your Humour best :  
 And such a Damsel drops not from the Sky ;  
 She must be sought for with a curious Eye.

The wary Angler, in the winding Brook,  
 Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his Hook.  
 The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name  
 The certain Haunts and Harbour of their Game.  
 So must the Lover beat the likeliest Grounds ;  
 Th' Assembly where his Quarry most abounds.  
 Nor shall my Novice wander far astray ;  
 These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.  
 Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,  
 As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went :  
 For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store,  
 As all the World can hardly shew thee more.



## 126 TRANSLATIONS

The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is crown'd,  
Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are found.

Whether thy Love is bent on blooming Youth,  
On dawning Sweetness in unartful Truth ;  
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth ;  
Here mayst thou find thy full Desires in both.  
Or if Autumnal Beauties please thy Sight  
(An Age that knows to give, and take delight ;)  
Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort,  
In common Prudence, will not balk the Sport.

In Summer Heats thou need'st but only go  
To *Pompey's* cool and shady *Portico* ;  
Or *Concord's* Fane ; or that proud Edifice,  
Whose Turrets near the bawdy Suburb rise :  
Or to that other *Portico*, where stands  
The cruel Father urging his Commands,  
And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Rest,  
To plunge their Poniards in the Bridegrooms Breast :  
Or *Venus's* Temple ; where, on Annual Nights,  
They mourn *Adonis* with *Assyrian* Rites.  
Nor shun the *Jewish* Walk, where the foul Drove,  
On Sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but Love :  
Nor *Isis's* Temple ; for that sacred Whore  
Makes others, what to *Jove* she was before.  
And if the Hall it self be not bely'd,  
E'en there the Cause of Love is often try'd ;  
Near it at least, or in the Palace Yard,  
From whence the noisy Combatants are heard.  
The crafty Counsellors, in formal Gown,  
There gain another's Cause, but lose their own.  
There Eloquence is nonplust in the Suit ;  
And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are mute.  
*Venus*, from her adjoining Temple, smiles,  
To see them caught in their litigious Wiles.

Grave

Grave Senators lead home the youthful Dame,  
 Returning Clients, when they Patrons came.  
 But, above all, the Play-house is the Place ;  
 There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow Chace.  
 There take thy Stand, and sharply looking out,  
 Soon may'st thou find a Mistress in the Rout,  
 For length of Time, or for a single Bout.  
 The Theatres are Berries for the Fair :  
 Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair ;  
 Like Bees to Hives, so num'rously they throng,  
 It may be said, they to that Place belong.  
 Thither they swarm, who have the publick Voice :  
 There choose, if Plenty not distracts thy Choice.  
 To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run ;  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,  
 To his new Subjects a commodious Man ;  
 Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,  
 Took care the Commonwealth should multiply :  
 Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,  
 Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.  
 His Play-house not of *Parian* Marble made,  
 Nor was it spread with purple Sails for Shade.  
 The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they strew'd :  
 No Scenes in Prospect, no machining God.  
 On Rows of homely Turf they sat to see,  
 Crown'd with the Wreaths of ev'ry common Tree.  
 There, while they sat in rustick Majesty,  
 Each Lover had his Mistress in his Eye ;  
 And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,  
 For Joys of matrimonial Rape design'd.  
 Scarce could they wait the *Plaudit* in their Haste ;  
 But, ere the Dances and the Song were past,

The Monarch gave the Signal from his Throne ;  
 And, rising, bade his merry Men fall on.  
 The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,  
 Just at the Word (the Word too was, The Best)  
 With joyful Cries each other animate ;  
 Some choofe, and some at Hazard seize their Mate.  
 As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,  
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.  
 Their Fear was one, but not one Face of Fear ;  
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair ;  
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair. }  
 Her absent Mother one invokes in vain ;  
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain ;  
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain. }  
 But nought availing, all are Captives led,  
 Trembling and Blushing, to the Genial Bed.  
 She who too long resister, or deny'd, }  
 The lusty Lover made by force a Bride ;  
 And, with superior Strength, compell'd her to his Side. }  
 Then sooth'd her thus : — My Soul's far better Part,  
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart :  
 For what thy Father to thy Mother was,  
 That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass.  
 Thus *Romulus* became so popular ;  
 This was the way to thrive in Peace and War ;  
 To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to bring :  
 Who wou'd not fight for such a gracious King ?  
 Thus Love in Theatres did first improve ;  
 And Theatres are still the Scene of Love.  
 Nor shun the Chariot's, and the Courser's Race ;  
 The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.  
 No need is there of talking on the Hand ;  
 Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand.

But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide ;  
 Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side.  
 Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter ; crouding sit :  
 For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.  
 Then find occasion to begin Discourse ;  
 Inquire, whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse ?  
 To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,  
 Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind ;  
 Like what she likes ; from thence your Court begin ;  
 And whom she favours, wish that he may win.  
 But when the Statues of the Deities,  
 In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prize ;  
 When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion rise.  
 If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand,  
 Brush both away with your officious Hand.  
 If none be there, yet brush that Nothing thence ;  
 And still to touch her Lap make some Pretence.  
 Touch any thing of hers ; and if her Train  
 Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in vain ;  
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean ;  
 And while you wipe it, with observing Eyes,  
 Who knows but you may see her naked Thighs !  
 Observe, who sits behind her ; and beware,  
 Lest his incroaching Knee should press the Fair.  
 Light Service takes light Minds : For some can tell  
 Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well :  
 By fanning Faces some their Fortune meet ;  
 And some by laying Footstools for their Feet.  
 These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives ;  
 Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover thrives :  
 For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize ;  
 And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from Eyes.  
 One, while the Crowd their Acclamations make,  
 Or while he bets, and puts his Ring to Stake,



Is struck from far, and feels the flying Dart ;  
And of the Spectacle is made a Part.

*Cæsar* wou'd represent a Naval Fight,  
For his own Honour, and for *Rome's* Delight.  
From either Sea the Youths and Maidens come ;  
And all the World was then contain'd in *Rome*.  
In this vast Concourse, in this Choice of Game,  
What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame ?  
Once more our Prince prepares to make us glad ;  
And the remaining East to *Rome* will add.  
Rejoice, ye *Roman* Soldiers, in your Urns ;  
Your Ensigns from the *Parthians* shall return ;  
And the slain *Craffi* shall no longer mourn. }  
A Youth is sent those Trophies to demand ;  
And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand :  
Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unseen ;  
In Childhood all of *Cæsar's* Race are Men.  
Celestial Seeds shoot out before their Day,  
Prevent their Years, and brook no dull Delay.  
Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did press,  
And in his Cradle did his Sire confess.  
*Bacchus*, a Boy, yet like a Hero fought,  
And early Spoils from conquer'd *India* brought.  
Thus you your Father's Troops shall lead to Fight,  
And thus shall vanquish in your Father's Right.  
These Rudiments you to your Lineage owe ;  
Born to increase your Titles, as you grow.  
Brethren you had, revenge your Brethren slain ;  
You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.  
Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your own,  
Redeem your Country, and restore his Throne.  
Your Enemies assert an impious Cause ;  
You fight both for divine and human Laws.

Already

Already in their Cause they are o'ercome :  
 Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to *Rome*.  
 Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæsar* join,  
 To give a prosp'rous *Omen* to your Line :  
 One of you is, and one shall be divine.  
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome :  
 My Verse shall bring you back in Triumph home.  
 Speak in my Verse, exhort to loud Alarms :  
 O were my Numbers equal to your Arms !  
 Then would I sing the *Parthians* Overthrow ;  
 Their Shot averse sent from a flying Bow :  
 The *Parthians*, who already flying fight,  
 Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.  
 O when will come the Day, by Heav'n design'd,  
 When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,  
 Drawn by white Horses shalt in Triumph ride,  
 With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side ;  
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight ;  
 O glorious Object, O surprising Sight,  
 O Day of Publick Joy ; too good to end in Night !  
 On such a Day, if thou, and, next to thee,  
 Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see :  
 If she inquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,  
 Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs,  
 Answer to all thou know'st ; and, if need be,  
 Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly :  
 This is *Euphrates* crown'd with Reeds ; and there  
 Flows the swift *Tigris* with his Sea-green Hair.  
 Invent new Names of Things unknown before ;  
 Call this *Armenia*, that the *Caspian* Shore ;  
 Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth ;  
 Talk probably ; no matter for the Truth.  
 In Feasts, as at our Shows, new Means abound ;  
 More Pleasure there, than that of Wine, is found.

The

The *Paphian* Goddess there her Ambush lays ;  
 And Love betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus* plays :  
 Desires increase at ev'ry swilling Draught ;  
 Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the Thought.  
 There *Cupid's* purple Wings no Flight afford ;  
 But, wet with Wine, he flutters on the Board.  
 He shakes his Pinions, but he cannot move ;  
 Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.  
 Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow ;  
 Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go :  
 Exalts the Poor, invigorates the Weak ;  
 Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Rosy Cheek.  
 Bold Truths it speaks ; and spoken, dares maintain ;  
 And brings our old Simplicity again.  
 Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher :  
 Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to Fire.  
 But choose no Mistress in thy drunken Fit ;  
 Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their Wit.  
 Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers dance ;  
 But sober, and by Day, thy Suit advance.  
 By Day-light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous Three ;  
 And for the fairest did the Prize decree.  
 Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities  
 Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark Disguise.  
 The Sun's fair Light each Error will confess,  
 In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dress.  
 Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths abound ?  
 'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful Ground.  
 The *Baian* Baths, where Ships at Anchor ride,  
 And wholsome Streams from Sulphur Fountains glide ;  
 Where wounded Youths are by Experience taught,  
 The Waters are less healthful than they thought.  
 Or *Dian's* Fane, which near the Suburb lies,  
 Where Priests, for their Promotion, fight a Prize.

That

That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe,  
And much from her his Subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with Myrtle bound,  
Has sung where lovely Lasses may be found.  
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,  
With Art, may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.  
Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend;  
And all you vulgar of my School attend.

First then believe, all Women may be won;  
Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.  
The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing  
In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring;  
Than Women can resist your flatt'ring Skill:  
E'en She will yield, who swears she never will.  
To secret Pleasure both the Sexes move;  
But Women most, who most dissemble Love.  
'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare,  
Avow their Passion, and submit to Pray'r.  
The Cow, by lowing, tells the Bull her Flame:  
The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the Game.  
Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they,  
And, more than Women, can his Passion sway.  
*Biblis*, we know, did first her Love declare,  
And had recourse to Death in her Despair.  
Her Brother She, her Father *Myrrha* fought,  
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a Daughter ought.  
Now from a Tree she stills her od'rous Tears,  
Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em bears.

In *Ida's* shady Vale a Bull appear'd,  
White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd;  
A Beauty-spot of black there only rose,  
Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows:  
The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows.

}

The



The Queen beheld him as his Head he rear'd ;  
 And envy'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.  
 A secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast,  
 And hated ev'ry Heifer he carefs'd.  
 A Story known, and known for true, I tell ;  
 Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth conceal.  
 She cut him Grafs ; ( so much can Love command )  
 She strok'd, she fed him with her Royal Hand :  
 Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to roam ;  
 And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.

Cease, Queen, with Gems t'adorn thy beauteous Brows ;  
 The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows.  
 Nor in thy Glas compose thy Looks and Eyes :  
 Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies :  
 Yet trust thy Mirrour, when it tells thee true ;  
 Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.  
 Soon wou'dst thou quit thy Royal Diadem  
 To thy fair Rivals, to be horn'd like them.  
 If *Minos* please, no Lover seek to find ;  
 If not, at least seek one of human Kind.

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court forsakes ;  
 In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes :  
 She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees ;  
 Ah, why dost thou my Lord and Master please !  
 And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou art,  
 With frisking aukwardly, to gain his Heart !  
 She said, and straight commands, with frowning Look,  
 To put her, undeserving, to the Yoke ;  
 Or feigns some holy Rites of Sacrifice,  
 And sees her Rival's Death with joyful Eyes :  
 Then, when the bloody Priest has done his Part,  
 Pleas'd, in her Hand she holds the beating Heart ;  
 Nor from a scornful Taunt can scarce refrain ;  
 Go, Fool, and strive to please my Love again.

Now

Now she wou'd be *Europa*, *Io* now ;  
 ( One bore a Bull, and one was made a Cow. )  
 Yet she at last her brutal Blifs obtain'd,  
 And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd ;  
 Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her Desire ;  
 Till by his Form the Son betray'd the Sire.

If *Atræus*' Wife to Incest had not run,  
 ( But, ah, how hard it is to love but one ! )  
 His Coursers *Phæbus* had not driv'n away,  
 To shun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.  
 Thy Daughter, *Nisus*, pull'd thy purple Hair,  
 And barking Sea-dogs yet her Bowels tear.  
 At Sea and Land *Atrides* sav'd his Life,  
 Yet fell a Prey to his adult'rous Wife.  
 Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought,  
 When the slain Offspring bore the Father's Fault ?  
 Thus *Phænix* did a Woman's Love bewail ;  
 And thus *Hippolytus* by *Phædra* fell.  
 These Crimes revengeful Matrons did commit :  
 Hotter their Lust, and sharper is their Wit.  
 Doubt not from them an easy Victory :  
 Scarce of a thousand Dames will one deny.  
 All Women are content that Men shou'd woo :  
 She who complains, and She who will not do.  
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy Luck may prove,  
 Not to be hated for declaring Love.  
 And yet how canst thou miss, since Womankind  
 Is frail and vain, and still to Change inclin'd ?  
 Old Husbands and stale Galants they despise ;  
 And more another's, than their own, they prize.  
 A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field ;  
 More Milk his Kine from swelling Udders yield.

First gain the Maid : By her thou shalt be sure  
 A free Access and easy to procure :

Who

Who knows what to her Office does belong,  
 Is in the Secret, and can hold her tongue.  
 Bribe her with Gifts, with Promises, and Pray'rs ;  
 For her good Word goes far in Love Affairs.  
 The Time and fit Occasion leave to her,  
 When she most aptly can thy Suit prefer.  
 The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's Blood,  
 Is, when they find her in a merry Mood ;  
 When all things at her Wish and Pleasure move :  
 Her Heart is open then, and free to Love.  
 Then Mirth and Wantonneſs to Luſt betray,  
 And ſmooth the Paſſage to the Lover's Way.  
*Troy* ſtood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious Care :  
 One merry Fit concluded all the War.

If ſome fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,  
 Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind.  
 Inſtruct the Damſel, while ſhe combs her Hair,  
 To raiſe the Choler of that injur'd Fair ;  
 And, ſighing, make her Miſtreſs underſtand,  
 She has the Means of Vengeance in her Hand :  
 Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer ;  
 And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.  
 Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all ;  
 For Women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.  
 Give their firſt Fury Leiſure to relent,  
 They melt like Ice, and ſuddenly repent.

T' enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit advance ?  
 'Tis a hard Queſtion, and a doubtful Chance.  
 One Maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't ;  
 Another for herſelf wou'd keep the Sport.  
 Thy Buſ'neſs may be further'd or delay'd :  
 But by my Counſel, let alone the Maid :  
 E'en tho' ſhe ſhou'd conſent to do the Feat ;  
 The Profit's little, and the Danger great.

I will

I will not lead thee through a rugged Road ;  
But where the Way lies open, safe, and broad.  
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy Friend,  
And her good Face her Diligence commend :  
Let the fair Mistress have thy first Embrace,  
And let the Maid come after in her Place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words ;  
For 'tis the best Advice my Skill affords :  
If needs thou with the Damsel wilt begin,  
Before th' Attempt is made, make sure to win :  
For then the Secret better will be kept ;  
And she can tell no Tales when once she's dipt.  
'Tis for the Fowler's Int'rest to beware,  
The Bird intangled shou'd not 'scape the Snare.  
The Fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded Hook,  
And spoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring Brook.  
But if the Wench be thine, she makes thy Way,  
And, for thy sake, her Mistress will betray ;  
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.  
Keep well the Counsel of thy faithful Spy :  
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the Stations of their Seasons keep ;  
And certain Times there are to sow and reap.  
Ploughmen and Sailors for the Season stay,  
One to plough Land, and one to plough the Sea :  
So shou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.  
Then stop thy Suit, it hurts not thy Design :  
But think, another Hour she may be thine.  
And when she celebrates her Birth at home,  
Or when she views the publick Shows of *Rome* :  
Know, all thy Visits then are troublesome.  
Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,  
For that's a boding and a stormy Day.

Else



Else take thy Time, and, when thou canst, begin :  
 To break a *Jewish* Sabbath, think no Sin :  
 Nor e'en on superstitious Days abstain ;  
 Not when the *Romans* were at *Allia* slain.  
 Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood ;  
 When she's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.  
 But than her Birth-day seldom comes a worse ;  
 When Bribes and Presents must be sent of course ;  
 And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy Purse.  
 Be stanch ; yet Parsimony will be vain :  
 The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.  
 No Skill can shift them off, nor Art remove ;  
 They will be begging, when they know we love.  
 The Merchant comes upon th' appointed Day,  
 Who shall before thy Face his Wares display.  
 To choose for her she craves thy kind Advice ;  
 Then begs again, to bargain for the Price :  
 But when she has her Purchase in her Eye,  
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.  
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Pen'orth too ;  
 In many Years I will not trouble you.  
 If you complain you have no ready Coin ;  
 No matter, 'tis but writing of a Line,  
 A little Bill, not to be paid at sight ;  
 Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.  
 She keeps her Birth-day ; you must send the Chear ;  
 And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.  
 With daily Lies she dribs thee into Cost ;  
 That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is lost.  
 They often borrow what they never pay ;  
 Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.  
 Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell each Art,  
 All wou'd be wearied ere I told a Part.

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By Letters, not by Words thy Love begin ;  
 And ford the dang'rous Passage with thy Pen.  
 If to her Heart thou aim'st to find the way,  
 Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.  
*Priam* by Pray'rs did *Hector's* Body gain ;  
 Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.  
 With promis'd Gifts her easy Mind bewitch ;  
 For e'en the Poor in Promise may be rich.  
 Vain Hopes awhile her Appetite will stay ;  
 'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.  
 Who gives is Mad ; but make her still believe  
 'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.  
 E'en barren Lands fair Promises afford ;  
 But the lean Harvest cheats the starving Lord.  
 Buy not thy first Enjoyment, lest it prove  
 Of bad example to thy future Love :  
 But get it *Gratis* ; and she'll give thee more,  
 For fear of losing what she gave before.  
 The losing Gamester shakes the Box in vain,  
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.  
 Write then, and in thy Letter, as I said,  
 Let her with mighty Promises be fed.  
*Cydippe* by a Letter was betray'd,  
 Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.  
 She read herself into a Marriage Vow ;  
 (And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)  
 Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome* ;  
 It will not only at the Bar o'ercome :  
 Sweet Words the People and the Senate move ;  
 But the chief end of Eloquence is Love.  
 But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts ;  
 Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.  
 None but vain Fools to simple Women preach :  
 A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.

In a familiar Stile your Thoughts convey,  
 And write such Things as Present you wou'd say ;  
 Such Words as from the Heart may seem to move :  
 'Tis Wit enough, to make her think you love.  
 If Seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,  
 Yet hope, in time, the Business may succeed.  
 In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit ;  
 In time the restiff Horse will bear the Bit.  
 E'en the hard Plough-share Use will wear away :  
 And stubborn Steel in length of Time decay.  
 Water is soft, and Marble hard ; and yet  
 We see soft Water through hard Marble Eat.  
 Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames expir'd ;  
 And ten Years more *Penelope* had tir'd.  
 Perhaps thy Lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;  
 No matter ; there's a Point already gain'd :  
 For she, who reads, in time will answer too ;  
 Things must be left by just degrees to grow.  
 Perhaps she writes, but answers with Disdain,  
 And sharply bids you not to write again :  
 What she requires, she fears you shou'd accord ;  
 The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.

Mean time, if she be carried in her Chair,  
 Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.  
 Speak softly to delude the Standers-by ;  
 Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.  
 If sauntering in the Portico she walk,  
 Move slowly too ; for that's a time for Talk :  
 And sometimes follow, sometimes be her Guide :  
 But, when the Crowd permits, Go Side by Side.  
 Nor in the Play-house let her sit alone :  
 For she's the *Play-house*, and the *Play* in one.  
 There thou mayst ogle, or by Signs advance  
 Thy Suit, and seem to touch her Hand by chance.

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Admire the Dancer who her liking gains,  
 And pity in the *Play* the Lover's Pains ;  
 For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;  
 Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.  
 But dress not like a Fop, nor curl your Hair,  
 Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare.  
 Leave those effeminate and useless Toys  
 To Eunuchs, who can give no solid Joys.  
 Neglect becomes a Man : This *Theseus* found :  
 Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wishes crown'd.  
 The rough *Hippolytus* was *Phædra's* Care ;  
 And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.  
 Be not too finical ; but yet be clean :  
 And wear well-fashion'd Clothes, like other Men.  
 Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul ;  
 Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too loosely roll.  
 Of a black Muzzle, and long Beard, beware ;  
 And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair.  
 Your Nails be pick'd from Filth, and even par'd ;  
 Nor let your nasty Nostrils bud with Beard.  
 Cure your unfav'ry Breath, gargle your Throat ;  
 And free your Armpits from the Ram and Goat.  
 Dress not, in short, too little or too much ;  
 And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly *Dutch*.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites :  
 Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites ?  
 He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires,  
 Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Ariadne* wander'd on the Shore,  
 Forsaken now ; and *Theseus* loved no more :  
 Loose was her Gown, dishevel'd was her Hair ;  
 Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare :  
 Exclaiming, on the Water's brink she stood ;  
 Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.

She



She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her Face :  
 No Posture cou'd that Heav'nly Form disgrace.  
 She beat her Breast : The Traitor's gone, said she ;  
 What shall become of poor forsaken me ?  
 What shall become——she had not time for more,  
 The sounding Cymbals rattled on the Shore.  
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the Ground ;  
 No vital Heat was in her Body found.  
 The *Mimallonian* Dames about her stood ;  
 And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God.  
*Silenus* on his Afs did next appear,  
 And held upon the Mane ; (the God was clear)  
 The drunken *Sire* pursues, the Dames retire ;  
 Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the drunken *Sire*.  
 At last he topples over on the Plain ;  
 The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.  
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,  
 High on his Chariot by swift Tigers drawn.  
 Her Colour, Voice, and Sense forsook the Fair ;  
 Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight prepare,  
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear,  
 She shook, like Leaves of Corn when Tempests blow,  
 Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.  
 To whom the God : Compose thy fearful Mind ;  
 In me a truer Husband thou shalt find.  
 With Heav'n I will endow thee, and thy Star  
 Shall with propitious Light be seen afar,  
 And guide on Seas the doubtful Mariner.  
 He said, and from his Chariot leaping light,  
 Lest the grim Tigers shou'd the Nymph affright,  
 His brawny Arms around her Wasse he threw ;  
 (For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do :)  
 And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending throng  
 Shout at the Sight, and sing the Nuptial Song.

Now

Now in full Bowls her Sorrow she may steep :  
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph ride,  
And the lov'd Nymph is seated by thy side ;  
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,  
That Wine may not defraud thy Genial Hours.  
Then in ambiguous Words thy Suit prefer,  
Which she may know were all address to her.  
In liquid purple Letters write her Name,  
Which she may read, and reading find the Flame.  
Then may your Eyes confess your mutual Fires ;  
(For Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Desires).  
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the Cup ;  
And, where she laid her Lips, the Blessing sup.  
When she to Carving does her Hand advance,  
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.  
Thy Service e'en her Husband must attend :  
(A Husband is a most convenient Friend.)  
Seat the Fool Cuckold in the highest Place :  
And with thy Garland his dull Temples grace.  
Whether below or equal in degree,  
Let him be Lord of all the Company,  
And what he says, be seconded by Thee.  
'Tis common to deceive through Friendship's Name :  
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame :  
Thus Factors frequently their Trust betray,  
And to themselves their Masters Gains convey.  
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er ;  
Thy Tongue and Feet may stumble, drinking more.  
Of drunken Quarrels in her sight beware ;  
Pot-Valour only serves to fright the Fair.  
*Eurytion* justly fell, by Wine oppress'd,  
For his rude Riot at a Wedding-Feast.

Sing,

Now

Sing, if you have a Voice ; and shew your Parts  
 In Dancing, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.  
 Do any thing within your power to please ;  
 Nay, e'en affect a seeming Drunkenness ;  
 Clip ev'ry Word ; and if by Chance you speak  
 Too home, or if too broad a Jest you break,  
 In your excuse the Company will join,  
 And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.  
 True Drunkenness is subject to offend ;  
 But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a Lover's Friend.  
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous Face,  
 And call him Happy, who is in her grace.  
 Her Husband thinks himself the Man design'd ;  
 But curse the Cuckold in your secret Mind.  
 When all are risen, and prepare to go,  
 Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe.  
 This is the proper time to make thy Court ;  
 For now she's in the Vein, and fit for sport.  
 Lay Bashfulness, that rustick Virtue, by ;  
 To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.  
 On Fortune's Foretop timely fix thy hold ;  
 Now speak and speed, for *Venus* loves the Bold.  
 No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford :  
 Only begin, and trust the following word ;  
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the Lover ; let thy Speech abound  
 In dying Words, that represent thy Wound :  
 Distrust not her Belief ; she will be mov'd :  
 All Women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a Man begins to love in jest,  
 And, after, feels the Torment he profess.  
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye Fair ;  
 For a feign'd Passion may a true prepare.

By Flatteries we prevail on Womankind ;  
 As hollow Banks by Streams are undermin'd.  
 Tell her, her Face is fair, her Eyes are sweet ;  
 Her taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.  
 Such Praises e'en the Chaste are pleas'd to hear ;  
 Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen appear'd ;  
 And still they grieve that *Venus* was preferr'd.  
 Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads his Train :  
 Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race ;  
 Applaud his Running, and he mends his Pace.  
 But largely promise, and devoutly swear ;  
 And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.

*Jove* sits above, forgiving with a Smile  
 The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.

He swore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* Lake :  
 Forsworn, he dares not an Example make,  
 Or punish Falshood, for his own dear sake.  
 'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods shou'd be,  
 Let us believe 'em : I believe, they see,  
 And both reward, and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones,  
 Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones.  
 Lead then your Lives as present in their Sight ;  
 Be just in Dealings, and defend the Right ;  
 By Fraud betray not, nor oppress by Might.  
 But 'tis a Venial Sin to cheat the Fair ;  
 All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.

On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well design'd ;  
 'Tis a profane and a deceitful Kind.

'Tis said, that *Aegypt* for nine Years was dry,  
 Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain supply.



A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,  
 That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.  
 The King reply'd : On thee the Lot shall fall ;  
 Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.  
 Thus *Phalaris Perillus* taught to low,  
 And made him season first the brazen Cow.  
 A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,  
 'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die.  
 Thus justly Women suffer by Deceit ;  
 Their Practice authorizes us to cheat.  
 Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires to grant ;  
 For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.  
 If Tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your Eye,  
 Or 'noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.  
 Kifs, if you can : Resistance if she make,  
 And will not give you Kisses, let her take.  
*Fy, fy, you naughty Man*, are Words of course ;  
 She struggles but to be subdu'd by Force.  
 Kifs only soft, I charge you, and beware,  
 With your hard Bristles not to brush the Fair.  
 He who has gain'd a Kifs, and gains no more,  
 Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.  
 If once she kifs, her Meaning is exprest ;  
 There wants but little Pushing for the rest :  
 Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,  
 The Name of Clown then suits with thy Desert ;  
 'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part.  
 Perhaps, she calls it Force ; but, if she 'scape,  
 She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.  
 The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires ;  
 They would be forc'd e'en to their own Desires.  
 They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast Sight,  
 But in their Souls confess you did them right.

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Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,  
Thank with their Tongues, but curse you with their  
Fair *Phæbe* and her Sister did prefer [Heart.  
To their dull Mates the noble Ravisher.

What *Deidamia* did, in Days of yore,  
The Tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.  
When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,  
And the just Judge fair *Helen* had obtain'd:  
When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,  
The *Trojans* joyful, while the *Grecians* griev'd:  
They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,  
And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's Cause:  
*Achilles*, by his Mother warn'd from War,  
Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the Fair.  
What means *Æacides* to spin and sew?  
With Spear and Sword in Field thy Valour shew;  
And, leaving this, the nobler *Pallas* know.  
Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,  
Which is more worthy to sustain the Shield?  
Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,  
The same the Fates for *Hector's* Thread assign?  
Brandish thy Falchion in thy pow'rful Hand,  
Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.  
In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid  
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd,  
Close to her side the youthful Hero laid.  
I know not how his Courtship he began;  
But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man.  
'Tis thought she struggl'd; but withal 'tis thought,  
Her With was to be conquer'd, when she fought:  
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,  
He laid his Distaff down, and took the Shield,  
With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,  
And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part :  
 And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.  
 She strives by Force her Lover to detain,  
 And wishes to be ravish'd once again.  
 'This is the Sex, they will not first begin,  
 But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer Sin.  
 Is there, who thinks that Women first should woo?  
 Lay by thy Self-conceit, thou foolish Beau.  
 Begin, and save their Modesty the Shame ;  
 'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.  
 'Tis decent for a Man to speak his mind ;  
 They but expect th' Occasion to be kind.  
 Ask, that thou mayst enjoy ; she waits for this ;  
 And on thy first Advance depends thy Bliss.  
 E'en *Jove* himself was forc'd to sue for Love ;  
 None of the Nymphs did first solicit *Jove*.  
 But if you find your Pray'rs increase her Pride,  
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another Tide.  
 They fly when we pursue ; but make Delay,  
 And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.  
 Sometimes it profits to conceal your End ;  
 Name not your self her Lover, but her Friend.  
 How many skittish Girls have thus been caught?  
 He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was thought.  
 Sailors by Sun and Wind are swarthy made ;  
 A tann'd Complexion best becomes their Trade.  
 'Tis a disgrace to Ploughmen to be fair ;  
 Bluff Cheeks they have, and weather-beaten Hair.  
 'Th' ambitious Youth, who seeks an Olive Crown,  
 Is sun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown.  
 But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace,  
 Wan be his Looks, and meagre be his Face.  
 That Colour from the Fair Compassion draws :  
 She thinks you sick, and thinks her self the Cause.

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Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love :  
 His Paleness did the Nymphs to pity move ;  
 His ghastly Visage argu'd hidden Love.  
 Nor fail a Night-cap, in full Health, to wear ;  
 Neglect thy Dress, and discompose thy Hair.  
 All things are decent, that in Love avail :  
 Read long by Night, and study to be Pale :  
 Forake your Food, refuse your needful Rest ;  
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most ?  
 Faith, Truth, and Friendship in the World are lost ;  
 A little and an empty Name they boast.  
 Trust not thy Friend, much less thy Mistress praise ;  
 If he believe, thou mayst a Rival raise.  
 'Tis true, *Patroclus*, by no Lust misled,  
 Sought not to stain his dear Companion's Bed.  
 Nor *Pylades Hermione* embrac'd ;  
 E'en *Phædra* to *Pirithous* still was chaste.  
 But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find  
 Those rare Examples of a faithful Mind.  
 The Sea shall sooner with sweet Honey flow ;  
 Or from the Furzes Pears and Apples grow.  
 We sin with Gust, we love by Fraud to gain ;  
 And find a Pleasure in our Fellow's Pain.  
 From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend ;  
 But, would you ward the Blow, Leware your Friend :  
 Beware your Brother, and your next of Kin ;  
 But from your Bosom-Friend your Care begin.  
 Here I had ended, but Experience finds,  
 That sundry Women are of sundry Minds ;  
 With various Crotchets fill'd, and hard to please :  
 They therefore must be caught by various Ways.  
 All things are not produc'd in any Soil ;  
 This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.



So 'tis in Men, but more in Woman-kind :  
 Diff'rent in Face, in Manners, and in Mind :  
 But wise Men shift their Sails with every Wind :  
 As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,  
 And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape ;  
 A running Stream, a standing Tree became,  
 A roaring Lion, or a bleating Lamb.  
 Some Fish with Harpons, some with Darts are struck,  
 Some drawn with Nets, some hang upon the Hook :  
 So turn thy self ; and imitating them,  
 Try sev'ral Tricks, and change thy Stratagem.  
 One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold ;  
 The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.  
 Then talk not Baudy to the bashful Maid ;  
 Broad Words will make her Innocence afraid.  
 Nor to an ign'rant Girl of Learning speak ;  
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in *Greek*.  
 And hence 'tis often seen, the Simple shun  
 The Learn'd, and into vile Embraces run.  
 Part of my Task is done, and Part to do :  
 But here 'tis time to rest my self and you.

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The First Book of  
 OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

**O**F Bodies chang'd to various Forms I sing :  
 Ye Gods, from whom these Miracles did spring,  
 Inspire my Numbers with Cœlestial Heat ;  
 'Till I my long laborious Work compleat ;  
 And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhymes,  
 Deduc'd from Nature's Birth to *Cæsar's* Times.

Before

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,  
 And Heav'n's high Canopy, that covers all,  
 One was the Face of Nature, if a Face ;  
 Rather a rude and indigested Mass :  
 A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,  
 Of jarring Seeds, and justly *Chaos* nam'd :  
 No Sun was lighted up, the World to view ;  
 No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew :  
 Nor yet was Earth suspended in the Sky ;  
 Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lie :  
 Nor Seas about the Shores their Arms had thrown ;  
 But Earth, and Air, and Water, were in one.  
 Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable,  
 And Water's dark Abyss unnavigable.  
 No certain Form on any was impress'd ;  
 All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.  
 For hot and cold were in one Body fixt :  
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.

But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,  
 To these intestine Discords put an end.  
 Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth were driv'n,  
 And grosser Air sunk from Ætherial Heav'n.  
 Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place ;  
 The next of kin contiguously embrace ;  
 And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.  
 The force of Fire ascended first on high,  
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted Sky.  
 Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire ;  
 Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.  
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng  
 Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along.  
 About her Coasts unruly Waters roar,  
 And, rising on a ridge, insult the Shore.

Thus when the God, whatever God was he,  
 Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,  
 That no unequal Portions might be found,  
 He moulded Earth into a spacious Round:  
 Then, with a breath, he gave the Winds to blow;  
 And bad the congregated Waters flow.

He adds the running Springs, and standing Lakes;  
 And bounding Banks for winding Rivers makes.  
 Some part in Earth are swallow'd up, the most  
 In ample Oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.  
 He shades the Woods, the Vallies he restrains  
 With Rocky Mountains, and extends the Plains.

And as five Zones th' Ætherial Regions bind,  
 Five, Correspondent, are to Earth assign'd:  
 The Sun with Rays, directly darting down,  
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone:  
 The two beneath the distant Poles complain  
 Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.

Betwixt th' extremes, two happier Climates hold  
 The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

The Fields of liquid Air, inclosing all,  
 Surround the Compass of this Earthly Ball:

The lighter Parts lie next the Fires above;

The grosser near the watry Surface move:

Thick Clouds are spread, and Storms engender there,  
 And Thunder's Voice, which wretched Mortals fear,  
 And Winds that on their Wings cold Winter bear.

Nor were those blustering Brethren left at large,

On Seas, and Shores, their fury to discharge:

Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,

They rend the World, resistless, where they pass;

And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;

Such is the Rage of their tempestuous kind.

First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,  
 (The Regions of the balmy Continent)  
 And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run,  
 To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.  
 Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight,  
 Pleas'd with the remnants of departing Light:  
 Fierce *Boreas*, with his Offspring, issues forth  
 T' invade th' frozen Waggon of the North.  
 While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,  
 And rots, with endless Rain, th' unwholsom Year.

High o'er the Clouds, and empty Realms of Wind,  
 The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd;  
 Where Fields of Light, and liquid *Æther* flow,  
 Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of Earth below.

Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these, when straight  
 The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,  
 Exert their Heads, from underneath the Mass,  
 And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,  
 And with diffusive Light adorn their heav'nly place.  
 Then, ev'ry Void of Nature to supply,  
 With forms of Gods he fills the vacant Sky:  
 New Herds of Beasts he sends, the Plains to share;  
 New Colonies of Birds, to people Air;  
 And to their Oozy Beds the finny Fish repair.

A Creature of a more exalted Kind  
 Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:  
 Conscious of Thought, of more capacious Breast,  
 For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:  
 Whether with particles of heav'nly Fire  
 The God of Nature did his Soul inspire;  
 Or Earth, but new divided from the Sky,  
 And pliant still, retain'd th' *Ætherial* Energy:  
 Which wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste,  
 And, mixt with living Streams, the Godlike Image cast.



Thus, while the ~~mute~~ Creation downward bend  
 Their Sight, and to their Earthly Mother tend,  
 Man looks aloft, and with erected Eyes  
 Beholds his own hereditary Skies.  
 From such rude Principles our Form began ;  
 And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

*The* GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first ; when Man, yet New, }  
 No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew ; }  
 And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.  
 Unforc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by Fear,  
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere :  
 Needleless was written Law, where none oppress ;  
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast :  
 No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd ; }  
 No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard ; }  
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.  
 The Mountain-Trees in distant prospect please,  
 Ere yet the Pine descended to the Seas ;  
 Ere Sails were spread, new Oceans to explore ; }  
 And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more, }  
 Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.  
 No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound ;  
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry sound :  
 Nor Swords were forg'd ; but, void of Care and Crime,  
 The soft Creation slept away their time.  
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,  
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow :  
 Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,  
 On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed ;  
 Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,  
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.

The

The Flow'rs unfown in Fields and Meadows reign'd ;  
 And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.  
 In following Years the bearded Corn enfu'd  
 From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.  
 From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke ;  
 And Honey sweating through the pores of Oak.

### *The SILVER AGE.*

But when good *Saturn*, banish'd from above,  
 Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.  
 Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,  
 Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.  
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear ;  
 And Spring was but a Season of the Year.  
 The Sun his Annual Course obliquely made,  
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.  
 Then Air with sultry heats began to glow ;  
 The wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow ;  
 And shivering Mortals, into Houses driv'n,  
 Sought shelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.  
 Those Houses, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds,  
 With twining Oziers fenc'd ; and Moss their Beds.  
 Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,  
 And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

### *The BRAZEN AGE.*

To this came next in course the Brazen Age :  
 A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,  
 Not Impious yet —————

*The IRON AGE.*

—Hard Steel succeeded then ;  
 And stubborn as the Metal were the Men.  
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook :  
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.  
 Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew ;  
 Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new :  
 Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the Waves sustain ;  
 Ere Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Plain.  
 Then Land-marks limited to each his Right :  
 For all before was common as the Light.  
 Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
 Her annual Income to the crooked Share ;  
 But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,  
 Digg'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore ;  
 Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid ;  
 And that alluring Ill to fight display'd.  
 Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,  
 Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold :  
 And double Death did wretched Man invade,  
 By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.  
 Now (brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands)  
 Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands ;  
 No rights of Hospitality remain :  
 'The Guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain :  
 'The Son-in-law pursues the Father's Life ;  
 'The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife.  
 'The Step-dame Poison for the Son prepares ;  
 'The Son inquires into his Father's Years.  
 Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns ;  
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns.

## The GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above ;  
 Against beleagur'd Heav'n the Giants move.  
 Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains Mountains lie,  
 To make their mad approaches to the Sky.  
 'Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time  
 To avenge with Thunder their audacious Crime :  
 Red Light'ning play'd along the Firmament,  
 And their demolish'd Works to pieces rent.  
 Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts transfix'd,  
 With Native Earth their Blood the Monsters mix'd ;  
 The Blood, indu'd with animating heat,  
 Did in th' impregnate Earth new Sons beget :  
 They, like the Seed from which they sprung, accurst,  
 Against the Gods immortal Hatred nurs't :  
 An impious, arrogant, and cruel Brood ;  
 Expressing their Original from Blood.

Which when the King of Gods beheld from high  
 (Withal revolving in his Memory,  
 What he himself had found on Earth of late,  
*Lycaon's* Guilt, and his inhuman Treat,)  
 He sigh'd, nor longer with his Pity strove ;  
 But kindled to a Wrath becoming *Jove* :  
 Then call'd a General Council of the Gods ;  
 Who, summon'd, issue from their Blest Abodes,  
 And fill th' Assembly with a shining Train.  
 A Way there is, in Heav'n's expanded Plain,  
 Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below,  
 And Mortals by the Name of *Milky* know.  
 The Ground-work is of Stars ; through which the Road  
 Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode.  
 The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,  
 And, on the Right and Left, the Palace bound ;

The



The Commons where they can : The Nobler sort,  
 With Winding-doors wide open, front the Court.  
 This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may vie,  
 I dare to call the *Louvre* of the Skie.  
 When all were plac'd, in Seats distinctly known,  
 And he, their Father, had assum'd the Throne,  
 Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre first he leant,  
 Then shook his Head, that shook the Firmament :  
 Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty Nod;  
 And, with a gen'ral Fear, confess'd the God.  
 At length, with Indignation, thus he broke  
 His awful silence, and the Pow'rs bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that debate  
 Of Empire, when our Universal State  
 Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race  
 Our Captive Skies were ready to embrace :  
 For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all  
 Rebellion sprung from one Original ;  
 Now, wheresoever ambient Waters glide,  
 All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.  
 Let me this Holy Protestation make :  
 By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,  
 I try'd whatever in the God-head lay :  
 But gangren'd Members must be lop'd away,  
 Before the Nobler Parts are tainted to decay.  
 There dwells below a Race of Demi-Gods,  
 Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in Woods :  
 Who, tho' not worthy yet in Heav'n to live,  
 Let 'em, at least, enjoy that Earth we give.  
 Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,  
 When I my self, who no Superior know,  
 I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my Command,  
 Have been attempted by *Lycaon's* Hand ?

At

At this a Murmur through the Synod went,  
 And with one Voice they vote his Punishment.  
 Thus, when conspiring Traitors dar'd to doom  
 The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,  
 The Nations trembled with a pious fear ;  
 All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer :  
 Nor was their Care, O *Cæsar*, less esteem'd  
 By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was deem'd :  
 Who with his Hand, and Voice, did first restrain  
 Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech again.  
 The Gods to silence were compos'd, and sat  
 With reverence due to his Superior State.

Cancel your pious Cares ; already he  
 Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.  
 Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments were,  
 Remains for me thus briefly to declare.  
 The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,  
 The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's Rage,  
 Had reach'd the Stars ; I will descend, said I,  
 In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.  
 Disguis'd in Human Shape, I travell'd round  
 The World, and more than what I heard I found.  
 O'er *Mænalus* I took my steepy way,  
 By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey :  
 Then cross'd *Cyllenè*, and the piny Shade,  
 More infamous by curst *Lycaon* made :  
 Dark Night had cover'd Heav'n and Earth, before  
 I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.  
 Just at my Entrance, I display'd the Sign  
 That somewhat was approaching of Divine.  
 The prostrate People pray ; the Tyrant grins ;  
 And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,  
 I'll try, said he, and, if a God appear,  
 To prove his Deity shall cost him dear.

'Twas

'Twas late ; the graceless Wretch my Death prepares,  
 When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with Cares :  
 This dire Experiment he chose, to prove  
 If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove* :  
 But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r.  
 Not long before, but in a luckless hour,  
 Some Legates, sent from the *Molassran* State,  
 Were on a peaceful Errand come to treat :  
 Of these he murders one, he boils the Flesh,  
 And lays the mangled Morsels in a Dish :  
 Some part he roasts ; then serves it up, so drest,  
 And bids me welcome to this human Feast.  
 Mov'd with disdain, the Table I o'er-turn'd ;  
 And with avenging Flames the Palace burn'd.  
 The Tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains  
 The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains.  
 Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have spoke ;  
 But human Voice his Brutal Tongue forsook.  
 About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,  
 And, breathing slaughter, still with Rage he burns,  
 But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns. }  
 His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs  
 Cleaves to his Back ; a famish'd Face he bears ;  
 His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,  
 To multiply his Legs for chace of Prey.  
 He grows a Wolf, his hoariness remains,  
 And the same Rage in other members reigns.  
 His Eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space :  
 His Jaws retain the grin, and violence of his Face.  
 This was a single ruin, but not one  
 Deserves so just a Punishment alone.  
 Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly times,  
 Confed'rate into Guilt, are sworn to Crimes.

All are alike involv'd in ill, and all  
Must by the same relentless Fury fall.

Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent,  
By Clamours urging his severe intent;  
The less fill up the Cry for Punishment.  
Yet still with pity they remember Man;  
And mourn as much as heav'nly Spirits can.  
They ask, when those were lost of human Birth,  
What he wou'd do with all his waste of Earth?  
If his dispeopl'd World he would resign  
To Beasts, a mute, and more ignoble Line?  
Neglected Altars must no longer smoke,  
If none were left to worship, and invoke.  
To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd;  
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:  
Mine be the care, new People to provide.  
I will from wondrous Principles ordain  
A Race unlike the first, and try my Skill again.

Already had he toss'd the flaming Brand;  
And roll'd the Thunder in his spacious Hand;  
Preparing to discharge on Seas and Land:  
But stop'd, for fear, thus violently driv'n,  
The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of Heav'n.  
Remembring, in the Fates, a time, when Fire  
Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aspire,  
And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd burn,  
And all th' inferior Globe to Cinders turn.  
His dire Artill'ry thus dismiss'd, he bent  
His thoughts to some securer Punishment:  
Concludes to pour a Watry Deluge down;  
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The Northern Breath, that freezes Floods, he binds;  
With all the Race of Cloud dispelling Winds:



The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror brings;  
 And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.  
 From his divided Beard two Streams he pours;  
 His Head and rheumy Eyes distil in Show'rs.  
 With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow:  
 And lazy Mists are lowring on his Brow.  
 Still as he swept along, with his clench'd Fist  
 He squeez'd the Clouds; th' imprison'd Clouds resist:  
 The Skies, from Pole to Pole, with peals resound;  
 And Show'rs enlarg'd come pouring on the Ground.  
 Then, clad in Colours of a various Dye,  
*Junonian Iris* breeds a new supply,  
 To feed the Clouds: Impetuous Rain descends;  
 The bearded Corn beneath the Burthen bends:  
 Defrauded Clowns deplore their perish'd Grain;  
 And the long Labours of the Year are vain.

Nor from his Patrimonial Heav'n alone  
 Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down;  
 Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves,  
 To help him with Auxiliary Waves.  
 The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and Floods,  
 Who rowl from mossy Caves, their moist abodes;  
 And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill:  
 'To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his Will.

Small Exhortation needs; your Pow'rs employ:  
 And this bad World (so *Jove* requires) destroy.  
 Let loose the Reins to all your watry Store:  
 Bear down the Dams, and open ev'ry door.

The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,  
 And proudly swelling with their new Command,  
 Remove the living Stones, that stop'd their way,  
 And, gushing from their Source, augment the Sea.  
 Then, with his Mace, their Monarch struck the Ground;  
 With inward trembling Earth receiv'd the Wound;  
 And rising Streams a ready passage found.

Th'

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain :  
 They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain ;  
 Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,  
 Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.  
 Nor safe their Dwellings were ; for, sap'd by Floods,  
 Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.  
 The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,  
 High o'er their Heads behold a watry Wall.  
 Now Seas and Earth were in confusion lost ;  
 A World of Waters, and without a Coast.

One climbs a Cliff ; one in his Boat is born,  
 And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.  
 Others o'er Chimney tops and Turrets row,  
 And drop their Anchors on the Meads below :  
 Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender Vine,  
 Or, toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.  
 And where of late the Kids had crop'd the Grass,  
 The Monsters of the deep now take their place.  
 Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,  
 And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide.  
 On Leaves, and Masts of mighty Oaks ; they brouze ;  
 And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.  
 The frighted Wolf now swims amongst the Sheep ;  
 The yellow Lion wanders in the deep :  
 His rapid force no longer helps the Boar :  
 The Stag swims faster than he ran before.  
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,  
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.  
 Now Hills and Vales no more distinction know ;  
 And levell'd Nature lies oppress'd below.  
 The most of Mortals perish in the Flood :  
 The small remainder dies for want of Food.

A Mountain of stupendous height there stands  
 Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Bæotian* Lands,

The

The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields they were,  
But then a Field of Waters did appear :

*Parnassus* is its name ; whose forky rise  
Mounts thro' the Clouds, and mates the lofty Skies.  
High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff,

*Deucalion* wasting moor'd his little Skiff.  
He with his Wife were only left behind  
Of perish'd Man ; they two were human Kind.  
The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they adore,  
And from her Oracles relief implore.

The most upright of Mortal Men was he ;  
The most sincere, and holy Woman, she.

When *Jupiter*, surveying Earth from high,  
Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie,  
'That, where so many Millions lately liv'd,  
But two, the best of either Sex, surviv'd ;  
He loos'd the Northern Wind : fierce *Boreas* flies  
To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies :  
Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours driv'n  
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.  
The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace  
On the rough Sea, and smooths its furrow'd Face.

Already *Triton*, at his call, appears  
Above the Waves ; a *Tyrian* Robe he wears ;  
And in his hand a crooked Trumpet bears.  
The Sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,  
And give the Waves the signal to retire.  
His writhen Shell he takes, whose narrow vent  
Grows by degrees into a large extent ;  
Then gives it breath ; the Blast, with doubling sound,  
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around.  
'The Sun first heard it, in his early East,  
And met the rattling Echo's in the West.

The

The Waters, listning to the Trumpet's roar,  
Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shore.

A thin Circumference of Land appears ;  
And Earth, but not at once, her Visage rears,  
And peeps upon the Seas from upper Grounds :  
The Streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,  
By slow degrees into their Channels crawl ;  
And Earth increases as the Waters fall.  
In longer time the tops of Trees appear,  
Which Mud on their dishonour'd Branches bear.

At length the World was all restor'd to view,  
But desolate, and of a sickly hue :  
Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,  
A dismal Defart, and a silent Waste.

Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous look,  
Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* spoke :  
Oh Wife, oh Sister, oh of all thy Kind  
The best, and only Creature left behind,  
By Kindred, Love, and now by Dangers join'd ;  
Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common Air,  
We two remain ; a Species in a Pair :

The rest the Seas have swallow'd ; nor have we  
E'en of this wretched Life a certainty.  
The Clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,  
A second Deluge o'er our Heads may break.

Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,  
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,  
How cou'dst thou such a wretched Life sustain ?

Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea,  
That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.

Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inspire,  
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,  
That so I might abolish'd Man retrieve,  
And perish'd People in new Souls might live !

But



But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,  
 That we, th' Examples of Mankind, remain.  
 He said: the careful Couple join their Tears,  
 And then invoke the Gods, with pious Prayers.  
 Thus in Devotion having eas'd their Grief,  
 From sacred Oracles they seek Relief:  
 And to *Cephisus*' Brook their way pursue:  
 The Stream was troubled, but the Ford they knew.  
 With living Waters, in the Fountain bred,  
 They sprinkle first their Garments, and their Head,  
 Then took the way, which to the Temple led.  
 The Roofs were all defil'd with Moss and Mire,  
 The desert Altars void of solemn Fire.  
 Before the Gradual prostrate they ador'd,  
 The Pavement kiss'd; and thus the Saint implor'd.

O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above  
 By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;  
 If human Miseries can move their Mind;  
 If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;  
 Tell how we may restore, by second birth,  
 Mankind, and people desolated Earth.  
 Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;  
 Depart, and with your Vestments veil your head:  
 And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd Zones,  
 Throw each behind your backs your mighty Mother's  
 Bones.

Amaz'd the Pair, and mute with wonder, stand,  
 'Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire Command.  
 Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd tear  
 Those Holy Relicks from the Sepulchre.  
 They ponder'd the mysterious words again,  
 For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:  
 At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy brow,  
 And said: the dark *Ænigma* will allow

A Mean.

A Meaning ; which, if well I understand,  
 From Sacrilege will free the God's Command :  
 This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones  
 In her capacious Body are her Bones :  
 These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear,  
 The Woman did the new Solution hear :  
 The Man diffides in his own Augury,  
 And doubts the Gods ; yet both resolve to try.  
 Descending from the Mount, they first unbind  
 Their Vests, and veil'd they cast the Stones behind :  
 The Stones ( a Miracle to Mortal View,  
 But long Tradition makes it pass for true )  
 Did first the Rigour of their Kind expel,  
 And suppl'd into softness as they fell ;  
 Then swell'd, and swelling by degrees grew warm ;  
 And took the Rudiments of human Form ;  
 Imperfect Shapes : in Marble such are seen,  
 When the rude Chizzel does the Man begin ;  
 While yet the roughness of the Stone remains,  
 Without the rising Muscles and the Veins.  
 The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,  
 Were turn'd to moisture, for the Body's use :  
 Supplying humours, blood and nourishment :  
 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,  
 Converts to Bones ; and what was once a Vein,  
 Its former Name and Nature did retain.  
 By help of Pow'r Divine, in little space,  
 What the Man threw assum'd a Manly Face ;  
 And what the Wife, renew'd the Female Race.  
 Hence we derive our Nature ; born to bear  
 Laborious Life, and harden'd into Care.

The rest of Animals, from teeming Earth  
 Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.

The native moisture, in its close retreat,  
 Digested by the Sun's Ætherial Heat,  
 As in a kindly Womb, began to breed :  
 Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital Seed.  
 And some in less, and some in longer space,  
 Were ripen'd into form, and took a sev'ral face.  
 Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,  
 And seeks, with Ebbing Tides, his Ancient Bed,  
 The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd ;  
 And crufted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd :  
 These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find ;  
 Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind :  
 Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth ;  
 One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth.

For heat and moisture when in Bodies join'd,  
 The temper that results from either Kind  
 Conception makes; and fighting 'till they mix,  
 Their mingled Atoms in each other fix.  
 Thus Nature's hand the Genial Bed prepares  
 With friendly Discord, and with fruitful Wars.

From hence the surface of the Ground with Mud  
 And Slime besmear'd (the fæces of the Flood)  
 Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n ; and sucking in  
 The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin :  
 Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before ;  
 But of new Monsters Earth created more.  
 Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light  
 Thee, Python, too, the wond'ring World to fright,  
 And the new Nations, with so dire a sight :  
 So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space  
 Did his vast Body and long Train embrace :  
 Whom Phæbus basking on a Bank espy'd.  
 Ere now the God his Arrows had not try'd,

But

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But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat ;  
 At this new Quarry he prepares to shoot.  
 Though every Shaft took place, he spent the Store  
 Of his full Quiver ; and 'twas long before }  
 Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.  
 Then, to preserve the Fame of such a deed,  
 For *Python* slain he *Pythian* Games decreed.  
 Where Noble Youths for Mastership shou'd strive,  
 To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots drive.  
 The Prize was Fame : In witness of Renown,  
 An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.  
 The Laurel was not yet for Triumphs born ;  
 But every Green alike by *Phæbus* worn }  
 Did, with promiscuous Grace, his flowing Locks adorn. }

*The Transformation of DAPHNE into  
 a Laurel.*

The first and fairest of his Loves was she,  
 Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire Decree  
 Of angry *Cupid* forc'd him to desire :  
*Daphne* her Name, and *Peneus* was her Sire.  
 Swell'd with the Pride, that new Success attends,  
 He sees the Stripling, while his Bow he bends,  
 And thus insults him : Thou lascivious Boy,  
 Are Arms like these for Children to employ ?  
 Know, such Atchievements are my proper claim ;  
 Due to my vigour and unerring aim :  
 Resistless are my Shafts, and *Python* late,  
 In such a feather'd Death, has found his fate.  
 Take up thy Torch, and lay my Weapons by ;  
 With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry.  
 To whom the Son of *Venus* thus reply'd :  
*Phæbus*, thy Shafts are sure on all beside ;



But mine on *Phæbus* : mine the Fame shall be  
Of all thy Conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight;  
Nor stop'd but on *Parnassus*' airy height.

Two diff'rent Shafts he from his Quiver draws;  
One to repel Desire, and one to cause.

One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold,  
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold :  
One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whose base Allay  
Provokes Disdain, and drives Desire away.  
The blunted Bolt against the Nymph he drest :  
But with the sharp transfix'd *Apollo's* Breast.

Th' enamour'd Deity pursues the Chace;  
The scornful Damsel shuns his loath'd Embrace :  
In hunting Beasts of Prey her Youth employs ;  
And *Phæbe* rivals in her rural Joys.  
With naked Neck she goes, and Shoulders bare ;  
And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair.  
By many Suitors sought, she mocks their pains,  
And still her vow'd Virginity maintains.  
Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride  
She shuns, and hates the Joys, she never try'd.  
On Wilds and Woods she fixes her Desire ;  
Nor knows what Youth, and kindly Love, inspire.  
Her Father chides her oft : Thou ow'st, says he,  
A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.  
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed :  
She glows with Blushes, and she hangs her Head.  
Then, casting round his Neck her tender Arms,  
Sooths him with Blandishments, and filial Charms :  
Give me, my Lord, she said, to live, and die,  
A spotless Maid, without the Marriage-Tie.  
'Tis but a small Request ; I beg no more  
Than what *Diana's* Father gave before.

The good old Sire was soften'd to consent ;  
 But said, her Wish wou'd prove her Punishment :  
 For so much Youth, and so much Beauty join'd,  
 Oppos'd the State, which her Desires design'd.

The God of Light, aspiring to her Bed,  
 Hopes what he seeks, with flatt'ring Fancies fed ;  
 And is by his own Oracles mis-led. }  
 And as in empty Fields the Stubble burns,  
 Or nightly Travellers, when Day returns,  
 Their useles Torches on dry Hedges throw,  
 That catch the Flames, and kindle all the Row ;  
 So burns the God, consuming in Desire,  
 And feeding in his Breast a fruitless Fire :  
 Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd ( her Neck was bare )  
 And on her Shoulders her dishevel'd Hair :  
 Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a Grace  
 Wou'd every waving Curl become her Face !  
 He view'd her Eyes, like Heav'nly Lamps that shone ;  
 He view'd her Lips, too sweet to view alone,  
 Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast ;  
 He praises all he sees, and for the rest }  
 Believes the Beauties yet unseen are best.  
 Swift as the Wind, the Damsel fled away,  
 Nor did for these alluring Speeches stay :  
 Stay, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a Foe :  
 Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe ;  
 Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes, }  
 And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves ;  
 Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God, that loves. }  
 Ah, lest some Thorn shou'd pierce thy tender Foot,  
 Or thou shou'dst fall in flying my Pursuit !  
 To sharp uneven Ways thy Steps decline ;  
 Abate thy Speed, and I will bate of mine.

Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly ;  
Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain am I.  
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior State ;  
And from that Ignorance proceeds thy Hate.

Me *Claros, Delphos, Tenedos* obey ;

These Hands the *Patarseian* Scepter sway.

The King of Gods begot me : What shall be,  
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.

Mine is th' Invention of the charming Lyre ;  
Sweet Notes, and Heav'nly Numbers, I inspire.

Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart ;

But ah ! more deadly his, who pierc'd my Heart.

Med'cine is mine ; what Herbs and Simples grow  
In Fields, and Forests, all their Pow'rs I know ;

And am the great Physician call'd below.

Alas, that Fields and Forests can afford

No Remedies to heal their Love sick Lord !

To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails ;

And his own Physick the Physician fails.

She heard not half, so furiously she flies ;

And on her Ear th' imperfect Accent dies.

Fear gave her Wings ; and, as she fled, the Wind

Increasing spread her flowing Hair behind ;

And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to view :

Which made the God more eager to pursue.

The God was young, and was too hotly bent

To lose his time in empty Compliment :

But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,

Impetuously pursu'd his near Delight.

As when th' impatient Greyhound, slipt from far,

Bounds o'er the Glebe, to course the fearful Hare,

She in her Speed does all her Safety lay ;

And he with double Speed pursues the Prey ;

O'er-runs her at the sitting Turn, and licks  
 His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix :  
 She scapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert strives,  
 And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives :  
 If little things with great we may compare,  
 Such was the God, and such the flying Fair :  
 She, urg'd by Fear, her Feet did swiftly move,  
 But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.  
 He gathers ground upon her in the Chace :  
 Now breathes upon her Hair, with nearer Pace ;  
 And just is fast'ning on the wish'd Embrace.  
 The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal Fright,  
 Spent with the Labour of so long a Flight ;  
 And now despairing cast a mournful Look  
 Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook :  
 Oh help, she cry'd, in this extremest need,  
 If Water-Gods are Deities indeed :  
 Gape, Earth, and this unhappy Wretch intomb ;  
 Or change my Form, whence all my Sorrows come.  
 Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found  
 Benumb'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground :  
 A filmy Rind about her Body grows ;  
 Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs :  
 The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone ;  
 The Smoothness of her Skin remains alone.  
 Yet *Phæbus* loves her still, and, casting round  
 Her Bole his Arms, some little Warmth he found.  
 The Tree still panted in th' unfinish'd Part,  
 Not wholly vegetive ; and heav'd her Heart.  
 He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind ;  
 It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.  
 To whom the God : Because thou canst not be  
 My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree :



Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown ;  
 The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown.  
 Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,  
 And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.  
 Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph grace ;  
 When Poms shall in a long Procession pass :  
 Wreath'd on the Post before his Palace wait ;  
 And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate :  
 Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,  
 Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above :  
 And as the Locks of *Phæbus* are unshorn,  
 So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.  
 The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,  
 And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

*The Transformation of Io into a Heifer.*

An ancient Forest in *Theffalia* grows ;  
 Which *Tempe's* pleasing Valley does inclose :  
 Through this the rapid *Peneus* take his course ;  
 From *Pindus* rolling with impetuous force :  
 Mists from the River's mighty Fall arise ;  
 And deadly Damps inclose the cloudy Skies :  
 Perpetual Fogs are hanging o'er the Wood ;  
 And Sounds of Waters deaf the Neighbourhood.  
 Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode :  
 A Mansion proper for a mourning God.  
 Here he gives Audience ; issuing out Decrees  
 To Rivers, his dependent Deities.  
 On this occasion hither they resort ;  
 To pay their Homage, and to make their Court.  
 All doubtful, whether to congratulate  
 His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.

*Sperchæus*, crown'd with Poplar, first appears ;  
 Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with Years :  
*Enipeus* turbulent, *Amphrysos* tame ;  
 And *Æas* last with lagging Waters came.  
 Then of his Kindred Brooks a num'rous Throng  
 Condole his Loss, and bring their Urns along.  
 Not one was wanting of the wat'ry Train,  
 That fill'd his Flood, or mingled with the Main,  
 But *Inachus*, who, in his Cave, alone,  
 Wept not another's Losses, but his own ;  
 For his dear *Io*, whether stray'd, or dead,  
 To him uncertain, doubtful Tears he shed.  
 He sought her through the World, but sought in vain ;  
 And, no where finding, rather fear'd her Slain.

Her, just returning from her Father's Brook,  
*Jove* had beheld, with a desiring Look :  
 And, Oh, fair Daughter of the Flood, he said,  
 Worthy alone of *Jove's* Imperial Bed,  
 Happy whoever shall those Charms possess ;  
 The King of Gods (nor is thy Lover less)  
 Invites thee to yon cooler Shades, to shun  
 The scorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.  
 Nor shalt thou tempt the Dangers of the Grove  
 Alone, without a Guide ; thy Guide is *Jove*.  
 No puny Pow'r, but he, whose high Command  
 Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land,  
 And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand. }  
 Oh fly not : For she fled from his Embrace  
 O'er *Lerna's* Pastures : he pursu'd the Chace  
 Along the Shades of the *Lyrcean* Plain ;  
 At length the God, who never asks in vain,  
 Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,  
 Both Air and Earth ; and then suppress'd her Flight, }  
 And, mingling Force with Love, enjoy'd the full Delight. }

Mean-time the jealous *Juno*, from on high,  
 Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady*;  
 And wonder'd that the Mist shou'd over-run  
 The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.  
 No Nat'ral Cause she found, from Brooks, or Bogs,  
 Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs:  
 Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter*,  
 Her faithless Husband; but no *Jove* was there.  
 Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,  
 Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.  
 With Fury she precipitates her Flight;  
 Dispels the Shadows of dissembled Night,  
 And to the Day restores his native Light.  
 Th' Almighty Leacher, careful to prevent  
 The Consequence, foreseeing her Descent,  
 Transforms his Mistress in a trice: and now  
 In *Io's* place appears a lovely Cow.  
 So sleek her Skin, so faultless was her Make,  
 E'en *Juno* did unwilling Pleasure take  
 To see so fair a Rival of her Love;  
 And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of *Jove*:  
 Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree?  
 The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a Lye;  
 And said she sprung from Earth. She took the Word,  
 And begg'd the beauteous Heifer of her Lord.  
 What shou'd he do? 'twas equal shame to *Jove*  
 Or to relinquish, or betray his Love:  
 Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be  
 But more t'increase his Consort's Jealousy:  
 Thus Fear, and Love, by turns, his Heart assail'd;  
 And stronger Love had sure, at length, prevail'd:  
 But some faint Hope remain'd, his jealous Queen  
 Had not the Mistress through the Heifer seen.

The

The cautious Goddess, of her Gift possess,  
 Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her Breast;  
 As she who knew the Falshood of her *Jove*,  
 And justly fear'd some new Relapse of Love.  
 Which to prevent, and to secure her Care,  
 To trusty *Argus* she commits the Fair.

The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the Skies)  
 Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred Eyes.  
 But two by turns their Lids in Slumber steep;  
 The rest on duty still their Station keep;  
 Nor cou'd the total Constellation sleep.  
 Thus, ever present, to his Eyes, and Mind,  
 His Charge was still before him, tho' behind.  
 In Fields he suffer'd her to feed by Day;  
 But, when the setting Sun to Night gave way,  
 The Captive Cow he summon'd with a Call,  
 And drove her back, and ty'd her to the Stall.  
 On Leaves of Trees, and bitter Herbs she fed,  
 Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her Bed;  
 So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her Food,  
 She drank from troubled Streams, defil'd with Mud.  
 Her woeful Story fain she wou'd have told,  
 With Hands upheld, but had no Hands to hold.  
 Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,  
 She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd:  
 Affrighted with the Noise, she look'd around,  
 And seem'd t'inquire the Author of the Sound.

Once on the Banks where often she had play'd,  
 (Her Father's Banks) she came, and there survey'd  
 Her alter'd Visage, and her branching Head;  
 And starting from her self she wou'd have fled.  
 Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her Eyes,  
 Beheld, but knew her not in this Disguise.



E'en *Inachus* himself was ignorant ;  
 And in his Daughter did his Daughter want.  
 She follow'd where her Fellows went, as she  
 Were still a Partner of the Company :  
 They stroke her Neck ; the gentle Heifer stands,  
 And her Neck offers to their stroking Hands.  
 Her Father gave her Grass ; the Grass she took ;  
 And lick'd his Palms, and cast a piteous Look ;  
 And in the Language of her Eyes she spoke.  
 She wou'd have told her Name, and ask'd Relief,  
 But, wanting Words, in Tears she tells her Grief :  
 Which, with her Foot, she makes him understand ;  
 And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.

Ah wretched me ! her mournful Father cry'd ;  
 She, with a Sigh, to wretched me reply'd :  
 About her Milk-white Neck his Arms he threw ;  
 And wept, and then these tender Words ensue.  
 And art thou she, whom I have sought around  
 The World, and have at length so sadly found ?  
 So found, is worse than lost : with mutual Words  
 Thou answer'st not, no Voice thy Tongue affords :  
 But Sighs are deeply drawn from out thy Breast ;  
 And Speech deny'd by Lowing is express'd.  
 Unknowing, I prepar'd thy Bridal Bed ;  
 With empty Hopes of happy Issue fed.  
 But now the Husband of a Herd must be  
 Thy Mate, and bell-wing Sons thy Progeny.  
 Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring Relief :  
 But now my Godhead but extends my Grief ;  
 Prolongs my Woes, of which no End I see,  
 And makes me curse my Immortality.  
 More had he said, but, fearful of her Stay,  
 The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,

To some fresh Pasture ; on a hilly Height  
He sat himself, and kept her still in fight.

*The Eyes of ARGUS Transform'd into  
a Peacock's Train.*

Now *Jove* no longer cou'd her Suff'rings bear ;  
But call'd in haste his airy Messenger,  
The Son of *Maia*, with severe decree  
To kill the Keeper, and to set her free.  
With all his Harness soon the God was sped ;  
His flying Hat was fastned on his Head ;  
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand  
He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.  
The liquid Air his moving Pinions wound,  
And, in the moment, shoot him on the Ground.  
Before he came in sight, the crafty God  
His Wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his Rod :  
That Sleep-procuring Wand wise *Hermes* took,  
But made it seem to fight a Shepherd's Hook.  
With this he did a Herd of Goats controul ;  
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.  
Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd, and Sung ;  
And playing drove his jolly Troop along.

With pleasure *Argus* the Musician heeds ;  
But wonders much at those new vocal Reeds.  
And, whosoe'er thou art, my Friend, said he,  
Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me :  
This Hill has Brouze for them, and Shade for thee.  
The God, who was with ease induc'd to climb,  
Began Discourse to pass away the Time ;  
And still betwixt his tuneful Pipe he plies ;  
And watch'd his Hour, to close the Keeper's Eyes.

With

With much ado, he partly kept awake ;  
 Not suff'ring all his Eyes Repose to take:  
 And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds invent,  
 And whence began so rare an Instrument ?

*The Transformation of SYRINX into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus ; A Nymph of late there was,  
 Whose Heav'nly Form her Fellows did surpass.  
 The Pride and Joy of fair *Arcadia's* Plains ;  
 Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by Swains :  
*Syrinx* her Name, by *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,  
 As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude :  
 The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs disdain'd ;  
 With *Cynthia* hunted, and her Rites maintain'd :  
 Like *Phæbe* clad. e'en *Phæbe's* self she seems,  
 So Tall, so Straight, such well-proportion'd Limbs :  
 The nicest Eye did no Distinction know,  
 But that the Goddess bore a Golden Bow :  
 Distinguish'd thus, the Sight she cheated too.  
 Descending from *Lycaus*, *Pan* admires  
 The matchless Nymph, and burns with new Desires.  
 A Crown of Pine upon his Head he wore ;  
 And thus began her Pity to implore.  
 But ere he thus began, she took her flight  
 So swift, she was already out of sight.  
 Nor stay'd to hear the Courtship of the God ;  
 But bent her course to *Ladon's* gentle Flood :  
 There by the River stopt, and tir'd before,  
 Relief from Water-Nymphs her Pray'rs implore.

Now while the Lustful God, with speedy pace,  
 Just thought to strain her in a strict Embrace,  
 He fills his Arms with Reeds, new rising on the Place.

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And while he sighs, his ill success to find,  
 The tender Canes were shaken by the Wind;  
 And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before;  
 That much surprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.  
 Admiring this new Musick, Thou, he said,  
 Who canst not be the Partner of my Bed,  
 At least shalt be the Consort of my Mind;  
 And often, often, to my Lips be join'd.  
 He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are:  
 Unequal in their Length, and wax'd with Care,  
 They still retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.

While *Hermes* pip'd, and sung, and told his Tale,  
 The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail,  
 And drowsy Slumber on the Lids to creep;  
 'Till all the Watchman was at length asleep.  
 Then soon the God his Voice and Song suppress;  
 And with his pow'rful Rod confirm'd his Rest:  
 Without delay his crooked Falchion drew,  
 And at one fatal Stroke the Keeper flew.  
 Down from the Rock fell the dissever'd Head,  
 Opening its Eyes in Death, and falling bled;  
 And mark'd the Passage with a crimson Trail:  
 Thus *Argus* lies in pieces, cold and pale;  
 And all his hundred Eyes, with all their Light,  
 Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual Night.  
 These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,  
 And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed,  
 She wreaks her Anger on her Rival's Head;  
 With Furies frights her from her Native Home,  
 And drives her gadding, round the World to roam:  
 Nor ceas'd her Madness, and her Flight, before  
 She touch'd the Limits of the *Pharian* Shore.



At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,  
 Wearied with Length of Ways, and worn with Toil,  
 She laid her down ; and leaning on her Knees,  
 Invok'd the Cause of all her Miseries :  
 And cast her languishing Regards above,  
 For Help from Heav'n, and her ungrateful *Jove*.  
 She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd ; 'twas all she cou'd ;  
 And with Unkindness seem'd to tax the God.  
 Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd Repose,  
 Or Death at least, to finish all her Woes.  
*Jove* heard her Vows, and, with a flatt'ring Look,  
 In her behalf to jealous *Juno* spoke.  
 He cast his Arms about her Neck, and said :  
 Dame, rest secure ; no more thy Nuptial Bed  
 This Nymph shall violate ; by *Styx* I swear,  
 And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.  
 The Goddess was appeas'd ; and at the Word  
 Was *Io* to her former Shape restor'd.  
 The rugged Hair began to fall away ;  
 The Sweetness of her Eyes did only stay,  
 Tho' not so large ; her crooked Horns decrease ;  
 The Wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease :  
 Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space ;  
 The five long taper Fingers take their place :  
 And nothing of the Heifer now is seen,  
 Beside the native Whiteness of the Skin.  
 Erected on her Feet she walks again,  
 And Two the Duty of the Four sustain.  
 She tries her Tongue, her silence softly breaks,  
 And fears her former Lowings when she speaks :  
 A Goddess now through all th' *Egyptian* State ;  
 And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linen wait.  
 Her Son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd  
 The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd.

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With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,  
 He common Temples with his Mother shares.  
 Equal in Years, and Rival in Renown }  
 With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton*,  
 Like Honour claims, and boasts his Sire the Sun.  
 His haughty Looks, and his assuming Air,  
 The Son of *Isis* could no longer bear :  
 Thou tak'st thy Mother's Word too far, said he,  
 And hast usurp'd thy boasted Pedigree.  
 Go, base Pretender to a borrow'd Name.  
 Thus tax'd, he blush'd with Anger, and with Shame;  
 But Shame repress'd his Rage: the daunted Youth  
 Soon seeks his Mother, and enquires the Truth :  
 Mother, said he, this Infamy was thrown  
 By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son.  
 He spoke in publick, told it to my Face ;  
 Nor durst I vindicate the dire Disgrace :  
 Even I, the bold, the sensible of Wrong,  
 Restrain'd by Shame, was forc'd to hold my Tongue.  
 To hear an open Slander, is a Curse :  
 But not to find an Answer, is a worse.  
 If I am Heav'n-begot, assert your Son }  
 By some sure Sign ; and make my Father known,  
 To right my Honour, and redeem your own.  
 He said, and saying cast his Arms about  
 Her Neck, and begg'd her to resolve the Doubt.  
 'Tis hard to judge if *Clymené* were mov'd  
 More by his Pray'r, whom she so dearly lov'd,  
 Or more with Fury fir'd, to find her Name  
 Traduc'd, and made the Sport of common Fame.  
 She stretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her Eyes  
 On that fair Planet that adorns the Skies ;  
 Now by those Beams, said she, whose holy Fires  
 Consume my Breast, and kindle my Desires ;

By

With

By him, who sees us both, and chears our Sight,  
 By him, the publick Minister of Light,  
 I swear that *Sun* begot thee ; if I lye,  
 Let him his chearful Influence deny :  
 Let him no more this perjur'd Creature see,  
 And shine on all the World but only me.  
 If still you doubt your Mother's Innocence,  
 His Eastern Mansion is not far from hence ;  
 With little Pains you to his *Lewée* go,  
 And from himself your Parentage may know.  
 With joy th' ambitious Youth his Mother heard,  
 And eager for the Journey soon prepar'd.  
 He longs the World beneath him to survey ;  
 To guide the Chariot, and to give the Day :  
 From *Meroe's* burning Sands he bends his Course,  
 Nor less in *India* feels his Father's Force ;  
 His Travel urging, till he came in fight,  
 And saw the Palace by the Purple Light.

*The Fable of IPHIS and IANTHE.*

From the ninth Book of  
 OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE Fame of this, perhaps, thro' *Crete* had flown :  
 But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,  
 In *Iphis* chang'd ; For near the *Gnoſſian* Bounds,  
 (As loud Report the Miracle reſounds)  
 At *Phæſus* dwelt a Man of honeſt Blood,  
 But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good ;  
 Eſteem'd, and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood :  
 Who to his Wife, before the Time aſſign'd  
 For Child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his Mind.

If

If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, will vouchsafe to hear,  
 I have but two Petitions to prefer ;  
 Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and Heir.  
 Girls cost as many Throes in bringing forth ;  
 Beside, when born, the Tits are little worth ;  
 Weak puling things, unable to sustain  
 Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.  
 If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce,  
 Of so great Charges, and so little Use,  
 (Bear Witness, Heav'n, with what Reluctancy)  
 Her hapless Innocence I doom to die.  
 He said, and Tears the common Grief display,  
 Of him who bad, and her who must obey.

Yet *Telethusa* still persists, to find  
 Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind ;  
 T' extend his Wishes to a larger Scope,  
 And in one Vessel not confine his Hope.  
*Lygdus* continues hard : Her Time drew near,  
 And she her heavy Load could scarcely bear ;  
 When slumbring, in the latter Shades of Night,  
 Before th' Approaches of returning Light,  
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her Bed,  
 A glorious Train, and *Isis* at their Head :  
 Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,  
 And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd :  
 A Mitre, for a Crown, she wore on high ;  
 The Dog, and dappl'd Bull were waiting by ;  
*Osiris*, fought along the Banks of *Nile* ;  
 The Silent God ; the sacred Crocodile ;  
 And, last, a long Procession moving on,  
 With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.  
 Her Slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,  
 She heard a Voice, that thus distinctly spake.

My



My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,  
 Nor fear to save whate'er the Gods will send.  
 Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree :  
 When Danger calls, repose thy Trust on me ;  
 And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless Deity.  
 This Promise made, with Night the Goddess fled :  
 With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed ;  
 Devoutly lifts her spotless Hands on high,  
 And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratify.

Now grinding Pains proceed to Bearing Throes,  
 'Till its own Weight the Burden did disclose.  
 'Twas of the beauteous Kind, and brought to Light  
 With Secrecy, to shun the Father's Sight.  
 Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ,  
 And pass'd it on her Husband for a Boy.  
 The Nurse was conscious of the Fact alone ;  
 The Father paid his Vows as for a Son ;  
 And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,  
 Which either Sex with equal Right may claim.  
*Iphis* his Grandfire was ; the Wife was pleas'd,  
 Of half the Fraud by Fortune's Favour eas'd :  
 The doubtful Name was us'd without Deceit,  
 And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.  
 The Habit shew'd a Boy, the Beauteous Face  
 With Manly Fierceness mingled Female Grace.

Now thirteen Years of Age were swiftly run,  
 When the fond Father thought the Time drew on  
 Of settling in the World his only Son.

*Ianthe* was his Choice ; so wondrous fair,  
 Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare ;  
 A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,  
 And not more blest'd with Fortune's Goods than he.

They soon espous'd ; for they with ease were join'd,  
 Who were before contracted in the Mind.

Their

Their Age the same, their Inclinations too ;  
 And bred together in one School they grew.  
 Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual Fires,  
 They felt, before they knew, the same Desires.  
 Equal their Flame, unequal was their Care ;  
 One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in Despair.  
 The Maid accus'd the ling'ring Days alone :  
 For whom she thought a Man, she thought her own.  
 But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater Grief ;  
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no Relief.  
 E'en her Despair adds Fuel to her Fire ;  
 A Maid with Madness does a Maid desire.  
 And, scarce refraining Tears, Alas, said she,  
 What Issue of my Love remains for me !  
 How wild a Passion works within my Breast !  
 With what prodigious Flames am I possess'd !  
 Could I the Care of Providence deserve,  
 Heav'n must destroy me, if it would preserve.  
 And that's my Fate, or sure it would have sent  
 Some usual Evil for my Punishment :  
 Not this unkindly Curse ; to rage, and burn,  
 Where Nature shews no Prospect of Return.  
 Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless Fire ;  
 Nor Mares, when hot, their Fellow-Mares desire :  
 The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes ;  
 The Stag through secret Woods his Hind pursues ;  
 And Birds for Mates the Males of their own Species  
     choose.  
 Her Females Nature guards from Female Flames,  
 And joins two Sexes to preserve the Game :  
 Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am !  
*Crete*, fam'd for Monsters, wanted of her Store,  
 'Till my new Love produc'd one Monster more.

The

The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,  
 And yet e'en then a Male a Female fir'd :  
 Her Passion was extravagantly new ;  
 But mine is much the madder of the two.  
 To things impossible she was not bent,  
 But found the Means to compass her Intent.  
 To cheat his Eyes she took a diff'rent Shape ;  
 Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a Leap.  
 Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,  
 Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild Desire,  
 What Art can make me able to enjoy,  
 Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy ?  
 Extinguish then thy Passion, hopeless Maid,  
 And recollect thy Reason for thy Aid.  
 Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought,  
 And drive these Golden Wishes from thy Thought.  
 Thou canst not hope thy fond Desires to gain ;  
 Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.  
 And yet no Guards against our Joys conspire ;  
 No jealous Husband hinders our Desire ;  
 My Parents are propitious to my Wish,  
 And she her self consenting to the Bliss.  
 All things concur to prosper our Design :  
 All things to prosper any Love but mine.  
 And yet I never can enjoy the Fair ;  
 'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.  
 Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be ;  
 Our Parents with our own Desires agree ;  
 But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,  
 Refuses her Assistance to my Love ;  
 She sets the Bar that causes all my Pain ;  
 One Gift refus'd makes all their Bounty vain.  
 And now the happy Day is just at hand,  
 To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* holy Band :

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Our Hearts, but not our Bodies : Thus accurs'd,  
 In midst of Water I complain of Thirst.  
 Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren Rites,  
 To bless a Bed defrauded of Delights ?  
 And why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,  
 To see two Brides in cold Embraces lie ?

Thus Love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion mourns ;  
 With equal Ardour fair *Iantke* burns,  
 Invoking *Hymen's* Name, and *Juno's* Pow'r,  
 To speed the Work, and haste the happy Hour.

She hopes, while *Teletbusa* fears the Day,  
 And strives to interpose some new Delay :  
 Now feigns a Sickness, now is in a Fright  
 For this bad Omen, or that boding Sight.  
 But having done whate'er she could devise,  
 And empty'd all her Magazine of Lies,  
 The Time approach'd ; the next ensuing Day  
 The fatal Secret must to Light betray.

Then *Teletbusa* had recourse to Pray'r,  
 She and her Daughter with shewell'd Hair ;  
 Trembling with Fear, great *Isis* they ador'd,  
 Embrac'd her Altar, and her Aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,  
 Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,  
 And sev'n-fold Falls of disemboing *Nile* ;  
 Relieve, in this our last Distress, the said,  
 A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.  
 Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my Sight ;  
 Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair Light :  
 I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see,  
 With all thy Marks of awful Majesty :  
 The glorious Train that compass'd thee around ;  
 And heard the hollow Timbrel's holy Sound.

}

Thy



Thy Words I noted, which I still retain ;  
 Let not thy sacred Oracles be vain.  
 That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free  
 From Shame, and Punishment, I owe to thee.  
 On thy Protection all our Hopes depend:  
 Thy Counsel fav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.

Her Tears pursu'd her Words, and while she spoke  
 The Goddesses nodded, and her Altar shook :  
 The Temple Doors, as with a Blast of Wind,  
 Were heard to clap ; the Lunar Horns that bind  
 The Brows of *Iris* cast a Blaze around ;  
 The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring Sound.

Some Hopes these happy Omens did impart ;  
 Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart,  
 Not much in Fear, nor fully satisfy'd ;  
 But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger Stride :  
 The Whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face ;  
 Her Looks embolden'd with an awful Grace ;  
 Her Features and her Strength together grew,  
 And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew.  
 Her sparkling Eyes with manly Vigour shone ;  
 Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone.  
 The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began  
 To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.  
 The Maid becomes a Youth ; no more delay  
 Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.  
 Their Gifts the Parents to the Temple bear :  
 The Votive Tables this Inscription wear ;  
*Iphis*, the Man, has to the Goddesses paid  
 The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd when a Maid.

Now when the Star of Day had shewn his Face,  
*Venus* and *Juno* with their Presence grace  
 The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above  
 Descended to compleat their happy Love ;

The

The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual Aid ;  
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

*ÆSACUS transformed into a Cormorant.*

From the eleventh Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THEse some old Man sees wanton in the Air,  
And praises the unhappy constant Pair.  
Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant shows,  
The former Tale reviving others Woes :  
That fable Bird, he cries, which cuts the Flood  
With slender Legs, was once of Royal Blood ;  
His Ancestors from mighty *Tros* proceed,  
The brave *Laomedon*, and *Ganymede*,  
(Whose Beauty tempted *Jove* to steal the Boy)  
And *Priam*, hapless Prince ! who fell with *Troy* :  
Himself was *Hector's* Brother, and (had Fate  
But giv'n this hopeful Youth a longer Date)  
Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector's* Worth,  
Tho' on the Mother's Side of meaner Birth ;  
Fair *Alyxotboë*, a Country Maid,  
Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Ida's* Shade.  
He fled the noisy Town, and pompous Court,  
Lov'd the lone Hills, and simple rural Sport,  
And seldom to the City would resort.  
Yet he no rustick Clownishness profess,  
Nor was soft Love a Stranger to his Breast :  
The Youth had long the Nymph *Hesperia* woo'd,  
Oft thro' the Thicket, or the Mead pursu'd :  
Her haply on her Father's Bank he spy'd,  
While fearless she her silver Tresses dry'd ;

Away

Away she fled : Not Stags with half such Speed,  
 Before the prowling Wolf, scud o'er the Mead ;  
 Not Ducks, when they the safer Flood forsake,  
 Pursu'd by Hawks, so swift regain the Lake.  
 As fast he follow'd in the hot Career ;  
 Desire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.  
 A Snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless Foot ;  
 Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices shoot :  
 She fell, and 'scap'd by Death his fierce Pursuit.  
 Her lifeless Body, frightened, he embrac'd,  
 And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy Haste :  
 O had my Love been less, or less thy Fear !  
 The Victory thus bought is far too dear.  
 Accursed Snake ! yet I more curs'd than he !  
 He gave the Wound ; the Cause was given by me.  
 Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.  
 He spoke ; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-hanging Side,  
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide,  
*Tethys* receiv'd him gently on the Wave ;  
 The Death he sought deny'd, and Feathers gave.  
 Debarr'd the surest Remedy of Grief,  
 And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd Relief.  
 Then on his Airy Pinions upward flies,  
 And at a second Fall successless tries ;  
 The downy Plume a Quick Descent denies.  
 Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,  
 And there in vain expects to find a Grave.  
 His ceaseless Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid  
 Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.  
 Still near the sounding Deep he lives ; his Name  
 From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

*The Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS,  
and GALATEA.*

From the thirteenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

} ACIS, the lovely Youth, whose Loss I mourn,  
 From *Faunus*, and the Nymph *Symethis* born,  
 Was both his Parents Pleasure ; but to me  
 Was all that Love could make a Lover be.  
 The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did join :  
 I was his only Joy, and he was mine.  
 Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had seen ;  
 And doubtful Down began to shade his Chin :  
 When *Polyphemus* first disturb'd our Joy,  
 And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy.  
 Ask not which Passion in my Soul was high'r,  
 My last Averfion, or my first Desire :  
 Nor this the greater was, nor that the less ;  
 Both were alike, for both were in Excess.  
 Thee, *Venus*, thee both Heav'n and Earth obey ;  
 Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy Sway.  
 } The *Cyclops*, who defy'd th' Ætherial Throne,  
 And thought no Thunder louder than his own,  
 The Terror of the Woods, and wilder far  
 Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forests are,  
 Th' inhuman Host, who made his bloody Feasts  
 On mangl'd Members of his butcher'd Guests,  
 Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,  
 And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire :  
 Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,  
 Assum'd the Softness of a Lover's Air ;  
 And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair. }

V O L. II.

K

Now



Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he fleeks,  
 And mows the stubborn Stubble of his Cheeks :  
 Now in the Cryſtal Stream he looks, to try  
 His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye.  
 His Cruelty and Thirſt of Blood are loſt ;  
 And Ships ſecurely ſail along the Coaſt.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance  
 Where *Ætna's* Summits to the Seas advance,  
 Who mark'd the Tracks of ev'ry Bird that flew,  
 And ſure Preſages from their Flying drew)  
 Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulyſſes'* Hand  
 In his broad Eye ſhou'd thruſt a flaming Brand.  
 'The Giant, with a ſcornful Grin, reply'd,  
 Vain Augur, thou haſt falſly prophecy'd ;  
 Already Love his flaming Brand has toſt ;  
 Looking on two fair Eyes, my Sight I loſt.  
 'Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking Pace he ſtrode,  
 And ſtamp'd the Margin of the briny Flood  
 With heavy Steps ; and, weary, fought agen  
 The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,  
 Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas :  
 On either Side, below, the Water flows :  
 'This airy Walk the Giant Lover choſe ;  
 Here on the midſt he ſate ; his Flocks, unled,  
 Their Shepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.  
 A Pine ſo burly, and of Length ſo vaſt,  
 That ſailing Ships requir'd it for a Maſt,  
 He wielded for a Staff, his Steps to guide :  
 But laid it by, his Whiſtle while he try'd.  
 A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious Growth,  
 Scarce made a Pipe proportion'd to his Mouth :  
 Which when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,  
 And wat'ry Plains, the dreadful Hiſs reſound.

I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,  
Where, in a hollow Cave, I sat below ;  
On *Acis*' Bosom I my Head reclin'd :  
And still preserve the Poem in my Mind.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far  
Than falling Snows, and rising Lilies are ;  
More flow'ry than the Meads, as Crystal bright ;  
Erect as Alders, and of equal Height :  
More wanton than a Kid ; more sleek thy Skin,  
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are seen :  
Than Apples fairer, when the Boughs they lade ;  
Pleasing, as Winter Suns, or Summer Shade :  
More grateful to the Sight, than goodly Plains ;  
And softer to the Touch, than Down of Swans,  
Or Curds new turn'd ; and sweeter to the Taste,  
Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haste :  
More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that stray  
Through Garden Plots, but ah ! more swift than they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke  
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the Yoke :  
And far more stubborn than the knotted Oak :  
Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold ;  
Like them, fallacious ; like their Fountains, cold :  
More warping, than the Willow, to decline  
My warm Embrace ; more brittle than the Vine ;  
Immoveable, and fixt in thy Disdain :  
Rough, as these Rocks, and of a harder Grain ;  
More violent, than is the rising Flood :  
And the prais'd Peacock is not half so proud :  
Fierce as the Fire, and sharp as Thistles are ;  
And more outrageous, than a Mother-Bear :  
Deaf as the Billows to the Vows I make ;  
And more revengeful than a troden Snake :

In Swiftneſs fleetertan the flying Hind,  
Or driven Tempeſts, or the driving Wind.  
All other Faults with Patience I can bear ;  
But Swiftneſs is the Vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not ſhun  
My Love, but to my wiſh'd Embraces run :  
Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my Stay ;  
And much repent of your unwiſe Delay.

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made  
By Nature's Hand ; a ſpacious pleaſing Shade ;  
Which neither Heat can pierce, nor Cold invade.  
My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,  
And Grapes in Cluſters, imitating Gold ;  
Some bluſhing Bunches of a Purple Hue :  
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.  
Red Strawberries in Shades expecting ſtand,  
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a Hand.  
Autumnal Cornels latter Fruit provide,  
And Plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy Side :  
Not thoſe of common Kinds ; but ſuch alone,  
As in *Phæacian* Orchards might have grown :  
Nor Cheſnuts ſhall be wanting to your Food,  
Nor Garden-Fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood ;  
The laden Boughs for you alone ſhall bear ;  
And yours ſhall be the Product of the Year.

The Flocks, you ſee, are all my own ; beſide  
The reſt that Woods and winding Vallies hide ;  
And thoſe that folded in the Caves abide.  
Aſk not the Numbers of my growing Store ;  
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.  
Nor will I praiſe my Cattle ; truſt not me,  
But judge your ſelf, and paſs your own Decree :  
Behold their ſwelling Dugs : the ſweepy Weight  
Of Ewes, that ſink beneath the milky Freight ;

In

In the warm Folds their tender Lambkins lie ;  
 Apart from Kids, that call with human Cry.  
 New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls is duly serv'd  
 For daily Drink ; the rest for Cheese reserv'd.  
 Nor are these Household Dainties all my Store :  
 The Fields and Forests will afford us more ;  
 The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Savage Boar.  
 All sorts of Ven'son ; and of Birds the best ;  
 A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.  
 I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,  
 Whose Dam had left 'em on the naked Ground ;  
 So like, that no Distinction cou'd be seen ;  
 So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen ;  
 And so they shall ; I took them both away ;  
 And keep, to be Companions of your Play.

Oh raise, fair Nymph, your beauteous Face above  
 The Waves ; nor scorn my Presents, and my Love.  
 Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my Face ;  
 I late beheld it, in the watry Glas,  
 And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.  
 Survey my tow'ring Stature, and my Size :  
 Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream, that rules the Skies,  
 Bears such a Bulk, or is so largely spread :  
 My Locks (the plenteous Harvest of my Head)  
 Hang o'er my manly Face ; and dangling down,  
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown.  
 Nor think, because my Limbs and Body bear  
 A thick-set Underwood of bristling Hair,  
 My Shape deform'd : what fouler Sight can be,  
 Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree ?  
 Foul is the Steed without a flowing Mane ;  
 And Birds, without their Feathers, and their Train.  
 Wool decks the Sheep ; and Man receives a Grace  
 From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face.



My Forehead with a single Eye is fill'd,  
 Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.  
 The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the radiant Sun,  
 Is Nature's Eye ; and she's content with one.  
 Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I,  
 Like you, am of the watry Family.  
 I make you his, in making you my own ;  
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone :  
*Jove*, with his Fabled Thunder, I despise,  
 And only fear the Lightning of your Eyes.  
 Frown not, fair Nymph ; yet I cou'd bear to be  
 Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.  
 But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer  
 The Love of *Acis*, Heav'ns ! I cannot bear.  
 But let the Stripling please himself ; nay more,  
 Please you, tho' that's the thing I most abhor ;  
 The Boy shall find, if e'er we cope in Fight,  
 These Giant Limbs endu'd with Giant Might.  
 His living Bowels from his Belly torn,  
 And scatter'd Limbs, shall on the Flood be born,  
 Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph ; and Fate shall find  
 That Way for thee and *Acis* to be join'd.  
 For oh ! I burn with Love, and thy Disdain  
 Augments at once my Passion, and my Pain.  
 Translated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,  
 And thou, Inhuman, wilt not ease my Smart.  
 Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode  
 With furious Paces to the neighb'ring Wood :  
 Restless his Feet, distracted was his Walk ;  
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk.  
 Mad as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to yield  
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.  
 Thus far unseen I saw : when, fatal Chance  
 His Looks directing, with a sudden Glance,

*Acis*

*Acis* and I were to his Sight betray'd ;  
 Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.  
 From his wide Mouth a bellowing Cry he cast ;  
 I see, I see, but this shall be your last.  
 A Roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound ;  
 And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the Sound.  
 Affrighted with his monstrous Voice, I fled,  
 And in the Neighb'ring Ocean plung'd my Head.  
 Poor *Acis* turn'd his Back, and, Help, he cry'd,  
 Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,  
 And take me dying to your deep Abodes.  
 The *Cyclops* follow'd ; but he sent before  
 A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore :  
 Though but an Angle reach'd him of the Stone,  
 The mighty Fragment was enough alone,  
 'To crush all *Acis* ; 'twas too late to save,  
 But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave :  
 That *Acis* to his Lineage should return ;  
 And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.  
 Straight issu'd from the Stone a Stream of Blood ;  
 Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood.  
 Then like a troubled Torrent it appear'd :  
 The Torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.  
 The Stone was cleft, and through the yawning Chink  
 New Reeds arose, on the new River's Brink.  
 The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd  
 A Sound like Water in its Course oppos'd :  
 When ( wond'rous to behold ) full in the Flood,  
 Up starts a Youth, and Navel-high he stood.  
 Horns from his Temples rise ; and either Horn  
 Thick Wreaths of Reeds (his Native Growth) adorn.  
 Were not his Stature taller than before,  
 His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,

}

His Colour blue, for *Acis* he might pass :  
 And *Acis* chang'd into a Stream he was.  
 But, mine no more, he rows along the Plains  
 With rapid Motion, and his Name retains.



VENI



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VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,  
*Paraphrased.*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid,  
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind ;  
Come pour thy Joys on human Kind ;  
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,  
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated Light,  
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* !  
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire ;  
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring  
To Sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sev'nfold Energy !  
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth command.  
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,  
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispense,  
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence !

Refine and purge our Earthly Parts ;  
But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts !  
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul ;  
And when Rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,  
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;



And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,  
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe :  
Give us thy self, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :  
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :  
And equal Adoration be,  
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.





# EPISTLES.





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TO THE  
DUTCHESS of YORK,  
*On her Return from SCOTLAND in  
the Year 1682.*



WHEN factious Rage to cruel Exile drove  
The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of  
Love,  
The *Muses* droop'd, with their forsaken  
Arts,  
And the sad *Cupids* broke their useles Darts :  
Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Defarts turn'd,  
Like *Eden's* face, when banish'd Man it mourn'd.  
Love was no more, when Loyalty was gone,  
The great Supporter of his awful Throne.  
Love cou'd no longer after Beauty stay,  
But wander'd Northward to the Verge of Day,  
As if the Sun and He had lost their way.  
But now th' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,  
Brings ev'ry Grace triumphant in her train.  
The wond'ring *Nereids*, tho' they rais'd no Storm,  
Foreflow'd her Passage, to behold her Form :

Some



Some cry'd, A *Venus* ; some, A *Thetis* past ;  
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.  
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride ;  
 And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.  
 Whate'er we suffer'd from our fullen fate,  
 Her Sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.  
 Three gloomy Years against this Day were set ;  
 But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt :  
 Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better doom,  
 The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.  
 For her the weeping Heav'ns become serene ;  
 For her the Ground is clad in cheerful Green :  
 For her the Nightingales are taught to sing,  
 And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.  
 The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,  
 And Love, restor'd, his antient Realm surveys,  
 Recals our Beauties, and revives our Plays ;  
 His waste Dominions peoples once again,  
 And from her presence dates his second reign.  
 But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,  
 Dispensing what she never will admit :  
 Pleasing, yet cold, like *Cynthia's* silver Beam,  
 The People's wonder, and the Poet's Theme.  
 Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd hate,  
 No more shall vex the Church, and tear the State :  
 No more shall Faction civil Discords move,  
 Or only Discords of too tender Love :  
 Discord, like that of Musick's various Parts ;  
 Discord, that makes the harmony of Hearts ;  
 Discord, that only this Dispute shall bring,  
 Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.

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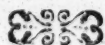
To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, on his  
learned and useful Works ; but more parti-  
cularly his *Treatise of Stone-Henge*, by him  
restor'd to the true Founders.

THE longest Tyranny that ever sway'd,  
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd  
Their free-born *Reason* to the *Stagyrite*,  
And made his Torch their universal Light.  
So *Truth*, while only one supply'd the State,  
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.  
Still it was bought, like Emp'rick Wares, or Charms,  
Hard Words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Arms.  
Columbus was the first that shook his Throne ;  
And found a Temp'rate in a Torrid Zone :  
The sev'rish Air fann'd by a cooling Breeze,  
The fruitful Vales set round with shady Trees ;  
And guiltless Men, who danc'd away their time,  
*Fresh* as their *Groves*, and *Happy* as their *Clime*.  
Had we still paid that Homage to a Name,  
Which only God and Nature justly claim ;  
The *Western* Seas had been our utmost Bound,  
Where *Poets* still might dream the *Sun* was drown'd :  
And all the *Stars*, that shine in *Southern* Skies,  
Had been admir'd by none but *Savage* Eyes.

Among th' Asserters of free Reason's claim,  
Our Nation's not the least in Worth or Fame.  
The World to *Bacon* does not only owe  
Its present Knowledge, but its future too.  
*Gilber* shall live, 'till *Load-stones* cease to draw,  
Or *British* Fleets the boundless Ocean awe.  
And noble *Boyle*, not less in Nature seen,  
Than his great Brother read in States and Men.

The

The *Circling* Streams, once thought but Pools, of Blood  
 (Whether Life's Fuel, or the Body's Food)  
 From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* Name shall save;  
 While *Ent* keeps all the Honour that he gave.  
 Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least renown'd;  
 Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English* Ground,  
 Flies like the nimble Journies of the Light;  
 And is, like that, unspent too in its Flight.  
 Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,  
 Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,  
 Thin in their *Authors* (like rich Veins of Ore)  
 Your Works unite, and still discover more.  
 Such is the healing Virtue of your Pen,  
 To perfect Cures on *Books*, as well as *Men*.  
 Nor is this Work the least: You well may give  
 To *Men* new Vigour, who make *Stones* to live.  
 Through *You*, the *Danes* (their short Dominion lost)  
 A longer Conquest than the *Saxons* boast.  
 STONE-HENGE, once thought a *Temple*, you have found  
 A *Throne*, where Kings, our earthly Gods, were crown'd;  
 Where by their wond'ring Subjects they were seen,  
 Joy'd with their Stature, and their Princely Mien.  
 Our *Sovereign* here above the rest might stand,  
 And here be chose again to rule the Land.  
 These Ruins shelter'd once *His* Sacred Head,  
 When *He* from *Wor'ster's* fatal Battle fled;  
 Watch'd by the Genius of this Royal Place,  
 And mighty Visions of the *Danish* Race.  
 His *Refuge*, then, was for a *Temple* shown:  
 But, *He* restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne*.



*To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her  
encouraging his first Play.*

AS Seamen, Shipwreck'd on some happy Shore;  
Discover Wealth in Lands unknown before;  
And, what their Art had labour'd long in vain,  
By their Misfortunes happily obtain:  
So my much-env'd Muse, by Storms long tost,  
Is thrown upon your hospitable Coast,  
And finds more favour by her ill Success,  
Than she cou'd hope for by her Happiness.  
Once *Cato's* Virtue did the Gods oppose;  
While they the Victor, he the Vanquish'd chose:  
But you have done what *Cato* cou'd not do,  
To choose the Vanquish'd, and restore him too.  
Let others still Triumph, and gain their Cause  
By their Deserts, or by the World's Applause;  
Let Merit Crowns, and Justice Laurels give,  
But let me happy by your Pity live.  
True Poets empty Fame and Praise despise,  
Fame is the Trumpet, but your Smile the Prize.  
You sit above, and see vain Men below  
Contend for what you only can bestow:  
But those great Actions, others do by chance,  
Are, like your Beauty, your Inheritance:  
So great a Soul, such Sweetness join'd in one,  
Cou'd only spring from noble *Grandison*.  
You, like the Stars, not by Reflexion bright,  
Are born to your own Heav'n, and your own Light;  
Like them are good, but from a nobler Cause,  
From your own Knowledge, not from Nature's Laws.  
Your Pow'r you never use, but for Defence,  
To guard your own, or others Innocence:

Yours



Your Foes are such, as they, not you, have made,  
 And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.  
 Such Courage did the antient Heroes show,  
 Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the Blow :  
 With such assurance as they meant to say,  
 We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.  
 What further fear of danger can there be ?  
 Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.  
 Posterity will judge by my Success,  
 I had the *Grecian* Poet's Happiness,  
 Who, waving Plots, found out a better way ;  
 Some God descended, and preserv'd the Play.  
 When first the Triumphs of your Sex were sung  
 By those old Poets, *Beauty* was but young,  
 And few admir'd the native Red and White,  
 'Till Poets dress'd them up, to charm the sight :  
 So *Beauty* took on trust, and did engage  
 For Sums of Praises 'till she came to Age.  
 But this long-growing Debt to Poetry  
 You justly, Madam, have discharg'd to me,  
 When your Applause and Favour did infuse  
 New Life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

---

*To my Honoured Friend Sir ROBERT  
 HOWARD, on his Excellent Poems.*

**A**S there is Musick uninform'd by Art  
 In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart  
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,  
 Who, better taught at home, yet please us less :  
 So in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,  
 Which shames Composure, and its Art excels.

Singing,

Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,  
Than Paint adds Charms unto a beauteous Face.  
Yet as, when mighty Rivers gently creep,  
Their even Calmness does suppose them deep;  
Such is your Muse: No Metaphor swell'd high  
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky:  
Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,  
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.  
So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,  
Did never but in *Samson's* Riddle meet.  
'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should bear,  
And yet no sign of Toil, no Sweat appear.  
Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign  
Then least to feel, when most they suffer Pain;  
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot see  
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:  
Or 'tis some Happiness that still pursues  
Each Act and Motion of your Graceful Muse.  
Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head  
The curious \* Net that is for Fancies spread,  
Lets thro' its Meshes every meaner Thought,  
While rich *Ideas* there are only caught?  
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair  
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.  
No Atoms casually together hurl'd  
Could e'er produce so beautiful a World.  
Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,  
As would destroy the Providence of Wit.  
'Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel  
Those Weights, wou'd make a weaker Spirit reel.  
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,  
Is what alone your *Pegasus* can do.

---

\* Rete Mirabile.

Great *Hercules* himself cou'd ne'er do more,  
 Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.  
 Your easier Odes, which for Delight were penn'd,  
 Yet our Instruction make their second End :  
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that wooe  
 At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.

Of Moral Knowledge Poesy was Queen,  
 And still she might, had wanton Wits not been ;  
 Who, like ill Guardians, liv'd themselves at large,  
 And, not content with that, debauch'd their Charge.  
 Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen  
 Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again :

And gives us hope, that having seen the Days  
 When nothing flourish'd but Fanatick Bays,  
 All will at length in this Opinion rest,

“ A Sober Prince's Government is best.

This is not all ; your Art the way has found  
 To make th' Improvement of the richest Ground,  
 That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,  
 That once the Sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.

*Elisa's* Grievs are so exprest'd by you,  
 They are too Eloquent to have been true.

Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd  
 What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.

If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost Repose,  
 Your Muse so justly has discharged those,

*Elisa's* Shade may now its wandering cease,  
 And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.

But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd, no less

Your Kindness great *Achilles* doth confess ;

Who, dress'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,

Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.

To understand how much we owe to you,

We must your Numbers, with your Author's, view ;

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† Hic

Then we shall see his Work was lamely rough,  
 Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;  
 His Colours laid so thick on every place,  
 As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.  
 But as in perspective we Beauties see,  
 Which in the Glass, not in the Picture, be;  
 So here our Sight obligingly mistakes  
 That Wealth, which his your Bounty only makes.  
 Thus vulgar Dishes are, by Cooks disguis'd,  
 More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.  
 Your curious \* Notes so search into that Age,  
 When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,  
 That, since in that dark Night we needs must stray,  
 We are at least mis-led in pleasant way.  
 But what we most admire, your Verse no less  
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.  
 Ere our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful Streak  
 Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning break.  
 So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,  
 Which shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.  
 To *Charles* your Muse first pays her duteous Love,  
 As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.  
 With *Monk* you end, whose Name preserv'd shall be,  
 As *Rome* Recorded † *Rufus*' Memory,  
 Who thought it greater Honour to obey  
 His Country's Interest, than the World to sway.  
 But to write worthy things of worthy Men,  
 Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen:  
 Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I  
 Will venture in your Right to Prophecy.

---

\* Annotations on Statius.

† Hic situs est *Rufus*, qui pulso vindice quondam  
 Imperium afferuit non sibi, sed Patria.

“ This



- " This Work, by Merit first of Fame secure,  
 " Is likewise happy in its Geniture :  
 " For, since 'tis born when *Charles* ascends the Throne,  
 " It shares, at once, his Fortune and its own.
- 

*To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent  
 Essay on Translated Verse.*

**W**Hether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,  
 The Seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,  
 'Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,  
 Advanc'd its Head in *Grecian* Gardens nurst.  
 The *Grecians* added Verse : their tuneful Tongue  
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.  
 Nor stopt Translation here : For conqu'ring *Rome*,  
 With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home ;  
 Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,  
 Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.  
 'Till barb'rous Nations, and more barb'rous Times,  
 Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes ;  
 Those rude at first : a kind of hobbling Prose,  
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.  
 But *Italy*, reviving from the Trance  
 Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* Ignorance,  
 With Pauses, Cadence, and well-vowel'd Words,  
 And all the Graces a good Ear affords,  
 Made Rhyme an Art, and *Dante's* polish'd Page  
 Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age.  
 Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,  
 What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be :  
 At best a pleasing Sound, and fair Barbarity.  
 The *French* pursu'd their Steps ; and *Britain*, last,  
 In manly Sweetness all the rest surpass'd.

The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*,  
 Appear exalted in the *British* Loom :  
 The Muses Empire is restor'd again,  
 In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscommon's* Pen.  
 Yet modestly he does his Work survey,  
 And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;  
 For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here ;  
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;  
 So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.  
 Nor need those Rules to give Translation light :  
 His own Example is a Flame so bright ;  
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.  
 Scarce his own *Horace* could such Rules ordain,  
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler Strain.  
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost !  
 Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;  
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
 'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow  
 Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,  
 That here his conqu'ring Ancestors were nurs'd ;  
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first :  
 By this Reprisal we regain our Right,  
 Else must the two contending Nations fight ;  
 A nobler Quarrel for his Native Earth,  
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* Birth.  
 To what Perfection will our Tongue arrive,  
 How will Invention and Translation thrive,  
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,  
 And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art !  
 Great Generals thus, descending from Command,  
 With their own Toil provoke the Soldiers Hand.

How

How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer \* ;  
 How he embellishes His *Helen's* Loves,  
 Out-does his Softness, and his Sense improves ?  
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,  
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any Vulgar Vow,  
 Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand :  
*Roscommon* writes ; to that auspicious Hand,  
 Muse, feed the Bull that spurns the yellow Sand. }  
*Roscommon*, whom both Court and Camps commend,  
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend ;  
*Roscommon* first in Fields of Honour known, }  
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown ;  
 Who both *Minervas* justly makes his own.  
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they  
 Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,  
 On equal Terms with ancient Wit engage,  
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* Page :  
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in State ;  
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

---

*A Letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREDGE.*

TO you who live in chill Degree,  
 As Map informs, of Fifty three,  
 And do not much for Cold atone,  
 By bringing thither Fifty one,  
 Methinks all Climes shou'd be alike,  
 From Tropick e'en to Pole Artique ;  
 Since you have such a Constitution  
 As no where suffers Diminution.  
 You can be old in grave Debate,  
 And young in Love-affairs of State ;

---

\* *The Earl of Mulgrave*

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And both to Wives and Husbands show  
The Vigour of a Plenipo.

Like mighty Missioner you come

*Ad Partes Infidelium.*

A Work of wondrous Merit sure,

So far to go, so much t'endure ;

And all to preach to *German* Dame,

Where Sound of *Cupid* never came.

Less had you done, had you been sent

As far as *Drake* or *Pinto* went,

For Cloves or Nutmegs to the *Line-a*,

Or e'en for Oranges to *China*.

That had indeed been Charity ;

Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lie,

Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry.

But you have made your Zeal appear

Within the Circle of the *Bear*.

What Region of the Earth's so dull,

That is not of your Labours full ?

*Triptolemus* (so sung the Nine)

Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine.

But spite of all these Fable-Makers,

He never sow'd on *Almain* Acres :

No, that was left by Fate's Decree,

To be perform'd and sung by thee.

Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease

As the *French* King thro' Articles.

In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,

In waging weighty Compliment,

With such as Monarchs represent.

They, whom such vast Fatigues attend,

Want some soft Minutes to unbend,

To shew the World that now and then

Great Ministers are mortal Men.

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L

Then



Then *Rhenish* Rummens walk the Round ;  
 In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd ;  
 Besides three Holy mitred Hectors,  
 And the whole College of Electors.  
 No Health of Potentate is sunk,  
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk.  
 These *Dutch* Delights, I mention'd last,  
 Suit not, I know, your *English* Taste :  
 For Wine to leave a Whore or Play  
 Was ne'er your Excellency's way.  
 Nor need this Title give Offence,  
 For here you were your Excellence,  
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,  
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.  
 Now if you tope in form, and treat,  
 'Tis the four Sauce to the sweet Meat,  
 The Fine you pay for being great.  
 Nay, here's a harder Imposition,  
 Which is indeed the Court's Petition,  
 That setting worldly Pomp aside,  
 Which Poet has at Font deny'd,  
 You would be pleas'd in humble way  
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play.  
 This truly is a Degradation,  
 But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation  
 Next to your wise Negotiation.  
 If you pretend, as well you may,  
 Your high Degree, your Friends will say,  
 The Duke *St. Aignon* made a Play.  
 If *Gallick* Wit convince you scarce,  
 His Grace of *Bucks* has made a Farce,  
 And you, whose Comick Wit is Terse all,  
 Can hardly fall below *Rehearsal*.

Then

Then finish what you have began;  
 But scribble faster if you can:  
 For yet no *George*, to our discerning,  
 Has writ without a ten Years Warning.

*To Mr. SOUTHERNE, on his Comedy call'd  
 The Wives Excuse.*

SURE there's a Fate in Plays, and 'tis in vain  
 To write, while these malignant Planets reign.  
 Some very foolish Influence rules the Pit,  
 Not always kind to Sense, or just to Wit:  
 And whilst it lasts, let Buffoonry succeed,  
 To make us laugh; for never was more need.  
 Farce, in it self, is of a nasty Scent;  
 But the Gain smells not of the Excrement.  
 The *Spanish* Nymph, a Wit and Beauty too,  
 With all her Charms, bore but a single Show:  
 But let a Monster *Muscovite* appear,  
 He draws a crowded Audience round the Year.  
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the Box and Pit;  
 Yet those, who blame thy Tale, applaud thy Wit:  
 So *Terence* plotted, but so *Terence* writ.  
 Like his thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean;  
 E'en Lewdness is made moral in thy Scene.  
 The Hearers may for want of *Nokes* repine;  
 But rest secure, the Readers will be thine.  
 Nor was thy labour'd *Drama* damn'd or hiss'd,  
 But with a kind Civility dismiss'd;  
 With such good Manners, as the \* Wife did use,  
 Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.

\* *The Wife in the Play, Mrs. Friendall,*

There was a Glance at parting ; such a Look,  
 As bids thee not give o'er, for one Rebuke.  
 But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,  
 Copy one living Author, and one dead :  
 The Standard of thy Style let *Etherege* be ;  
 For Wit, th' immortal Spring of *Wycherly* :  
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design,  
 And the next Age will learn to copy thine.

*To Mr. LEE on his Alexander.*

**T**He Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,  
 Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear ;  
 For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,  
 I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from you ;  
 That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,  
 And play the Game into each other's hand ;  
 And as cheap Pen'orths to our selves afford,  
 As *Bessus* and the Brothers of the Sword.  
 Such Libels private Men may well endure,  
 When States and Kings themselves are not secure :  
 For ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,  
 Think the best Actions on by-ends are built.  
 And yet my Silence had not 'scap'd their Spite ;  
 Then, Envy had not suffer'd me to write ;  
 For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,  
 Such Merit I must envy or commend.  
 So many Candidates there stand for Wit,  
 A Place at Court is scarce so hard to get :  
 In vain they crowd each other at the Door ;  
 For e'en Reverfions are all begg'd before :  
 Desert, how known foe'er, is long delay'd ;  
 And then too Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.

Yet

Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,  
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of Shame;  
So has the mighty Merit of your Play  
Extorted Praise, and forc'd it self a way.  
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who farthest goes,  
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes.  
Yet when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,  
It shoots too fast, and high, to be express;  
As his Heroic Worth struck Envy dumb,  
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the Boom.  
Such Praise is yours, while you the Passions move,  
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real Love,  
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;  
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.  
Always you warm; and if the rising Year,  
As in hot Regions, brings the Sun too near,  
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,  
Which in our cooler Climates will not grow.  
They only think you animate your Theme  
With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm:  
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,  
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.  
Despise those Drones, who praise, while they accuse,  
The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse.  
That humble Style, which they their Virtue make,  
Is in your pow'r; you need but sloop and take.  
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd  
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd.  
But how shou'd any Sign-Post Dawber know  
The Worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo*?  
Hard Features ev'ry Bungler can command;  
'To draw true Beauty shews a Master's hand.



To my dear Friend Mr. CONGREVE, on his  
Comedy call'd *The Double Dealer*.

WELL then, the promis'd Hour is come at last ;  
The present Age of Wit obscures the past :  
Strong were our Sires, and as they Fought they Writ,  
Conqu'ring with Force of Arms, and dint of Wit :  
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood ;  
And thus, when *Charles* return'd, our Empire stood.  
Like *Janus* he the stubborn Soil manur'd,  
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd ;  
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude ;  
And boistrous *English* Wit with Art indu'd.  
Our Age was cultivated thus at length ;  
But what we gain'd in Skill we lost in Strength:  
Our Builders were with want of Genius curst ;  
The second Temple was not like the first :  
'Till you, the best *Vitruvius*, come at length ;  
Our Beauties equal, but excel our Strength.  
Firm *Dorick* Pillars found your solid Base :  
The Fair *Corinthian* crowns the higher Space :  
Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace. }  
In easy Dialogue is *Fletcher's* Praise ;  
He mov'd the Mind, but had not Pow'r to raise.  
Great *Johnson* did by Strength of Judgment please ;  
Yet, doubling *Fletcher's* Force, he wants his Ease.  
In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age ;  
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.  
But both to *Congreve* justly shall submit,  
One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in Wit.  
In him all Beauties of this Age we see,  
*Etherege* his Courtship, *Southern's* Purity,  
The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly *Witcherly*. }

All this in blooming Youth you have atchiev'd :  
 Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd.  
 So much the Sweetness of your Manners move,  
 We cannot envy you, because we Love.  
*Fabius* might joy in *Scipio*, when he saw  
 A beardless Consul made against the Law,  
 And join his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome* ;  
 Though he with *Hannibal* was overcome.  
 Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael's* Fame,  
 And Scholar to the Youth he taught became.

O that your Brows my Laurel had sustain'd !  
 Well had I been depos'd, if you had Reign'd :  
 The Father had descended for the Son ;  
 For only you are lineal to the Throne.  
 Thus, when the State one *Edward* did depose,  
 A Greater *Edward* in his room arose.  
 But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd ;  
 For *Tom* the second reigns like *Tom* the first.  
 But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part,  
 Nor call his Charity their own Desert.  
 Yet this I prophesy ; Thou shalt be seen,  
 (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between)  
 High on the Throne of Wit, and, seated there,  
 Not mine (that's little) but thy Laurel wear.  
 Thy first Attempt an early Promise made ;  
 That early Promise this has more than paid.  
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
 That your least Praise is to be regular.  
 Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought ;  
 But Genius must be born, and never can be taught.  
 This is your Portion ; this your native Store ;  
 Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before, [more. }  
 To *Shakespear* gave as much ; she could not give him }

Maintain your Post : That's all the Fame you need ;  
 For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.  
 Already I am worn with Cares and Age,  
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage :  
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,  
 I live a Rent-Charge on his Providence :  
 But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,  
 Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,  
 Be kind to my Remains ; and O defend,  
 Against your Judgment, your departed Friend !  
 Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue,  
 But shade those Laurels which descend to You :  
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express :  
 You merit more ; nor cou'd my Love do less.

---

*To Mr. GRANVILLE \*, on his excellent  
 Tragedy called Heroic Love.*

**A**Uspicious Poet, wert thou not my Friend,  
 How cou'd I envy, what I must commend !  
 But since 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,  
 That Youth shou'd reign, and with'ring Age submit,  
 With less regret those Laurels I resign,  
 Which, dying on my Brows, revive on thine.  
 With better Grace an ancient Chief may yield  
 The long contended Honours of the Field,  
 Than venture all his Fortune at a cast,  
 And fight, like *Hannibal*, to lose at last.  
 Young Princes, obstinate to win the Prize,  
 Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise :

---

\* *Lord Landsdowne,*

Old Monarchs, tho' successful, still in doubt,  
 Catch at a Peace, and wisely turn devout.  
 Thine be the Laurel then ; thy blooming Age  
 Can best, if any can, support the Stage ;  
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see  
 Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy.  
 Sharp to the World, but thoughtless of renown,  
 They plot not on the Stage, but on the Town,  
 And, in despair their empty Pit to fill,  
 Set up some Foreign Monster in a Bill.  
 Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,  
 And murd'ring Plays, which they miscall Reviving.  
 Our Sense is Nonsense, through their Pipes convey'd ;  
 Scarce can a Poet know the Play he made ;  
 'Tis so disguis'd in Death ; nor thinks 'tis He  
 That suffers in the mangled Tragedy.  
 Thus *Ilys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd  
 For his own Sire, the chief invited Guest.  
 I say not this of thy successful Scenes,  
 Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains.  
 With length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,  
 Not ill they acted, what they cou'd not spoil.  
 Their Setting-Sun \* still shoots a glimmering Ray,  
 Like antient *Rome*, majestick in Decay :  
 And better Gleanings their worn Soil can boast,  
 Than the Crab-Vintage of the neighb'ring Coast †.  
 This diff'rence yet the judging World will see ;  
 Thou copiest *Homer*, and they copy thee.

---

\* *Mr. Betterton's Company in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

† *Durvy-Lane Play-House.*



To my Friend Mr. MOTTEUX, on his  
Tragedy called Beauty in Distress.

'TIS hard, my Friend, to write in such an Age,  
As damns, not only Poets, but the Stage.  
That sacred Art, by Heav'n itself infus'd,  
Which *Moses, David, Solomon* have us'd,  
Is now to be no more : The Muses' Foes  
Wou'd sink their Maker's Praises into Prose.  
Were they content to prune the lavish Vine  
Of straggling Branches, and improve the Wine,  
Who, but a Madman, wou'd his thoughts defend ?  
All wou'd submit ; for all but Fools will mend.  
But when to common Sense they give the lye,  
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,  
They give the Scandal ; and the Wise discern,  
Their Glosses teach an Age, too apt to learn.  
What I have loosely, or prophanely, writ,  
Let them to Fires, their due desert, commit :  
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain :  
Their Faults, and not their Function, I arraign.  
Rebellion, worse than Witchcraft, they pursu'd ;  
The Pulpit preach'd the Crime, the People ru'd.  
The Stage was silenc'd ; for the Saints wou'd see  
In Fields perform'd their plotted Tragedy.  
But let us first reform, and then so live,  
That we may teach our Teachers to forgive :  
Our Desk be placed below their lofty Chairs ;  
Ours be the Practice, as the Precept theirs.  
The Moral Part, at least, we may divide,  
Humility reward, and punish Pride ;  
Ambition, Int'rest, Avarice accuse :  
These are the Province of a Tragick Muse.

These

These hast thou chosen ; and the publick Voice  
 Has equal'd thy Performance with thy Choice.  
 Time, Action, Place, are so preserv'd by thee,  
 That e'en *Cornëille* might with Envy see  
 Th' Alliance of his *Tripled Unity*.  
 Thy Incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown ;  
 But too much Plenty is thy Fault alone.  
 At least but two can that good Crime commit,  
 Thou in design, and *Wycherly* in Wit.  
 Let thy own *Gauls* condemn thee, if they dare ;  
 Contented to be thinly Regular :  
 Born there, but not for them, our fruitful Soil  
 With more Increase rewards thy happy Toil.  
 Their Tongue, enfeebl'd, is refin'd too much ;  
 And, like pure Gold, it bends at ev'ry touch :  
 Our sturdy *Teuton* yet will Art obey,  
 More fit for manly Thought, and strengthen'd with Allay.  
 But whence art thou inspir'd, and Thou alone,  
 To flourish in an Idiom not thy own ?  
 It moves our wonder, that a foreign Guest  
 Shou'd over-match the most, and match the best.  
 In under-praising thy Deserts, I wrong ;  
 Here find the first Deficiency of our Tongue :  
 Words, once my Stock, are wanting, to commend  
 So great a Poet, and so good a Friend.

---

To HENRY HIGDEN, *Esq*; on his Trans-  
 lation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

THE *Grecian* Wits, who *Satire* first began,  
 Were pleasant *Pa/quins* on the Life of Man ;  
 At mighty Villains, who the State oppress,  
 They durst not Rail, perhaps ; they lash'd, at least,  
 And turn'd them out of Office with a Jest.

No

No Fool could peep abroad, but ready stand  
 The Drolls to clap a *Bauble* in his Hand.  
 Wise Legislators never yet could draw  
 A *Fop* within the Reach of *Common Law* ;  
 For Posture, Dress, Grimace and Affectation,  
 Tho' *Foes to Sense*, are harmless to the *Nation*.  
 Our last Redress is dint of *Verse* to try,  
 And *Satire* is our *Court of Chancery*.  
 This way took *Horace* to reform an Age,  
 Not bad enough to need an Author's Rage.  
 But † yours, who liv'd in more degenerate Times,  
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry Crimes.  
 Yet you, my Friend, have temper'd him so well,  
 You make him smile in spite of all his Zeal :  
 An Art peculiar to your self alone,  
 To join the Virtues of two Styles in one.

Oh! were your Author's Principle receiv'd,  
 Half of the lab'ring World would be reliev'd :  
 For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd.

*Revenge* wou'd into *Charity* be chang'd,  
 Because it costs too dear to be *reveng'd* :  
 It costs our *Quiet* and *Content of Mind*,  
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a Sting behind.  
 Suppose I had the better End o' th' Staff,  
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd World to laugh?  
 'Tis all alike to them, who get the Day ;  
 They love the Spite and Mischief of the *Fray*.  
 No ; I have cur'd my self of that *Disease* ;  
 Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please :  
 But let me half that *Cure* to you restore ;  
 You give the *Salve*, I laid it to the *Sore*.

---

† *Juvenal's*

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Our kind Relief against a Rainy Day,  
 Beyond a Tavern, or a tedious Play,  
 We take your Book, and laugh our Spleen away.  
 If all your *Tribe*, too studious of *Debate*,  
 Would cease false Hopes and Titles to create,  
 Led by the *Rare Example* you begun,  
*Clients* would fail, and *Lawyers* be undone.

---

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *Principal*  
*Painter to His Majesty.*

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her Kind,  
 And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind :  
 True, she was dumb ; for Nature gaz'd so long,  
 Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue ;  
 But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize ;  
 I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.  
 Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller* ; Such thy Skill,  
 That Nature seems obedient to thy Will ;  
 Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught ;  
 Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.  
 At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we  
 Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
 We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but Privations of the Light ;  
 Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the Sight ;  
 With us approach, retire, arise, and fall ;  
 Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.  
 Such are thy Pieces, imitating Life  
 So near, they almost conquer in the strife ;  
 And from their animated Canvass came,  
 Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame.

Pro-



*Prometheus*, were he here, wou'd cast away  
His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay ;  
And either wou'd thy noble Work inspire,  
Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise ;  
This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :  
From hence the Rudiments of Art began ;  
A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man :  
Perhaps, the Shadow, taken on a Wall,  
Gave Out-lines to the rude Original ;  
Ere Canvass yet was strain'd, before the Grace  
Of blended Colours found their use and place,  
Or Cypress Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees the Godlike Art advanc'd ;  
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd :  
*Greece* added Posture, Shade, and Perspective ;  
And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.  
Yet Perspective was lame, no distance true,  
But all came forward in one common View :  
No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art ;  
When Light was there, it knew not to depart,  
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;  
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

*Rome* rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive,  
And with Old *Greece* unequally did strive :  
'Till *Goths*, and *Vandals*, a rude Northern Race,  
Did all the matchless Monuments deface.  
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,  
And Rhime began t'enervate Poetry.  
Thus, in a stupid Military State,  
The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.  
Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,  
Such as in *Bartam's* Embassy were seen,

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Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron sleep,  
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep :  
At length, in *Raphael's* Age, at once they rise,  
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.

Thence rose the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line :  
One colour'd best, and one did best design.

*Raphael's*, like *Homer's*, was the nobler Part,  
But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true Design,  
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.  
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,  
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language drest :  
Where Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,  
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.

Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought :  
Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought.

† *Shakespear*, thy Gift, I place before my Sight ;

With awe, I ask his Blessing ere I write ;

With Rev'rence look on his Majestick Face ;

Proud to be less, but of his Godlike Race.

His Soul inspires me, while thy Praise I write,

And I, like *Teucer*, under *Ajax* fight :

Bids thee, thro' me, be bold ; with dauntless Breast

Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.

Like his, thy Criticks in th' Attempt are lost :

When most they rail, know then, they envy most.

In vain they snarl aloof ; a noisy Croud,

Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren Industry deplore,

Pass on secure, and mind the Goal before.

---

† *Shakespear's Picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and given to the Author.*

Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,  
 Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind.  
 Our Arts are Sisters, though not Twins in Birth;  
 For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth:  
 But oh, the Painter Muse, tho' last in place,  
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.

*Apelles' Art* an *Alexander* found;

And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound;

But *Homer* was with barren Laurel crown'd.

Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I;

But pass we that unpleasing Image by.

Rich in thy self, and of thy self Divine;

All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.

A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command;

The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand.

Likeness appears in every Lineament;

But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent

Tho' Nature there her true Resemblance bears,

A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.

So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,

Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,

When on wild Nature we ingraft our Skill;

But not creating Beauties at our Will.

But Poets are confin'd in narrower space,

To speak the Language of their Native Place:

The Painter widely stretches his Command;

Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.

From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own,

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All Nations all Immunities will give

To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;

And not sev'n Cities, but the World you'd thrive.

Sure some propitious Planet then did smile,  
 When first you were conducted to this Isle :  
 Our Genius brought you here, t' inlarge our Fame ;  
 For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same.  
 Thy matchless Hand, of ev'ry Region free,  
 Adopts our Climate, not our Climate thee.

\* Great *Rome* and *Venice* early did impart  
 To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.  
 Those Masters then, but seen, not understood,  
 With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood :  
 For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,  
 The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree,  
 'Tis only wanting to this Age, not thee.  
 Thy Genius, bounded by the Times, like mine,  
 Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design  
 A more exalted Work, and more Divine.  
 For what a Song, or senseless Opera  
 Is to the living Labour of a Play ;  
 Or what a Play to *Virgil's* Work wou'd be,  
 Such is a single Piece to History.

But we, who Life bestow, our selves must live :  
 Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give ;  
 And they, who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule :  
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a Fool :  
 But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,  
 The senseless Idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n ! that Sots and Knaves shou'd be so vain,  
 To wish their vile Resemblance may remain !  
 And stand recorded, at their own Request,  
 To future Days, a Libel or a Jest !

---

\* He travell'd very young into Italy.



Else shou'd we see your noble Pencil trace  
Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place :  
A Whole compos'd of Parts, and those the best,  
With ev'ry various Character exprest :

Heroes at large, and at a nearer View ;  
Less, and at distance, an ignobler Crew.  
While all the Figures in one Action join,  
As tending to compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by mortal Art exprest ;  
But venerable Age shall add the rest.  
For time shall with his ready Pencil stand ;  
Retouch your Figures with his ripening Hand ;  
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint ;  
Add ev'ry Grace, which Time alone can grant ;  
To future Ages shall your Fame convey,  
And give more Beauties than he takes away.





PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.





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# PROLOGUE

TO THE

*University of OXFORD, 1674.*

*Spoken by Mr. HART.*

**P**OETS, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd  
T'unbend, and to divert their Sov'reign's  
Mind : [fit  
When, tir'd with following Nature, you think  
To seek repose in the cool Shades of Wit,  
And, from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey  
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.  
Here, free your selves from Envy, Care, and Strife,  
You view the various Turns of human Life :  
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,  
And, undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.  
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,  
As in Mechanick Operations wrought ;  
And Man, the little World, before you set,  
As once the Sphere of Crystal shew'd the Great.

Blest



Blest sure are you above all Mortal Kind,  
 If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind :  
 Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,  
 And Crimes on Theatres alone to know.  
 With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ,  
 And beg from you the value of their Wit :  
 That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnson's* Claim  
 May be renew'd from those who gave them Fame.  
 None of our living Poets dare appear ;  
 For Muses so severe are worship'd here,  
 That, conscious of their Faults, they shun the Eye,  
 And, as prophane, from sacred Places fly,  
 Rather than see th' offended God, and die. }  
 We bring no Imperfections, but our own ;  
 Such Faults as made are by the Makers shown :  
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,  
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.  
 Poets must sloop, when they would please our Pit,  
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit ;  
 Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,  
 Hating themselves what their Applause must make :  
 But when to Praise from you they would aspire,  
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.  
 So far your Knowledge all their Pow'r transcends,  
 As what *should* be beyond what *Is* extends.

---

PROLOGUE *spoken at the opening of the*  
*New House, March 26, 1674.*

**A** Plain-built House, after so long a stay,  
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away ;  
 When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find  
 A bare Convenience only is design'd.

You,

You, who each Day can Theatres behold,  
 Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,  
 Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,  
 And, for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.  
 Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,  
 And a plain Suit (since we can make but one)  
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.  
 They, who are by your Favours wealthy made,  
 With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade :  
 We, broken Bankers, half destroy'd by Fire,  
 With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire ;  
 Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire.  
 For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,  
 We yield in both, and only beg to live :  
 Unable to support their vast Expence,  
 Who build and treat with such Magnificence ;  
 That, like th' ambitious Monarchs of the Age,  
 They give the Law to our Provincial Stage.  
 Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,  
 While they impose their Splendor on the less.  
 But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,  
 Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,  
 The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.  
 Yet if some Pride with Want may be allow'd,  
 We in our Plainness may be justly proud :  
 Our Royal Master will'd it shou'd be so ;  
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show :  
 That sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,  
 And, like his Stamp, makes basest Metals pass.  
 'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,  
 To build a Play-house while you throw down Plays.  
 While Scenes, Machines, and empty *Operas* reign,  
 And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain :

While

240 PROLOGUES and

While Troops of famish'd *Frenchmen* hither drive,  
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live :  
 Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place  
 To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race.  
 More tamely than your Fathers you submit ;  
 You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit.  
 Mark, when they Play, how our fine Fops advance  
 The Mighty Merits of their Men of *France*,  
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the Cadence.  
 Well, please your selves ; but sure 'tis understood,  
 That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England* good.  
 I wou'd not prophesy our House's Fate :  
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,  
 'Tis to be fear'd —————  
 That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,  
 Machines and Tempests will destroy the New.

EPILOGUE on the same Occasion.

THOUGH what our Prologue said was sadly true,  
 Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,  
 A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.  
 A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch ;  
 Though she's no Lady, you may think her such :  
 A strong Imagination may do much.  
 But you, loud Sirs, who through your Curls look big,  
 Criticks in Plume and white Vallancy Wig,  
 Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,  
 And still charge first (the true forlorn of Wit ;)  
 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you rowl,  
 Yet you, like him, have neither Heat nor Soul ;  
 So may your Hats your Foretops never press,  
 Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your Dress ;

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So may you slowly to old Age advance,  
 And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance :  
 So may Fop-corner full of Noise remain,  
 And drive far off the dull attentive Train ;  
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,  
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love ;  
 So may not *France* your warlike Hands recal,  
 But leave you by each other's Swords to fall :  
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,  
 When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.  
 But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,  
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said :  
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights  
 Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights ;  
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,  
 Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad ;  
 The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff  
 Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.  
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,  
 We hope we may presume their Wits are here.  
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play ;  
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way  
 To please, we'll find you abler Men who may.  
 If they shou'd fail, for last Recruits we breed  
 A Troop of frisking *Monseurs* to succeed :  
 You know the *French* sure Cards at time of need.

## PROLOGUE to CIRCE,

By Dr. DAVENANT. 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,  
 Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear :

VOL. II.

M

To



To his green Years your Censures you would suit,  
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.  
 The Sex, that best does Pleasure understand,  
 Will always choose to err on t'other hand.  
 They check not him that's awkward in delight,  
 But clap the young Rogue's Cheek, and set him right.  
 Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his Prey,  
 The Youth may prove a Man another Day.  
 Your *Ben* and *Fletcher*, in their first young flight,  
 Did no *Volpone*, nor no *Arbaces* write;  
 But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made  
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,  
 And each was guilty of some *slighted Maid*.  
*Shakespeare's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore;  
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:  
 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play;  
 All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.  
 A slender Poet must have time to grow,  
 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.  
 Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst:  
 But no Man can be *Falstaff*-fat at first.  
 Then damn not, but indulge his rude Essays,  
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise,  
 That he may get more bulk before he dies:  
 He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.  
 Perhaps, if now your Grace you will not grudge,  
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.



EPILOGUE, *Intended to have been  
spoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth,  
when Calisto \* was acted at Court.*

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain;  
I'll now assume my Native shape again.  
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,  
And would not be a God to be refus'd.  
State grows uneasy when it hinders Love;  
A glorious Burden, which the wise remove.  
Now as a Nymph I need not sue, nor try  
The force of any lightning but the Eye.  
Beauty and Youth more than a God command;  
No *Jove* could e'er the force of these withstand.  
'Tis here that Sov'reign Power admits dispute;  
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.  
Our sullen *Cato's*, whatsoe'er they say,  
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.  
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more easy make,  
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:  
Above those forms the Grave affect to wear;  
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.  
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,  
And soften business with the charms of wit.  
These peaceful Triumphs with your Cares you bought,  
And from the midst of fighting Nations brought.  
You only hear it thunder from afar,  
And sit in Peace the Arbiter of War:  
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains despise.  
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:

---

\* *A Masque by Mr. Crown, 1675.*

And in its happy leifure fit and fee  
 The promifes of more felicity :  
 Two glorious Nymphs of your own Godlike line,  
 Whose Morning Rays like Noontide ftrike and fhine;  
 Whom you to fuppliant Monarchs fhall difpofe,  
 To bind your Friends, and to difarm your Foes.

---

EPILOGUE *to the* MAN *of* MODE,  
*or* Sir FOPLING FLUTTER.

(*By* Sir G. ETHEREGE. 1676.)

**M**OST modern Wits fuch monftrous Fools have  
 fhown,  
 They feem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.  
 Thofe naufeous Harlequins in Farce may pafs;  
 But there goes more to a fubftantial Afs:  
 Something of Man muft be expofed to view,  
 That, Gallants, they may more refemble you.  
 Sir *Fopling* is a Fool fo nicely writ,  
 The Ladies wou'd miftake him for a Wit;  
 And, when he fings, talks loud, and cocks, wou'd cry,  
 I vow, methinks, he's pretty Company;  
 So brisk, fo gay, fo travell'd, fo refin'd,  
 As he took pains to graff upon his kind.  
 True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School,  
 To file and finifh God Almighty's Fool.  
 Yet none Sir *Fopling* him, or him can call;  
 He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all.  
 From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;  
*Legion's* his Name, a People in a Man.  
 His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,  
 And, rolling o'er you, like a Snow-ball grows.

His various Modes from various Fathers follow ;  
 One taught the tofs, and one the new *French* wallow.  
 His Sword-Knot this, his Cravat that design'd;  
 And this, the yard-long Snake he twirls behind.  
 From one the sacred Periwig he gain'd,  
 Which Wind ne'er blew, nor touch of Hat prophan'd.  
 Another's diving Bow he did adore,  
 Which with a Shog casts all the Hair before,  
 'Till he with full *Decorum* brings it back,  
 And rises with a Water-Spaniel shake.  
 As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)  
 These sure he took from most of you who write.  
 Yet ev'ry Man is safe from what he fear'd ;  
 For no one Fool is hunted from the Herd.

---

EPILOGUE to MITHRIDATES  
*King of PONTUS.*

( By Mr. N. LEE. 1678. )

YOU've seen a pair of faithful Lovers die :  
 And much you care ; for most of you will cry, }  
 'Twas a just Judgment on their Constancy.  
 For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an Age,  
 When no Man dies for Love, but on the Stage :  
 And e'en those Martyrs are but rare in Plays ;  
 A curfed Sign how much true Faith decays.  
 Love is no more a violent Desire ;  
 'Tis a meer Metaphor, a painted Fire.  
 In all our Sex, the Name examin'd well,  
 'Tis Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell.  
 In Woman, 'tis of subtle Int'rest made :  
 Curse on the Punk that made it first a Trade !

M 3

She



She first did Wit's Prerogative remove,  
 And made a Fool presume to prate of Love.  
 Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold ;  
 But glorious Beauty is not to be sold :  
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,  
 That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.  
 Yet the rich Cullies may their boasting spare ;  
 They purchase but sophisticated Ware.  
 'Tis Prodigality that buys deceit,  
 Where both the Giver and the Taker cheat.  
 Men but refine on the old Half-Crown way ;  
 And Women fight, like *Swissers*, for their pay.

## PROLOGUE to CÆSAR BORGIA.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1680.)

**T**H' unhappy Man, who once has trail'd a Pen,  
 Lives not to please himself, but other Men ;  
 Is always drudging, wastes his Life and Blood,  
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.  
 What praise foe'er the Poetry deserve,  
 Yet ev'ry Fool can bid the Poet starve.  
 That fumbling Letcher to Revenge is bent,  
 Because he thinks himself or Whore is meant :  
 Name but a Cuckold, all the City swarms ;  
 From *Leadenball* to *Ludgate* is in Arms :  
 Were there no fear of *Antichrist* or *France*,  
 In the blest time poor Poets live by Chance.  
 Either you come not here, or, as you grace  
 Some old Acquaintance, drop into the place,  
 Careless and qualmish with a yawning Face :

}

You

You sleep o'er Wit, and by my troth you may;  
 Most of your Talents lie another way.  
 You love to hear of some prodigious Tale,  
 The Bell that toll'd alone, or *Irish* Whale.  
 News is your Food, and you enough provide,  
 Both for your selves, and all the World beside.  
 One Theatre there is of vast Resort,  
 Which whilome of *Requests* was called *The Court*;  
 But now the great *Exchange of News* 'tis hight,  
 And full of Hum and Buz from Noon 'till Night.  
 Up Stairs and down you run, as for a race,  
 And each Man wears three Nations in his face.  
 So big you look, though Claret you retrench,  
 'That, arm'd with bottled Ale, you huff the *French*.  
 But all your Entertainment still is fed  
 By Villains in your own dull Island bred.  
 Wou'd you return to us, we dare engage  
 To shew you better Rogues upon the Stage.  
 You know no Poison but plain Ratsbane here;  
 Death's more refined, and better bred elsewhere.  
 They have a civil way in *Italy*  
 By smelling a Perfume to make you die;  
 A Trick wou'd make you lay your Snuff-box by.  
 Murder's a Trade, so known and practis'd there,  
 That 'tis infallible as is the Chair.  
 But, mark their Feast, you shall behold such pranks;  
 The Pope says Grace, but 'tis the Dev'l gives thanks.



PROLOGUE to SOPHONISBA  
at Oxford, 1680.

*T*hespis, the first Professor of our Art,  
At Country Wakes, sung Ballads from a Cart.  
To prove this true, if *Latin* be no Trespass,  
*Dicitur* & *Plaustris vexisse Poemata* Thespis.  
But *Æschylus*, says *Horace* in some Page,  
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage :  
Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Sport  
Of tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*.  
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,  
Still to be plotting some new Reformation :  
And few Years hence, if Anarchy goes on,  
*Jack Presbyter* shall here erect his Throne,  
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,  
And ev'ry Pray'r be longer than a Play.  
Then all your Heathen Wits shall go to pot,  
For disbelieving of a *Popish-plot* :  
Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,  
And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells* :  
Nor should we 'scape the Sentence, to depart,  
E'en in our first Original, a Cart.  
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,  
To maul us *Cardinals*, and pelt Pope *Joan* :  
Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,  
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast :  
*Scot*, *Suarez*, *Tom of Aquin*, must go down,  
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown ;  
And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe ;  
Some say, he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,  
Which, by some little help of Derivation,  
Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

P R O

PROLOGUE to the University of  
OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muse, whose Rhymes advance  
*Orlando*, and the *Paladins* of *France*,  
 Records, that, when our Wit and Sense is flown,  
 'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon,  
 In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither soar'd,  
 Set to his Nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.  
 Whate'er the Story be, the Moral's true;  
 The Wit we lost in Town, we find in you.  
 Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,  
 And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.  
 When *London* Votes with *Southwark's* disagree,  
 Here may they find their long-lost Loyalty.  
 Here busy Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,  
 May snuff the Votes their Fellows left behind:  
 Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows dear,  
 May come, and find their *last Provision* here:  
 Whereas we cannot much lament our Loss,  
 Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Cross.  
 We look'd what Representatives wou'd bring;  
 But they help'd us, just as they did the King.  
 Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth  
 The *Sibyl's* Books to those who know their Worth;  
 And tho' the first was Sacrific'd before,  
 These Volumes doubly will the Price restore.  
 Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,  
 To whom by long Prescription you are kind.  
 He, whose undaunted Muse, with Loyal Rage,  
 Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,  
 Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,  
 Is forc'd to turn his Satire into Praise.



PROLOGUE *to his ROYAL HIGH-  
NESS, upon his first Appearance at the  
Duke's Theatre, after his Return from  
Scotland, 1682.*

**I**N those cold Regions which no Summers chear,  
Where brooding Darknes covers half the Year,  
To hollow Caves the shiv'ring Natives go;  
Bears range abroad, and hunt in Tracks of Snow:  
But when the tedious Twilight wears away,  
And Stars grow paler at th' approach of Day,  
The longing Crowds to frozen Mountains run;  
Happy who first can see the glimm'ring Sun:  
The surly savage Offspring disappear,  
And curse the bright Successor of the Year.  
Yet, though rough Bears in Covert seek Defence,  
White Foxes stay, with seeming Innocence:  
That crafty Kind with Day-light can dispense.  
Still we are throng'd so full with *Reynard's* Race,  
That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a Place:  
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Croud:  
Truth speaks too low: Hypocrisy too loud.  
Let 'em be first to flatter in Success;  
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.  
Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call,  
To make their solemn Shew at Heav'n's *Whitehall*,  
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,  
And made as good a Courtier as the best.  
The Friends of *Job*, who rail'd at him before,  
Came Cap in hand when he had three times more.  
Yet late Repentance may, perhaps, be true;  
Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue:

A Ty-

A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is exprest;  
 The Father yearns in the true Prince's Breast.  
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no Grace can mend;  
 But most are Babes, that know not they offend.  
 The Croud, to restless Motion still inclin'd,  
 Are Clouds, that tack according to the Wind.  
 Driv'n by their Chiefs they Storms of Hailstones pour;  
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent Show'r.  
 O welcome to this much-offending Land,  
 The Prince that brings Forgiveness in his Hand!  
 Thus Angels on glad Messages appear:  
 Their first Salute commands us not to fear:  
 Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey,  
 (With Rev'rence if we might presume to say)  
 Seems to relax the Rights of sov'reign Sway:  
 Permits to Man the Choice of Good and Ill,  
 And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.

---

PROLOGUE *to the* EARL of ESSEX.

(By Mr. J. BANKS. 1682.)

*Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming  
to the House.*

**W**hen first the Ark was landed on the Shore,  
 And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the Ground no  
 more;

When tops of Hills the longing Patriarch saw,  
 And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;  
 The Dove was sent to view the Waves decrease,  
 And first brought back to Man the pledge of Peace.

'Tis

'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,  
 Who bring the Olive, and who plant it here.  
 We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,  
 Still innocent, as Harbinger to Love :  
 The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train,  
 And people with a better Race the Plain.  
 Tell me, ye Pow'rs, why shou'd vain Man pursue,  
 With endless Toil, each Object that is new,  
 And for the seeming Substance leave the True ?  
 Why shou'd he quit for hopes his certain Good,  
 And loath the Manna of his daily Food ?  
 Must *England* still the Scene of Changes be,  
 Tost and tempestuous, like our ambient Sea ?  
 Must still our Weather and our Wills agree ?  
 Without our Blood our Liberties we have :  
 Who that is free wou'd fight to be a Slave ?  
 Or, what can Wars to after-times assure,  
 Of which our present Age is not secure ?  
 All that our Monarch wou'd for us ordain,  
 Is but t' enjoy the Blessings of his Reign.  
 Our Land's an *Eden*, and the Main's our Fence,  
 While we preserve our State of Innocence :  
 That lost, then Beasts their brutal force employ,  
 And first their Lord, and then themselves destroy.  
 What Civil Broils have cost, we know too well ;  
 Oh ! let it be enough that once we fell !  
 And ev'ry Heart conspire, and ev'ry Tongue,  
 Still to have such a King, and this King long.



PROLOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER;  
Or, The PERSIAN PRINCE.

(By Mr. SOUTHERNE. 1682.)

P Oets, like lawful Monarchs, rul'd the Stage, [Age.  
Till Critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our  
Mark how they jump : Critics wou'd regulate  
Our Theatres, and Whigs reform our State :  
Both pretend Love, and both (Plague rot 'em !) hate.  
The Critic humbly seems Advice to bring ;  
The fawning Whig petitions to the King :  
But one's Advice into a Satire slides ;  
T'other's Petition a Remonstrance hides.  
These will no Taxes give, and those no Pence ;  
Critics wou'd starve the Poet, Whigs the Prince.  
The Critic all our Troops of Friends discards ;  
Just so the Whig wou'd fain pull down the Guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive Foes away,  
As watchful Shepherds, that fright Beasts of prey.  
Kings, who disband such needless Aids as these,  
Are safe—as long as e'er their Subjects please :  
And that wou'd be 'till next Queen *Bess's* Night :  
Which thus grave Penny Chroniclers indite.  
Sir *Edmond Bury* first, in woful wise,  
Leads up the Show, and milks their maudlin Eyes.  
There's not a Butcher's Wife but dribs her part,  
And pities the poor Pageant from her Heart ;  
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the Fire,  
And, with a civil Congé, does retire.  
But guiltless Blood to ground must never fall ;  
There's *Antichrist* behind, to pay for all.  
The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,  
A lewd old Gentleman of seventy Years :

Whose



Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore ;  
 For few take pity on an old cast Whore.  
 The Dev'l, who brought him to the Shame, takes part ;  
 Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his Heart ;  
 Like Thief and Parson in a Tyburn-Cart.  
 The Word is giv'n, and with a loud huzza  
 The mitred Poppet from his Chair they draw :  
 On the slain Corps contending Nations fall :  
 Alas ! what's one poor Pope among 'em all !  
 He burns ; now all true Hearts your Triumphs ring ;  
 And next (for Fashion) cry, *God save the King.*  
 A needful cry in midst of such Alarms,  
 When forty Thousand Men are up in Arms.  
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,  
 In each succeeding Health they damn his Friends :  
 So God begins, but still the Devil ends.  
 What if some one, inspir'd with Zeal, shou'd call,  
 Come, let's go cry, God save him at *Whitehall* ?  
 His best Friends wou'd not like this over-care,  
 Or think him ere the safer for this Pray'r.  
 Five praying Saints are by an Act allow'd ;  
 But not the whole Church-militant in Croud.  
 Yet, shou'd Heav'n all the true Petitions drain  
 Of *Presbyterians*, who wou'd Kings maintain,  
 Of forty Thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.

---

EPILOGUE *to the same.*

**A** Virgin Poet was serv'd up to-day,  
 Who, till this Hour, ne'er cackled for a Play.  
 He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-Boy ;  
 But, like a Girl, whom sev'ral wou'd enjoy,  
 Begg leave to make the best of his own nat'ral Toy.

Were

Were I to play my callow Author's Game,  
 The King's House would instruct me by the Name.  
 There's Loyalty to one : I wish no more :  
 A Commonwealth sounds like a Common Whore.  
 Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,  
 One Part of Woman is true Tory still.  
 If any factious Spirit should rebel,  
 Our Sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell.  
 Then, as you hope we shou'd your Failings hide,  
 An honest Jury for our Play provide.  
 Whigs at their Poets never take Offence ;  
 They save dull Culprits, who have murder'd Sense.  
 Tho' Nonsense is a nauseous heavy Mass,  
 The Vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.  
 Faction in Play's the Commonwealth-Man's Bribe ;  
 The Leaden Farthing of the Canting Tribe :  
 Tho' void in Payment Laws and Statutes make it,  
 The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man, will take it.  
 'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the Pit ;  
 There's is the Pension-Parliament of Wit.  
 In City-Clubs their Venom let them vent ;  
 For there 'tis safe, in its own Element.  
 Here, where their Madness can have no Pretence,  
 Let them forget themselves an hour of Sense.  
 In one poor Isle, why shou'd two Factions be ?  
 Small diff'rence in your Vices I can see :  
 In Drink and Drabs both Sides too well agree.  
 Wou'd there were more Preferments in the Land :  
 If Places fell, the Party cou'd not stand.  
 Of this damn'd Grievance ev'ry Whig complains ;  
 They grunt like Hogs, 'till they have got their grains.  
 Mean time you see what Trade our Plots advance ;  
 We send each Year good Money into *France* ;  
 And they that know what Merchandise we need,  
 Send o'er true Protestants to mend our Breed.

**O**Ur Hero's happy in the Play's Conclusion ;  
 The holy Rogue at last has met Confusion :  
 Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,  
 The last Act shew'd him a true Protestant.  
*Eusebius* (for you know I read *Greek* Authors)  
 Reports, that, after all these Plots and Slaughters,  
 The Court of *Constantine* was full of Glory,  
 And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addressing *Tory*.  
 They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad :  
 When *Claufe* was King, then all the World was glad.  
*Whigs* kept the Places they possess'd before,  
 And most were in a way of getting more ;  
 Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,  
 Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.  
 Indeed, there were a sort of peaking Tools,  
 Some call them Modest, but I call them Fools,  
 Men much more Loyal, tho' not half so loud ;  
 But these poor Devils were cast behind the Croud.  
 For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Sense,  
 But good Men starve for want of Impudence.  
 Besides all these, there were a sort of Wights,  
 (I think my Author calls them *Tekelites*)  
 Such hearty Rogues against the King and Laws,  
 They favour'd e'en a foreign Rebel's Cause.  
 When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd,  
 At least, they gave it their good word abroad.  
 As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,  
 Breeds out his Bastard, not to noise his Wife ;

Thus

Thus o'er their Darling Plot these *Trimmers* cry ;  
 And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,  
 They bind it Prentice to Count *Tekely*.  
 They b'lieve not the last Plot ; may I be curst,  
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.  
 No wonder their own Plot no Plot they think ;  
 The Man, that makes it, never smells the stink.  
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell  
 Why these damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* so well.  
 Th' Orig'nal *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no Man,  
 Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman ;  
 He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever  
 Kind black-ey'd Rogues, for every true Believer ;  
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,  
 One Pleasure that for threescore Twelvemonths lasted ;  
 To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :  
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heav'n ?

---

PROLOGUE to The DISAPPOINTMENT,  
 Or, The MOTHER in FASHION.

(By Mr. SOUTHERNE. 1684.)

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

H Ow comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,  
 When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,  
 Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense ?  
 All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.  
 Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go ;  
 They make you Fools, but never call you so.  
 They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,  
 But treat a Common Whore with Ladyship :

But



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But here each faucy Wit at Random writes,  
 And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.  
 Our Author, young and grateful in his Nature,  
 Vows, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satire :  
 Nor will he ever draw—I mean his Rhime,  
 Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.  
 Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker,  
 To call Men Fools ; 'tis railing at their Maker.  
 Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf ;  
 He's young enough to be a Fop himself :  
 And, if his Praise can bring you all a-bed,  
 He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

Your Nurfes, we presume, in such a Case,  
 Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face ;  
 And, often, they supply'd your Mother's Place.  
 The Dry Nurse was your Mother's ancient Maid,  
 Who knew some former Slip she ne'er betray'd.  
 Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar-Candy,  
 Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.  
 Your Father, to initiate your Discourse,  
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse ;  
 But was prevented by each careful Nurse.  
 For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,  
 They taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.  
 I pass your Schools ; for there when first you came,  
 You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin Name.  
 In Colleges you scorn'd the Art of thinking,  
 But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking :  
 Thence come to Town, you practise Play, to know  
 The virtues of the high Dice, and the low.  
 Each thinks himself a Sharper most profound :  
 He cheats by Pence ; is cheated by the Pound.

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With these Perfections, and what else he gleans,  
 The Spark sets up for Love behind our Scenes ;  
 Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.  
 There, if they know their Man, with cunning Carriage,  
 Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.  
 He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,  
 And Garret-high Rebels against his Father :  
 But he once dead——  
 Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion, down,  
 A Toilet, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.  
 Some marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,  
 Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.  
 Our Women batten well on their Good-nature ;  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature.  
 But while abroad so liberal the Dolt is,  
 Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.  
 Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees  
 Of Lewdness in our middle Galleries.  
 The doughty Bullies enter bloody drunk,  
 Invade and grubble one another's Punk :  
 They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout,  
 Call Sons of Whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out :  
 Thus while for Paltry Punk they roar and stickle,  
 They make it Bawdier than a Conventicle.

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PROLOGUE *to the King and Queen,*  
*Upon the Union of the two Companies in 1686.*

Since Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,  
 Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Nation,  
 How well men thrive in this or that Plantation :

How

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How *Pensylvania's* Air agrees with Quakers,  
And *Carolina's* with Affociators :  
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er,  
And every Age produces such a store,  
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation ?  
Only thus much, that we have left our Station,  
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Faction Natives never cou'd agree ;  
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,  
Those Play-houfe Whigs set up for Property.

Some say, they no Obedience paid of late ;  
But would new Fears and Jealousies create ;  
'Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Sense, without the Talent of Foretelling,  
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and  
quelling :  
For seldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needlessly, their Freedom barter  
For lawless Pow'r, sometimes the catch a Tartar :  
There's a damn'd Word that rhimes to this, call'd  
Charter.

But, since the Victory with Us remains,  
You shall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains ;  
If you'll not think Us saucy for our Pains.

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## EPILOGUES.

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Old Men shall have good old Plays to delight 'em :  
And you, fair Ladies and Gallants that slight 'em,  
We'll treat with good new Plays ; if our new Wits  
can write 'em.

We'll take no blundring Verse, no fustian Tumour,  
No dribbling Love, from this or that Presumer :  
No dull fat Fool sham'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,  
As none but Fools or Fairies every Play'd ;  
But 'twas, as Shop-men say, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies, all sense defying,  
And singing men, in woful Metre dying ;  
This 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather ;  
We bring you none of our old Lumber hither :  
Whig Poets and Whig Sheriffs may hang together.

### EPILOGUE *on the same Occasion.*

**N**ew Ministers, when first they get in place,  
Must have a care to please ; and that's our Case :  
Some Laws for publick Welfare we design,  
If you, the Power supreme, will please to join :  
There are a sort of Prattlers in the Pit,  
Who either have, or who pretend to Wit :  
These noisy Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse,  
That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce.  
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,  
Each to be thought my Lady's eldest Son.

But



But stay : methinks some Vizard Mask I see,  
 Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery :  
 About her all the flutt'ring Sparks are rang'd ;  
 The Noise continues though the Scene is chang'd :  
 Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter,  
 'Tis just like Puffs defendant in a Gutter :  
 Fine Love no doubt ; but ere two days are o'er ye,  
 The Surgeon will be told a woful story.  
 Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expose,  
 On pain of being thought to want a Nose :  
 Then for your Lacqueys, and your Train beside,  
 (By what-e'er Name or Title dignify'd)  
 They roar so loud, you'd think behind the Stairs  
*Tom Dove*, and all the Brotherhood of Bears :  
 They're grown a Nufance, beyond all Disasters ;  
 We've none so great but their unpaying Masters.  
 We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men, that they  
 Wou'd please to give you leave to hear the Play.  
 Next in the Play-house spare your precious Lives ;  
 Think, like good Christians, on your Bearns and Wives ;  
 Think on your Souls ; but by your lugging forth,  
 It seems you know how little they are worth.  
 If none of these will move the warlike Mind,  
 Think on the helpless Whore you leave behind.  
 We beg you, last, our Scene-Room to forbear,  
 And leave our Goods and Chattles to our Care.  
 Alas ! our Women are but washy Toys,  
 And wholly taken up in Stage Employs :  
 Poor willing Tits they are : But yet I doubt  
 This double Duty soon will wear 'em out.  
 Then you are watch'd besides with jealous Care ;  
 What if my Lady's Page shou'd find you there ?  
 My Lady know's t' a tittle what there's in ye ;  
 No passing your guilt Shilling for a Guinea.

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Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short  
Our Grievances, from Country, Town, and Court :  
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure ;  
But first Vote Money, then redrefs at leisure.

PROLOGUE to the PRINCESS of  
CLEVES.

(By Mr. N. LEE. 1689.)

L Adies ! (I hope there's none behind to hear)  
I long to whisper something in your Ear :  
A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex :  
There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.  
A Man that's false to Love, that vows and cheats,  
And kisses every living Thing he meets.  
A Rogue in Mode (I dare not speak too broad)  
One that does something to the very Bawd.  
Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast ;  
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest :  
None of 'em stick at mark ; They all deceive.  
Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe ;  
There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.  
To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths, and tear :  
Now, tho' we lye, we're too well-bred to swear.  
So we compound for half the Sin we owe,  
But men are dipt for Soul and Body too ;  
And, when found out, excuse themselves, Pox cant 'em,  
With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.  
I'm not Book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue ;  
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.  
I'm sure, I never heard that Scritch-Owl hollow'd  
In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.

How

How can such perjur'd Villains e'er be saved ?  
*Achitophel's* not half so false to *David*.  
 With Vows and soft Expressions to allure,  
 They stand, like Foremen of a Shop, demure :  
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,  
 And for the next new Face ride out a padding.  
 Yet, by their Favour, when they have been kissing,  
 We can perceive the ready Money missing.  
 Well ! we may rail ; but 'tis as good e'en wink ;  
 Something we find, and something they will sink.  
 But, since they're at renouncing, 'tis our Parts,  
 To trump their Diamonds, as they trump our Hearts.

---

EPILOGUE *to the same.*

**A** Qualm of Conscience brings me back again,  
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men.  
 We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,  
 By growling, squalling, and a hideous Noise.  
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks ; but, without lying,  
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying.  
 The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,  
 And Squandring shows, at least, a noble Heart.  
 I've heard of Men, who, in some lewd Lampoon,  
 Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.  
 That Accusation straight this Question brings ;  
 What is the Man that does such naughty things ?  
 The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,  
 Lies at our Feet : He's scarce worth taking up.  
 'Tis true, such Heroes in a Play go far ;  
 But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.  
 When Men such vile, such feint, Petitions make,  
 We fear to give, because they fear to take ;

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Since Modesty's the Virtue of our Kind,  
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.  
 When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,  
 'Tis but a Work of Supererogation——  
 We shew'd a Princess in the Play, 'tis true,  
 Who gave her *Cæsar* more than all his due ;  
 Told her own Faults : but I shou'd much abhor  
 To choose a Husband for my Confessor.  
 You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,  
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.  
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,  
 Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.  
 True *Presbyterian*-Wives the *means* wou'd try ;  
 But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

---

PROLOGUE to The WIDOW  
 RANTER.

(By Mrs. BEHN. 1690.)

**H**Eav'n save ye, Gallants, and this hopeful Age ;  
 Y'are welcome to the downfall of the Stage :  
 The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation ;  
 And Vice (the Manufacture of the Nation)  
 O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,  
 That Fops and Knaves grow Drugs, and will not sell.  
 In vain our Wares on Theatres are shown,  
 When each has a Plantation of his own.  
 His Cause ne'er fails ; for whatsoe'er he spends,  
 There's still God's Plenty for himself and Friends.  
 Shou'd Men be rated by poetic Rules,  
 Lord ! what a Poll would there be rais'd from Fools !



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Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lie,  
 As if 'twere made some *French* Commodity.  
 Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast Expence;  
 And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.  
 Time was, when none wou'd cry, That Oaf was me;  
 But now you strive about your Pedigree.  
 Bauble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,  
 But there's a Mufs of more than half the Town.  
 Each one will challenge a Child's Part at least;  
 A sign the Family is well increast.  
 Of foreign Cattle there's no longer need,  
 When we're supply'd so fast with *English* Breed.  
 Well! flourish, Countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;  
 Let ev'ry free-born Subject keep his Whore,  
 And wand'ring in the Wilderness about,  
 At end of forty Years not wear her out.  
 But when you see these Pictures, let none dare  
 To own beyond a Limb or single share:  
 For where the Punk is common, he's a Sot,  
 Who needs will father what the Parish got.

## EPILOGUE to HENRY II.

(By Mr. MOUNTFORT. 1693.)

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THus you the sad Catastrophe have seen,  
 Occasion'd by a Mistress and a Queen.  
 Queen *Eleanor* the Proud was *French*, they say;  
 But *English* Manufacture got the day.  
*Jane Clifford* was her Name, as Books aver:  
*Fair Rosamond* was but her *Nom de guerre*.  
 Now tell me, Gallants, wou'd you lead your Life  
 With such a Mistress, or with such a Wife?

If one must be your Choice, which d'ye approve,  
 The Curtain Lecture, or the Curtain Love ?  
 Wou'd ye be Godly with perpetual Strife,  
 Still drudging on with homely *Joan* your Wife ;  
 Or take your Pleasure in a wicked way,  
 Like honest whoring *Harry* in the Play ?  
 I guess your Minds : The Mistrefs wou'd be taken,  
 And nauseous Matrimony sent a packing.  
 The Devil's in you all ; Mankind's a Rogue ;  
 You love the Bride, but you detest the Clog.  
 After a Year, poor Spouse is left i'th' lurch,  
 And you, like *Haynes*, return to Mother-Church.  
 Or, if the Name of Church comes cross your Mind,  
 Chapels of Ease behind our Scenes you find.  
 The Play-house is a kind of Market-Place ;  
 One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face :  
 Nay, some of you (I dare not say how many)  
 Wou'd buy of me a Pen'worth for your Penny.  
 E'en this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide) }  
 Wou'd make a shift my Portion to provide,  
 With some small Perquisites I have beside. }  
 Tho' for your Love, perhaps, I shou'd not care,  
 I cou'd not hate a Man that bids me fair.  
 What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell ; }  
 But I was drench'd to day for loving well,  
 And fear the Poison that wou'd make me swell. }

## A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight }  
 In that which reasonable Men should write ; }  
 To them Alone we Dedicate this Night.

The rest may satisfy their curious Itch  
 With City Gazettes, or some Factious Speech,  
 Or what-e'er Libel, for the Publick Good,  
 Stirs up the Shrove-tide Crew to Fire and Blood.  
 Remove your Benches, you Apostate Pit,  
 And take, above, twelve penny-worth of Wit ;  
 Go back to your dear dancing on the Rope,  
 Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope.  
 The Plays that take on our Corrupted Stage,  
 Methinks, resemble the distracted Age ;  
 Noise, Madness, all unreasonable Things,  
 That strike at Sense, as Rebels do at Kings.  
 The style of Forty one our Poets write,  
 And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.  
 Such Censures our mistaking Audience make,  
 That 'tis almost grown Scandalous to Take.  
 They talk of Fevers that infect the Brains ;  
 But Nonsense is the new Disease that reigns.  
 Weak Stomachs, with a long Disease oppress'd,  
 Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest.  
 Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye choose,  
 Decoctions of a Barley-water Muse :  
 A Meal of Tragedy would make ye sick,  
 Unless it were a very tender Chick.  
 Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time ;  
 Those would go down ; some Love that's poach'd in  
 If these should fail—— [Rhime ;  
 We must lie down, and, after all our cost,  
 Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost ;  
 While you turn Players on the World's great Stage,  
 And Act your selves the Farce of your own Age.

EPILOGUE to a Tragedy called  
TAMERLANE.

(By Mr. SAUNDERS.)

**L** Adies, the Beardless Author of this Day  
 Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.  
 A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage ;  
 But he's the first Boy-Poet of our Age.  
 Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,  
 Like young *Narcissus* peeping through the Snow.  
 Thus *Cowley* blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long ;  
 This is as forward, and may prove as strong.  
 Youth with the Fair should always Favour find,  
 Or we are damn'd Dissemblers of our kind.  
 What's all this Love they put into our Parts ?  
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of Two young Hearts.  
 Should Hag and Gray-Beard make such tender moan,  
 Faith, you'd e'en trust 'em to themselves alone, }  
 And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.  
 Since Love's our Business, as 'tis your Delight,  
 The Young, who best can practise, best can write.  
 What though he be not come to his full Pow'r,  
 He's mending and improving every Hour.  
 You fly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit,  
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit :  
 By management he may in time be made,  
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade ;  
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,  
 And always fails you at the Second Heat.





# PROLOGUES and AN EPILOGUE.

**Y**OU saw our Wife was Chaste, yet throughly try'd,  
 And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;  
 For, like our Hero, whom we shew'd to-day,  
 You think no Woman true, but in a Play.  
 Love once did make a pretty kind of Show;  
 Esteem and Kindness in one Breast would grow:  
 But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.  
 Now some small Chat, and Guinea Expectation,  
 Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation:  
 In Comedy your little Selves you meet;  
 'Tis *Covent-Garden* drawn in *Bridges-street*.  
 Smile on our Author then, if he has shown  
 A jolly Nut-brown Bastard of your own.  
 Ah! happy you, with Ease and with Delight,  
 Who act those Follies, Poets toil to write!  
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the Chace;  
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your *Protean* Vices pace.  
 Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly  
 To some new Frisk of Contrariety.  
 You rowl like Snow-Balls, gathering as you run,  
 And get seven Dev'ls, when dispossest of one.  
 Your *Venus* once was a *Platonick* Queen;  
 Nothing of Love beside the Face was seen;  
 But every Inch of her you now Uncase,  
 And clap a Vizard-Mask upon the Face.  
 For Sins like these, the Zealous of the Land,  
 With little Hair, and little or no Band,  
 Declare how circulating Pestilences  
 Watch, every Twenty Years, to snap Offences.  
*Saturn*, e'en now, takes Doctoral Degrees;  
 He'll do your work this Summer, without Fees.

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Let all the Boxes, *Phæbus*, find thy Grace,  
 And, ah, preserve the Eighteen-penny Place!  
 But for the Pit Confounders, let 'em go,  
 And find as little Mercy as they show:  
 The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets Pray;  
 For ev'ry Critick sav'd, thou damn'st a Play.

### PROLOOUE to the PROPHETESSES.

(By Beaumont and Fletcher. *Revised by Mr. Dryden.*)

*Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.*

**W**Hat *Nostradame*, with all his Art, can guess  
 The Fate of our approaching *Prophets*?  
 A Play, which, like a Perspective set right,  
 Presents our vast Expences close to Sight;  
 But turn the Tube, and there we sadly view  
 Our distant Gains; and those uncertain too:  
 A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,  
 And all, like you, in hopes of better Days.  
 When will our Losses warn us to be Wise?  
 Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise.  
 Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes,  
 Ebbs out in Oceans, and comes in by Drops.  
 We raise new Objects to provoke Delight;  
 But you grow fated, ere the second Sight.  
 False Men, e'en so you serve your Mistresses:  
 They rise three Stories in their Tow'ring Dress;  
 And, after all, you Love not long enough  
 To pay the Rigging, ere you leave 'em off.  
 Never content with what you had before,  
 But true to Change, and *English* Men all o'er.

Now Honour Calls you hence ; and all your Care  
 Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.  
 In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots, and *Bilbo* Blade,  
 Your Silver goes, that shou'd support our Trade.  
 Go, unkind Heroes, leave our Stage to mourn ;  
 'Till rich from vanquish'd Rebels you return ;  
 And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,  
 His Firkin-Butter, and his *Usquebaugh*.  
 Go, Conqu'rors of your Male and Female Foes ;  
 Men without Hearts, and Women without Hoses.  
 Each bring his Love a *Bogland* Captive home ;  
 Such proper Pages will long Trains become ;  
 With Copper Collars, and with Brawny Backs,  
 Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.  
 Then shall the Pious Muses pay their Vows,  
 And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows ;  
 Their tuneful Voice shall raise for your Delights ;  
 We want not Poets fit to sing your Fights.  
 But you, bright Beauties, for whose only sake  
 Those Doughty Knights such Dangers undertake,  
 When they with happy Gales are gone away,  
 With your propitious Presence grace our Play ;  
 And with a Sigh their Empty Seats survey :  
 Then think, on that bare Bench my Servant sat ;  
 I see him Ogle still, and hear him Chat ;  
 Selling facetious Bargains, and propounding  
 That witty Recreation, call'd Dum-founding.  
 Their Loss with Patience we will try to bear ;  
 And wou'd do more, to see you often here :  
 That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your fair Eyes,  
 Under a Female Regency may rise.

P R O.

## PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford,

Spoken by Mr. HART, at the Acting of the  
SILENT WOMAN.

What Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,  
Athenian Judges, you this day renew.

Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,  
And here Poetick Prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, crown'd with Olives, sit,  
And strike a sacred Horror from the Pit.

A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,

Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: } [see.]

A Day, which none but *Johnson* durst have wish'd to }

Here they, who long have known the useful Stage,

Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.

As your Commissioners our Poets go,

To cultivate the Virtue which you sow;

In your *Lyceum* first themselves refin'd,

And delegated thence to Human-kind.

But as Ambassadors, when long from home,

For new Instructions to their Princes come;

So Poets, who your Precepts have forgot,

Return, and beg they may be better taught:

Follies and Faults elsewhere by them are shown,

But by your Manners they correct their own.

Th' illiterate Writer, Emperick like, applies

To Minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance, Remedies:

The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began,

Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;

Sees Virtue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,

And Fame from Science, not from Fortune, draws.



So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made  
 An Art, in *London* only is a Trade.  
 There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned Pen  
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men.  
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way ;  
 So many huddled Atoms make a Play ;  
 And if they hit in Order by some Chance,  
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.  
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,  
 And their gay Nonsense their own Cits admire.  
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here,  
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.  
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* Bands,  
 But knows that Right is in the Senate's Hands.  
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,  
 Low at the Muses Feet his Wreath he lays,  
 And, where he took it up, resigns his Bays.  
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,  
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes authentick Wit.

---

EPILOGUE, *spoken by the same.*

**N**O poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,  
 Flies with more haste, when the *French* Arms  
 draw near,  
 Then we with our Poetick Train come down,  
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town :  
 Heav'n for our Sins this Summer has thought fit  
 To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.  
 A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way ;  
 But those hot *Monseurs* were too quick to stay :  
 Yet, to our Cost, in that short time, we find  
 They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th'

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,  
 And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace :  
 Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight  
 Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight ;  
 Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,  
 And ran a Tilt at Centaur *Arlequin*.

For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,  
 And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.  
 Nature was out of Count'nance, and each Day  
 Some new-born Monster shewn you for a Play.  
 But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,  
 Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.  
 Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,  
 And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be laid :  
 Art Magick is for Poetry profess ;  
 And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast,  
 To which *Aegyptian* Dotards once did bow,  
 Upon our *English* Stage are worshipp'd now.  
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown  
*Macbeth*, and *Simon Magus* of the Town,  
*Fletcher's* despis'd, your *Johnson's* out of Fashion,  
 And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.

In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown ;  
 By you those staple Authors worth is known ;  
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.  
 When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,  
 We'll boldly back, and say, their Price is rais'd.



EPILOGUE, *spoken at OXFORD**By Mrs. MARSHALL.*

**O**FT has our Poet wish'd, this happy Seat  
 Might prove his fading Muse's last Retreat :  
 I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find  
 He sought for quiet, and content of Mind ;  
 Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know,  
 And only in the shades like Laurels grow.  
 Youth, ere it sees the World, here studies Rest,  
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.  
 What wonder if we court that Happiness  
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,  
 Teaching e'en you, while the next World we show,  
 Your Peace to value more, and better know ?  
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,  
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,  
 For Patronage from him whose care presides  
 O'er ev'ry noble Art, and every Science guides :  
*Bathurst*, a name the learn'd with reverence know,  
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe ;  
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,  
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.  
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too,  
 We find, *Athenians*, are deriv'd to you :  
 Such antient Hospitality there rests  
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,  
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.  
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,  
 As, had there been no Laws, we need not fear,  
 Since each of you was our Protector here.

Con-

Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue shown,  
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.  
 Till our return, we must despair to find  
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE to the University of  
 OXFORD.

**D**iscord, and Plots, which have undone our Age,  
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the Stage.  
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe,  
 We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too.  
 Our Brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,  
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder-hearted, }  
 To *Edinburgh* gone, or Coach'd, or Carted.  
 With Bonny Blewcap there they act all Night  
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence hight.  
 One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falstaff's* lean,  
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.  
 Another, with long Use and Age decay'd,  
 Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a Maid.  
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time  
 There strut and swagger in Heroick Rhime.  
 Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget Suit,  
 And there's a Hero made without dispute :  
 And that, which was a Capon's Tail before,  
 Becomes a Plume for *Indian* Emperor.  
 But all his Subjects, to express the Care  
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare :  
 Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous thing ;  
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring ;  
 The *Scot*, who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.

But



But why shou'd I these Renegades describe,  
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe?  
*Teague* has been here, and, to this learned Pit,  
 With *Irish* Action slander'd *English* Wit:  
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac's* appear,  
 As merited a second Massacre:  
 Such as, like *Cain*, were branded with disgrace,  
 And had their Country stamp'd upon their Face.  
 When Strolers durst presume to pick your Purse,  
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse.  
 How ill foe'er our Action may deserve,  
*Oxford's* a Place, where Wit can never starve.

---

PROLOGUE to the University of  
 OXFORD.

**T**HOU' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,  
 Of all who want it, we admire it most;  
 We love the Praises of a learned Pit,  
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.  
 We speak our Poets Wit, and trade in Ore,  
 Like those, who touch upon the Golden Shore:  
 Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,  
 Discern how much, and why, our Poems take:  
 Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoice;  
 Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice.  
 When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly  
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:  
 We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raise,  
 And, for their Ignorance, condemn their Praise.  
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,  
 Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.

*London*

*London* likes grossly ; but this nicer Pit  
 Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit ;  
 The ready Finger lays on every Blot ;  
 Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd not.  
 Nature herself lies open to your view ;  
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,  
 Where Out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint,  
 Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets paint.  
 But by the sacred Genius of this Place,  
 By ev'ry Muse, by each Domestick Grace,  
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,  
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.  
 Our Poets hither for Adoption come,  
 As Nations su'd to be made free of *Rome* :  
 Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,  
 But in your utmost, last, provincial Band.  
 If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,  
 Who with Religion loves your Arts and you,  
*Oxford* to him a dearer Name shall be,  
 Than his own Mother University.  
*Thebes* did his green, unknowing, Youth engage ;  
 He chooses *Athens* in his riper Age.

---

### PROLOGUE to ALBUMAZAR.

**T**O say, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,  
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.  
 Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit ;  
 When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.  
 And *Johnson*, of those few the best, chose this,  
 As the best Model of his Master-piece :  
*Subtle* was got by our *Albumazar*,  
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;

Here

Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose  
 He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the Clothes.  
 But *Ben* made nobly *his* what he did Mould ;  
 What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold :  
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,  
 Yet Rules that well, which he unjustly Gains.  
 But this our Age such Authors does afford,  
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one word :  
 Who, in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all,  
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call :  
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,  
 But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day :  
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use  
 Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;  
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,  
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owner's Face.  
 Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,  
 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.  
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said,  
 They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead ;  
 Dare with the Mummies of the Muses play,  
 And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way ;  
 Or, as a Rhiming Author would have said,  
 Join the Dead Living to the Living Dead.  
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part :  
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art ;  
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand,  
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.  
 They make the Benefits of others studying,  
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*,  
 Whose dish to challenge no Man has the Courage ;  
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' Porridge.  
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this ;  
 You are in fault for what they do amiss :

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For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,  
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.  
 Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,  
 They shou'd refund ; but that can never be.  
 For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,  
 These Men write that which no Man else would steal.

---

PROLOGUE to ARVIRAGUS and  
 PHILICIA Revived :

( By LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq; )

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH sickly Actors and an old House too,  
 We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new,  
 And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Clothes bare worn,  
 Can neither raise old Plays, nor new adorn.  
 If all these Ills could not undo us quite,  
 A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight ;  
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,  
 To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play ;  
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume  
 Is fall'n from some incomparable Plume ;  
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,  
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.  
 We dare not on your Privilege intrench,  
 Or ask you why you like 'em? they are *French*.  
 Therefore some go with Courtesy exceeding,  
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their Breeding :  
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest ;  
 To make it seem they understood the Jest.  
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,  
 To teach us *English* where to clap the Play :

Civil



Civil *Idad*! Our Hospitable Land  
 Bears all the Charge, for them to understand :  
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,  
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company ;  
 And wish for your own sakes, without a Satire,  
 You'd less good Breeding, or had more Good-nature.

---

PROLOGUE *spoken the first Day of the*  
*King's House Acting after the Fire.*

SO shipwreck'd Passengers escape to Land,  
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they stand  
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,  
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.  
 From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,  
 Whence e'en the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.  
 Our Stage does human Chance present to view,  
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:  
 You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to see  
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.  
 Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,  
 While you the Founders make your selves the Guests.  
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,  
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,  
 'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair.  
 You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you mourn,  
 Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn,  
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,  
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.  
 But as our new-built City rises higher,  
 So from old Theatres may new aspire,  
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.

Our

Our great Metropolis does far surpass  
 What'er is now, and equals all that was :  
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,  
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.  
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,  
 Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed :  
 Your Presence here ( for which we humbly sue )  
 Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

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PROLOGUE *for the Women, when  
 they Acted at the old Theatre in Lincoln's-  
 Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driven so hard,  
 As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,  
 And could not do't at home, in some By-street  
 To take a Lodging, and in private meet ?  
 Such is our Case, we can't appoint our House,  
 The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvouz ;  
 But hither to this trusty Nook remove ;  
 The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.  
 For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug,  
 Is stol'n in Garrets on the humble Rug.  
 Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,  
 The Grave demurely in the midst may sit ;  
 And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side  
 Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches stride :  
 Here are convenient upper Boxes too,  
 For those that make the most triumphant show ;  
 All that keep Coaches must not sit below.  
 There, Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,  
 And at dull Plays have something to admire :

We,

We, who look up, can your Addressees mark;  
 And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark:  
 So we expect the Lovers, Braves, and Wits;  
 The gaudy House with Scenes will serve for Cits.

*An EPILOGUE for the King's House.*

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning Men,  
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.  
 Let those, who call us wicked, change their Sense;  
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.  
 Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,  
 Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.  
 Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents  
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments:  
 So wretched, that, if *Pharaoh* could Divine,  
 He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine,  
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.  
 The *Comet*, that, they say, portends a Dearth,  
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-house* Earth:  
 Pent there since our last Fire, and, *Lilly* says,  
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.  
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor;  
 For then the Printer's Prefs would suffer more.  
 Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit;  
 They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.  
 Confess the truth, which of you has not laid  
 Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?  
 Or, which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,  
*Democritus* his Wars with *Heraclitus*?  
 Such are the Authors, who have run us down,  
 And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.

Yet

Yet these are Pearls to your *Lamproorning* Rhimes,  
 Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times.  
 Scandal, the Glory of the *English* Nation,  
 Is worn to Raggs, and scribbled out of Fashion.  
 Such harmles Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife,  
 They had agreed their Play before their Prize.  
 Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows ;  
 'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.  
 Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame ;  
 Let each Knight-Errant, who has wrong'd a Dame,  
 Throw down his Pen, and give her, as he can,  
 The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

---

## A PROLOGUE.

**G**allants, a bashful Poet bids me say,  
 He's come to lose his Maidenhead to-day.  
 Be not too fierce ; for he's but green of Age,  
 And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the Stage.  
 He wants the suff'ring part of Resolution,  
 And comes with Blushes to his Execution.  
 Ere you deslow'r his Muse, he hopes the Pit  
 Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.  
 Promise him well, before the Play begin ;  
 For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin.  
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail ;  
 But, if you leave him after being frail,  
 He'll have, at least, a fair Pretence to rail ;  
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,  
 And put you in the new Deserters Bill.  
 Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see ;  
 Enow to fill another *Mercury* !

Yet

But



But this the Ladies may with Patience brook :  
 Theirs are not the first Colours you forsook.  
 He wou'd be loth the *Beauties* to offend ;  
 But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.  
 He's a young Plant, in his first Year of bearing ;  
 But his Friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.  
 His Gloss is still upon him : Tho' 'tis true  
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the Blue.  
 You think an *Apricot* half green is best ;  
 There's sweet and sour, and one Side good at least.  
 Mango's and Limes, whose Nourishment is little,  
 Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for Pickle.  
 So this green Writer may pretend, at least,  
 To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.  
 He makes this difference in the Sexes too ;  
 He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.  
 To both he wou'd contribute some Delight ;  
 A meer Poetical Hermaphrodite.  
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo ;  
 With Arms offensive, and defensive too ;  
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.





E L E G I E S

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Vol



E L E O N O R A :

A PANEGYRICAL

P O E M,

Dedicated to the Memory of the Late

COUNTESS of ABINGDON.



VOL. II.

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To





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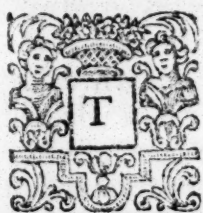


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To the Right Honourable the  
Earl of *Abingdon*, &c.

*My LORD,*



HE Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill Health, some Business, and many Troubles, I was forced to defer them 'till this time. *Ovid*, going to his Banishment, and writing from on Shipboard to his Friends, excused the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of *Mercury*, with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly in a damp Air. I therefore chose rather to obey You late than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard Swimming; where I may pant a  
O 2 while

while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a sad Assurance, that my Disease never took its leave of any Man, but with a Purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and managed the small Stock, which Age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's Memory. We, who are Priests of *Apollo*, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait 'till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double Strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural Power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution; and that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the Tide, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy, and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Criticks: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroick Verse, is of the Pindarick nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegy, but a Panegyrick: A kind of Apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen Word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription

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to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. *Isocrates* amongst the *Grecian* Orators, and *Cicero*, and the younger *Pliny*, amongst the *Romans*, have left us their Precedents for our security: For I think I need not mention the inimitable *Pindar*, who stretches on these Pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description, which I have received from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him: Which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a Relation given him of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend, without the nice Touches, which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular Observations would have discover'd more Perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have received mine from the best Hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor *Donne*, the greatest Wit, though not the greatest Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. *Drury*, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same Fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same Genius. However I have follow'd his Footsteps in the Design of his Panegyrick; which was to raise



an Emulation in the Living, to copy out the Example of the Dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem, *The Pattern* : And though, on a second Consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of the Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and *Eleonora* is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility ; of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer your Commands, yet I cou'd not answer it to the World, nor to my Conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living : I say my Testimony only ; for the Praise of it is given you by your self. They, who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar Happiness of the Countess of *Abingdon*, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have, such a Loss ; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exteriors of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual stints of common Husbands : And perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocrisy, and forgot with Ease. But you have distinguish'd yourself from ordinary Lovers, by a real and lasting Grief for the Deceas'd ; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work, and your Choice of the Artificer as happy as your Design. Yet, as *Phidias*, when he had made the Statue of *Minerva*, cou'd not forbear to engrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece : So give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to  
this

this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the Memory of Hers. 'Tis no Flattery to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd, in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance; and that I have never been in any Company since the News of her Death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in Prose, which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think my self oblig'd to thank your Lordship for the Commission which you have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as incompetent or corrupt Judges. For my Comfort, they are but *Englishmen*, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both Sexes are so few, in *England*, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation than I cou'd give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my Pen with frequent exercise on the like Subjects; that Praises, like Taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the Person. They say, my Talent is Satire: If it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age, and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single Hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have sown the Dragons Teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happiness to know You, may stand aside, with the small Remainers of the *English*

Nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled my self, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet like him I have undertaken the Charge, and find the Burden sufficiently recompens'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument ; and let her pious Memory, which I am sure is sacred to You, not only plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me your Protection, which is ambitiously fought by,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

*ELL*



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# E L E O N O R A :

A Panegyrical P O E M,

*Dedicated to the Memory of the late  
Countess of A B I N G D O N.*



AS when some Great and Gracious Monarch  
dies,  
Soft Whispers, first, and mournful Mur-  
murs rise  
Among the sad Attendants ; then the Sound  
Soon gathers Voice, and spreads the News around,  
Through Town and Country, 'till the dreadful blast  
Is blown to distant Colonies at last ;  
Who, then, perhaps, were offering Vows in vain,  
For his long Life, and for his happy Reign :  
So slowly, by Degrees, unwilling Fame  
Did Matchless *Eleonora's* Fate proclaim,  
'Till publick as the Loss the News became.

The Nation felt it in th' extremest Parts,  
With Eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding Hearts :  
But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd,  
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd.



For, while she liv'd, they slept in Peace by Night,  
 Secure of Bread, as of returning Light ;  
 And with such firm Dependence on the Day,  
 That Need grew pamp'rd, and forgot to pray :  
 So sure the Dole, so ready at their Call,  
 They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,  
 That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.  
 Of her five Talents, other five she made ;  
 Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd :  
 And in few Lives, in wond'rous few, we find  
 A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.  
 Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall,  
 Or proud desire of Praise ; the Soul gave all :  
 Unbrib'd it gave ; or, if a Bribe appear,  
 No less than Heav'n ; to heap huge Treasures there.

Want pass'd for Merit at her open Door :  
 Heav'n saw, he safely might increase his Poor,  
 And trust their Sustenance with her so well,  
 As not to be at charge of Miracle.  
 None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew ;  
 All in the Compass of her Sphere she drew :  
 He, who could touch her Garment, was as sure,  
 As the first Christians of th' Apostles' Cure.  
 The distant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds,  
 And laid her up for their extremest Needs ;  
 A future Cordial for a fainting Mind ;  
 For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,  
 Each in his turn : The Rich might freely come,  
 As to a Friend ; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.  
 As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came,  
 The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked and the Lame ;  
 Want and Diseases fled before her Name.

For

For Zeal like hers her Servants were too flow ;  
 She was the first, where need requir'd, to go ;  
 Her self the Foundress and Attendant too.

}

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,  
 Guests in Disguise, of her great Master's Train :  
 Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know ;  
 Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below :  
 Beneath her Roof he might be pleas'd to stay ;  
 Or some benighted Angel, in his way,  
 Might ease his Wings, and, seeing Heav'n appear  
 In its best Work of Mercy, think it there :  
 Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love  
 Were in as constant Method, as above,  
 All carry'd on ; all of a Piece with theirs ;  
 As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares ;  
 As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

}

Yet was she not profuse ; but fear'd to waste,  
 And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last ;  
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,  
 When Crouds appear'd, she had not to relieve :  
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her Store ;  
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.  
 So *Pharaoh*, or some Greater King than he,  
 Provided for the seventh Necessity :  
 Taught from above his Magazines to frame ;  
 That Famine was prevented ere it came.  
 Thus Heav'n, though All-sufficient, shews a thrift  
 In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift :  
 Creating, for our Day, one single Light ;  
 And his Reflexion too supplies the Night :  
 Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lie  
 Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,  
 Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurs'd ;  
 Of which our earthly Dunghil is the worst.

}

Now

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,  
Yet somewhat more to one Extreme incline,  
Such was her Soul ; abhorring Avarice,  
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a Vice :  
Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,  
And turn'd th' Excess of Goodness into Sin.

These Virtues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky ;  
For that, which is next Heav'n, is Charity.  
But, as high Turrets, for their airy steep,  
Require Foundations, in Proportion deep ;  
And lofty Cedars as far upwards shoot,  
As to the neather Heav'ns they drive the Root :  
So low did her secure Foundation lie,  
She was not humble, but Humility.  
Scarcely she knew that she was Great, or Fair,  
Or Wise, beyond what other Women are, }  
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare. }  
For to be conscious of what all admire,  
And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r.  
But still she found, or rather thought she found,  
Her own Worth wanting, others to abound ;  
Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,  
Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

Such her Devotion was, as might give Rules  
Of Speculation to disputing Schools,  
And teach us equally the Scales to hold  
Betwixt the two Extremes of hot and cold ;  
That pious Heat may mod'rately prevail,  
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with Zeal.  
Business might shorten, not disturb, her Pray'r ;  
Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.  
An active Life long Oraisons forbids ;  
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by Deeds.

Her

Her ev'ry Day was Sabbath ; only free  
 From Hours of Pray'r, for Hours of Charity.  
 Such as the Jews from servile Toil releas't ;  
 Where Works of Mercy were a part of Rest ;  
 Such as blest Angels exercise above,  
 Vary'd with Sacred Hymns and Acts of Love :  
 Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,  
 E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,  
 (For such Vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)  
 In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r.  
 All this she practis'd here ; that when she sprung  
 Amidst the Choirs, at the first sight she sung :  
 Sung, and was sung her self in Angels Lays ;  
 For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
 All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,  
 Before she came, that nothing there was new :  
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy Flight :  
 For how can mortal Eyes sustain Immortal Light ?  
 But as the Sun in Water we can bear, .  
 Yet not the Sun, but his Reflexion there,  
 So let us view her, here, in what she was,  
 And take her Image in this wat'ry Glass :  
 Yet look not every Lineament to see ;  
 Some will be cast in Shades, and some will be }  
 So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she. }  
 For where such various Virtues we recite, }  
 'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright, }  
 But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light. }

Her Virtue, not her Virtues let us call ;  
 For one Heroick comprehends 'em all :

One.



One, as a Constellation is but one,  
 Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,  
 Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run :  
 Ever in Motion ; now 'tis Faith ascends,  
 Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,  
 And downwards with diffusive Good descends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Cost,  
 'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost ;  
 Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,  
 Or Amber, but a rich Result of all ;  
 So she was all a Sweet, whose ev'ry Part,  
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.  
 No single Virtue we cou'd most commend,  
 Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend ;  
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
 That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.  
 The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece ;  
 Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true withal,  
 As the first Woman was before her Fall :  
 Made for the Man, of whom she was a part ;  
 Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.  
 A second *Eve*, but by no Crime accurst ;  
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.  
 Had she been first, still Paradise had been,  
 And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.  
 So she not only had preserv'd from ill  
 Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.

Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore ;  
 She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more :  
 Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway,  
 But taught by his Indulgence to obey.  
 Thus we love God, as Author of our Good ;  
 So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.

NOR

Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd ;  
 In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd ;  
 One Joy possess'd 'em both, and in one Grief they  
 mourn'd.

His Passion still improv'd ; he lov'd so fast,  
 As if he fear'd each Day wou'd be her last.  
 Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate  
 That shou'd so soon divide their happy State :  
 When he to Heav'n entirely must restore  
 That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.  
 Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,  
 So God and He might each have all her Heart.

So had her Children too ; for Charity  
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she :  
 Each under other by degrees they grew ;  
 A goodly Perspective of distant View.  
*Anchises* look'd not with so pleas'd a Face,  
 In numb'ring o'er his future *Roman* Race,  
 And Marshalling the Heroes of his Name,  
 As, in their Order, next, to Light they came.  
 Nor *Cybele*, with half so kind an Eye,  
 Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky ;  
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit ?  
 As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit.  
 Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore ;  
 New Objects only multiply'd it more.  
 And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain  
 As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain ;  
 As in the Blissful Vision each shall share  
 As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear ;  
 So did she love, and so dispense her Care.  
 Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,  
 As longer cultivated than the rest.

The Babe had all that Infant care beguiles,  
 And early knew his Mother in her Smiles :  
 But when dilated Organs let in Day  
 To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,  
 At his first Aptness, the Maternal Love  
 Those Rudiments of Reason did improve :  
 The tender Age was pliant to command ;  
 Like Wax it yielded to the forming Hand :  
 True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind  
 With Ease was pious, generous, just and kind ;  
 Soft for Impression, from the first prepar'd,  
 'Till Virtue with long Exercise grew hard :  
 With ev'ry Act confirm'd, and made at last  
 So durable as not to be effac'd,  
 It turn'd to Habit ; and, from Vices free,  
 Goodness resolv'd into Necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's Image, that's her own,  
 'Till the whole Mother in the Children shone ;  
 For that was their Perfection : She was such,  
 They never cou'd express her Mind too much.  
 So unexhausted her Perfections were,  
 That, for more Children, she had more to spare ;  
 For Souls unborn, whom her untimely Death  
 Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal Breath ;  
 And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her Mind)  
 Enough still left to sanctify her Kind.

Then wonder not to see this Soul extend  
 The Bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend :  
 As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,  
 To seek Repose, and empty out the Tide ;  
 So this full Soul, in narrow Limits pent,  
 Unable to contain her, sought a Vent,  
 To issue out, and in some friendly Breast  
 Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest :

T' un-

T' unbosom all the Secrets of her Heart,  
 Take good Advice, but better to impart.  
 For 'tis the Bliss of Friendship's holy State,  
 To mix their Minds, and to communicate ;  
 Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate :  
 Fixt to her Choice, inviolably true,  
 And wisely choos'ing, for she chose but few.  
 Some she must have ; but in no one cou'd find  
 A Tally fitted for so large a Mind.

}

The Souls of Friends like Kings in Progress are ;  
 Still in their own, though from the Palace far :  
 Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,  
 A sweet Retirement to a coarser Place ;  
 Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not,  
 Where Greatness was shut out, and Business well forgot.

This is th' imperfect Draught ; but short as far  
 As the true Height and Bigness of a Star  
 Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.  
 She shines above, we know ; but in what Place,  
 How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial Face,  
 By our weak Opticks is but vainly guess ;  
 Distance and Altitude conceal the rest.

}

Tho' all these rare Endowments of the Mind  
 Were in a narrow Space of Life confin'd,  
 The Figure was with full Perfection crown'd ;  
 Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.

As when in Glory, through the publick Place,  
 The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,  
 And but one Day for Triumph was allow'd,  
 The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to crowd ;  
 And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,  
 That all, though not distinctly, might be shown :  
 So in the straiten'd Bounds of Life confin'd,  
 She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind ;

And



And Multitudes of Virtues pass'd along ;  
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty Throng,  
 Ambitious to be seen, and then make Room  
 For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slip'd away ;  
 Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
 The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,  
 That some were single Acts, though each compleat ;  
 But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat. }

Her Fellow-Saints with busy Care will look  
 For her blest Name in Fate's eternal Book ;  
 And, pleas'd to be outdone, with Joy will see  
 Numberless Virtues, endless Charity :  
 But more will wonder at so short an Age,  
 To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page ;  
 And with a pious Fear begin to doubt  
 The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
 But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, cou'd there be  
 A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.

As precious Gums are not for lasting Fire,  
 They but perfume the Temple, and expire :  
 So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;  
 A short sweet Odour, of a vast Expence,  
 She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ;  
 For but a Now did Heav'n and Earth divide :  
 She pass'd serenely with a single Breath ;  
 This Moment perfect Health, the next was Death :  
 One Sigh did her eternal Bliss assure ;  
 So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure.  
 As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue ;  
 Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;  
 So close they follow, such wild Order keep,  
 We think our selves awake, and are asleep :

So softly Death succeeded Life in her :

She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was there.

No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise ;  
Her Soul was whisper'd out with God's still Voice ;

As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,

And treated like a long-familiar Guest.

He took her as he found, but found her so,

As one in hourly Readiness to go :

E'en on that Day, in all her Trim prepar'd ;

As early Notice she from Heav'n had heard,

And some descending Courier from above

Had giv'n her timely Warning to remove ;

Or counsell'd her to dress the Nuptial Room,

For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.

He kept his Hour, and found her where she lay

Cloth'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day :

Scarce had she sinn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act ;

Unless Omissions were to pass for Fact :

That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd draw,

To make her liable to Nature's Law.

And, that she dy'd, we only have to show

The mortal Part of her she left below :

The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)

Look'd like Translation, through the Firmament,

Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand sent.

O happy Soul ! if thou canst view from high,

Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,

Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,

Survey the Ruins of thy House, and see

Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family :

Look on thy tender Pledges left behind ;

And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find

From

From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval afford  
 To thy sad Children, and thy mourning Lord.  
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love,  
 And shed a Beam of Comfort from above ;  
 Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,  
 A transient View of thy full Glories there ;  
 That they with mod'rate Sorrow may sustain  
 And mollify their Losses in thy Gain.  
 Or else divide the Grief ; for such thou wert,  
 That shou'd not all Relations bear a part,  
 It were enough to break a single Heart.

Let this suffice : Nor thou, great Saint, refuse  
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse :  
 Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,  
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast ;  
 And dares to sing thy Praises in a Clime  
 Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime ;  
 Where e'en to draw the Picture of thy Mind,  
 Is Satire on the most of Human Kind :  
 Take it, while yet 'tis Praise ; before my Rage,  
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age ;  
 So bad, that thou thy self hadst no Defence  
 From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art : To wish thy place,  
 Were, in the best, Presumption more than Grace.  
 Thy Relicks, (such thy Works of Mercy are)  
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.  
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,  
 So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory ;  
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.



*To the Pious Memory of the Accomplish'd  
Young Lady, Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,  
Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poesy  
and Painting. An O D E.*

## I.

**T**Hou youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,  
Made in the last Promotion of the Blest ;  
Whose Palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,  
In spreading Branches more sublimely rise,  
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :  
Whether, adopted to some Neighb'ring Star,  
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,  
Or, in Procession fix'd and regular,  
Mov'd with the Heav'n's Majestick Pace ;  
Or, call'd to more Superior Blifs,  
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast Abyfs :  
Whatever happy Region is thy Place,  
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space ;  
Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,  
Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine.  
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,  
In no ignoble Verse ;  
But such as thy own Voice did practise here,  
When thy first Fruits of Poesy were giv'n ;  
To make thy self a welcome Inmate there :  
While yet a young Probationer,  
And Candidate of Heav'n.

## II.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,  
Our Wonder is the less to find  
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good ;  
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood



So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.

But if thy Pre existing Soul  
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,  
It did through all the Mighty Poets roll,  
Who *Greek* or *Latin* Laurels wore,  
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.  
If so, then cease thy flight, O Heav'n-born Mind!  
Thou hast no Dross to purge from thy rich Ore:  
Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,  
Than was the beauteous Frame she left behind:  
Return to fill or mend the Choir of thy Celestial kind. }

## III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy Birth,  
New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well as here on Earth.  
For sure the milder Planets did combine  
On thy Auspicious Horoscope to shine,  
And e'en the most Malicious were in Trine. }  
'Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth  
Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,  
That all the People of the Sky  
Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.  
And then, if ever, Mortal Ears  
Had heard the Musick of the Spheres.  
And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees  
On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,  
'Twas that such vulgar Miracles  
Heav'n had not Leisure to renew:  
For all thy Blest Fraternity of Love  
Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holy-day above.

## IV.

O Gracious God! How far have we  
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy?

Made

Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious Use,  
 Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above  
 For Tongues of Angels, and for Hymns of Love?  
 Owretched We! why were we hurry'd down

This lubrique and adult'rate Age,  
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)  
 T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?  
 What can we say t'excuse our Second Fall?  
 Let this thy Vestal, Heav'n, atone for all:  
 Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,  
 Unmix'd with Foreign Filth, and undefil'd;  
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child.

## V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;  
 For Nature did that Want supply:  
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,  
 She might our boasted Stores defy:  
 Such noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,  
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.  
 Her Morals too were in her Bosom bred,  
 By great Examples daily fed,  
 What in the best of Books, her Father's Life, she read.  
 And to be read herself she need not fear;  
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,  
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.  
 E'en Love (for Love sometimes her Muse express'd)  
 Was but a Lambent flame which play'd about her Breast:  
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,  
 So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth express'd,  
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

## VI.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the Nine,  
 One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content

To

To manage well that mighty Government ;  
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine ?  
 To the next Realm she stretch'd her Sway,  
 For *Painture* near adjoining lay,  
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.  
 A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,  
 (As Conquerors will never want Pretence,  
 When arm'd, to justify th' Offence )  
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.  
 The Country open lay without Defence :  
 For Poets frequent Inrodes there had made,  
 And perfectly cou'd represent  
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament ;  
 And all the large Domains which the *Dumb Sister* sway'd.  
 All bow'd beneath her Government,  
 Receiv'd in Triumph wherefoe'er she went.  
 Her Pencil drew, whate'er her Soul design'd, [Mind.  
 And oft the happy Draught surpass'd the Image in her  
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,  
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,  
 Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear,  
 The bottom did the top appear ;  
 Of deeper too and ampler Floods,  
 Which, as in Mirrours, shew'd the Woods ;  
 Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades,  
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,  
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,  
 And shaggy *Satyrs* standing near,  
 Which them at once admire and fear.  
 The Ruins too of some Majestick Piece,  
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*,  
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,  
 And, tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye ;

What

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er durst frame,  
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.  
 So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before,  
 But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

## VII.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold erected Look  
 Our Martial King the sight with Rev'rence strook :  
 For not content t' express his outward Part,  
 Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart :  
 His warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,  
 His High-designing Thoughts were figur'd there,  
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.

Our Phenix Queen was pourtray'd too so bright,  
 Beauty alone cou'd Beauty take so right :  
 Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,  
 Were all observ'd, as well as Heav'nly Face.  
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,  
 As in that Day she took the Crown from sacred Hands :  
 Before a Train of Heroines was seen,  
 In Beauty foremost, as in Rank, the Queen.

Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,  
 But like a Ball of Fire the further thrown,  
 Still with a greater Blaze she shone,  
 And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.  
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows :  
 To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,  
 That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

## VIII.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,  
 The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,  
 Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes ;  
 In Earth the much-lamented Virgin lies.

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent ;  
 Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content



To finish all the Murder at a blow,  
 To sweep at once her Life, and Beauty too;  
 But, like a harden'd Felon, took a pride  
     To work more mischievously slow,  
     And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double Sacrilege on things Divine,  
 To rob the Relick, and deface the Shrine!

But thus *Orinda* dy'd:

Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate;  
 As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

## IX.

Mean-time her Warlike Brother on the Seas  
 His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,  
 And Vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.

Ah Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,  
 The Winds too soon will waft thee here!

Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,  
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!  
 No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,  
 Thou hast already had her last Embrace.  
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far  
 Among the *Pleiads* a New-kindled Star,  
 If any Sparkles, than the rest more bright;  
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

## X.

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall sound,  
 To raise the Nations under Ground;  
 When, in the Valley of *Jehoshaphat*,  
 The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;  
 And there the last *Affizes* keep,  
 For those who Wake, and those who Sleep:  
 When rattling Bones together fly,  
 From the four Corners of the Sky;

When

When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are spread,  
 Those cloth'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;  
 The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,

And foremost from the Tomb shall bound,  
 For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground;  
 And straight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,  
 Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.

There Thou, sweet Saint, before the Quire shall go,  
 As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show,  
 The Way which thou so well hast learnt below.

---

*On the Death of AMYNTAS:*  
*A Pastoral ELEGY.*

'T Was on a Joyless and a Gloomy Morn,  
 Wet was the Grass, and hung with Pearls the  
 When *Damon*, who design'd to pass the Day [Thorn;  
 With Hounds and Horns, and chase the flying Prey,  
 Rose early from his Bed; but soon he found  
 The Welkin pitch'd with fullen Clouds around,  
 An Eastern Wind, and Dew upon the Ground.  
 Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey  
 The Fields, and curst th' ill Omens of the Day,  
 He saw *Menalcas* come with heavy pace;  
 Wet were his Eyes, and chearless was his Face:  
 He wrung his Hands, distracted with his Care,  
 And sent his Voice before him from afar.  
 Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain,  
 The spongy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain:  
 The Promise of the Day not only cross'd,  
 But e'en the Spring, the Spring it self is lost.  
*Amyntas*— Oh! — he cou'd not speak the rest,  
 Nor needed, for presaging *Damon* guess'd.

Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* lov'd the Boy,  
 The boast of Nature, both his Parents Joy.  
 His graceful Form revolving in his Mind ;  
 So great a Genius, and a Soul so kind,  
 Gave sad assurance that his Fears were true ;  
 Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew :  
 For when their Gifts too lavishly are plac'd,  
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.  
 For sure it was too bountiful a Dole,  
 The Mother's Features, and the Father's Soul.  
 Then thus he cry'd : The Morn bespoke the News :  
 The Morning did her chearful Light diffuse ;  
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her Face, [grace ;  
 And brought on Clouds and Rain, the Day's Dis- }  
 Just such, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd Race.  
 What Charms adorn'd thy Youth, where Nature smil'd,  
 And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child !  
 His Infancy was ripe : a Soul sublime  
 In Years so tender that prevented time :  
 Heav'n gave him all at once ; then snatch'd away,  
 Ere Mortals all his Beauties cou'd survey : }  
 Just like the Flow'r that buds and withers in a Day.

## M E N A L C A S.

The Mother, Lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,  
 Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breast.  
 The mournful Family stood all around ;  
 One Groan was heard, one universal Sound : }  
 All were in Floods of Tears and endless Sorrow  
 So dire a Sadness sat on ev'ry Look, [drown'd.  
 E'en Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke.  
 He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,  
 But promis'd length of Life to those who yet remain'd.  
 The Mother's and her Eldest Daughter's Grace,  
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.

The

The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,  
 Like one who durst his Destiny controul :  
 Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,  
 Resign'd his Son, but not resign'd his Heart.  
 Patient as *Job* ; and may he live to see,  
 Like him, a new increasing Family !

## D A M O N.

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophecy.  
 For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mould remains ;  
 Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains !  
 But, ah ! with better hap, and bring a Race  
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace !  
 Equal she may, but farther none can go :  
 For he was all that was exact below.

## M E N A L C A S.

*Damon*, behold yon breaking Purple Cloud ;  
 Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely loud ?  
 There mounts *Amyntas* ; the young Cherubs play  
 About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on his way.  
 He cleaves the liquid Air, behold he flies,  
 And every Moment gains upon the Skies.  
 The new come Guest admires th' Ætherial State,  
 The *Saphir* Portal, and the *Golden Gate* ;  
 And now admitted in the shining Throng,  
 He shows the Passport which he brought along.  
 His Passport is his Innocence and Grace,  
 Well known to all the Natives of the Place.  
 Now Sing, ye joyful Angels, and admire  
 Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend your Quire :  
 Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes bestow ;  
 For like *Amyntas* none is left below.



*On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.*

**H**E who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,  
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,  
 O Charming Youth, in the first op'ning Page,  
 So many Graces in so green an Age,  
 Such Wit, such Modesty, such Strength of Mind,  
 A Soul at once so manly, and so kind ;  
 Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the Volume o'er,  
 And after some few Leaves shou'd find no more,  
 Nought but a Blank remain, a dead void Space,  
 A step of Life that promis'd such a Race.  
 We must not, dare not think that Heav'n began  
 A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man ;  
 Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid  
 Of rich Materials, and a Model made :  
 The Cost already furnish'd ; so bestow'd,  
 As more was never to one Soul allow'd :  
 Yet after this Profusion spent in vain,  
 Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain.  
 I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,  
 Yet durst I guess, Heav'n kept it for himself ;  
 And giving us the Use, did soon recal,  
 Ere we cou'd spare, the mighty Principal.  
 Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd ;  
 For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd :  
 He was exhal'd ; His great Creator drew  
 His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.  
 'Tis Sin produces Death ; and he had none  
 But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.  
 He added not, he was so pure, so good,  
 'Twas but th' Original Forfeit of his Blood :

And

And that so little, that the River ran  
 More clear than the corrupted Fount began.  
 Nothing remain'd of the first muddy Clay ;  
 The length of Course had wash'd it in the way :  
 So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
 The Gravel bottom, and that bottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,  
 Gave all the Tribute Mortals cou'd afford.  
 Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above  
 Grew angry at our superstitious Love :  
 For when we more than Human Homage pay,  
 The charming Cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the Crime not his, but ours alone :  
 And yet we murmur that he went so soon ;  
 Though Miracles are short and rarely shown.

}

Hear then, ye mournful Parents, and divide  
 That Love in many, which in one was ty'd.  
 That individual Blessing is no more,  
 But multiply'd in your remaining Store.  
 The Flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire ;  
 The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of Fire.  
 Love him by Parts, in all your num'rous Race,  
 And from those Parts form one collected Grace ;  
 Then, when you have refin'd to that Degree,  
 Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

*Upon the Death of the Earl of DUNDÉE.*

**O**H last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain  
 Thy Country's Freedom from a foreign Reign ;  
 New People fill the Land now thou art gone,  
 New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.

*Scotland* and Thee did each in other live ;  
 Nor wou'dst thou her, nor cou'd she thee survive.  
 Farewel, who dying didst support the State,  
 And cou'dst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

---

*Upon Young Mr. ROGERS of  
 Gloucestershire.*

**O**F gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,  
 Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanish'd Pleasure,  
 Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit and Grace,  
 A large Provision for so short a Race ;  
 More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,  
 Too early fitted for a better State ;  
 But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun Delay,  
 He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest way.

---

*To the Memory of Mr. OLDHAM.*

**F**arewel, too little, and too lately known,  
 Whom I began to think, and call my own :  
 For sure our Souls were near allied, and thine  
 Cast in the same poetic Mould with mine.  
 One common Note on either Lyre did strike,  
 And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike.  
 To the same Goal did both our Studies drive ;  
 The last set out, the soonest did arrive.  
 Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slipp'ry place,  
 Whilst his young Friend perform'd, and won the Race.  
 O early ripe ! to thy abundant Store  
 What cou'd advancing Age have added more ?

It might (what Nature never gives the Young)  
 Have taught the Smoothness of thy native Tongue.  
 But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine  
 Thro' the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.  
 A noble Error, and but seldom made,  
 When Poets are by too much Force betray'd.  
 Thy gen'rous Fruits, tho' gather'd ere their Prime,  
 Still shew'd a Quickness; and maturing Time  
 But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of Rhime. }  
 Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,  
 But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue!  
 Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;  
 But Fate and Gloomy Night encompass thee around.

---

*On the Death of Mr. PURCELL.*

*Set to Music by Dr. BLOW.*

I.

**M**ark how the Lark and Linnet sing;  
 With Rival Notes  
 They strain their warbling Throats,  
 To welcome in the Spring.  
 But in the Close of Night,  
 When *Philomel* begins her heav'nly Lay,  
 They cease their mutual Spite,  
 Drink in her Musick with Delight,  
 And listening silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the Rival Crew, when *Purcell* came;  
 They sung no more, or only sung his Fame:  
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd the Godlike Man;



The Godlike Man,  
 Alas ! too soon retired,  
 As he too late began.  
 We beg not Hell our *Orpheus* to restore :  
     Had he been there,  
     Their Sovereign's Fear  
     Had sent him back before.  
 The Power of Harmony too well they knew :  
 He long ere this had tun'd their jarring Sphere,  
 And left no Hell below.

## III.

The Heav'nly Choir, who heard his Notes from high,  
 Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky :  
     They handed him along,  
 And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.  
 Ye breth'ren of the Lyre, and tuneful Voice,  
 Lament his Lot ; but at your own rejoice :  
 Now live secure, and linger out your Days ;  
 The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's* Lays,  
 Nor know to mend their Choice.

## EPI TAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.

**F**Air, kind, and true, a Treasure each alone,  
 A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one,  
 Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,  
 Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.  
 Come, Virgins, ere in equal Bands ye join,  
 Come first, and offer at her sacred Shrine ;  
 Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,  
 Compound for all the rest, with longer Life ;  
 And wish your Vows, like hers, may be return'd,  
 So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIRBONE'S  
Tomb in Westminster-Abbey.

*Sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone,  
Knight, Governor of Tangier ; in Execution of which  
Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from  
the Moors, then besieging the Town, in the forty sixth  
Year of his Age. October 24, 1680.*

YE Sacred Relicks, which your Marble keep,  
Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet sleep :  
Discharge the Trust, which, when it was below,  
*Fairbone's* undaunted Soul did undergo, }  
And be the Town's *Palladium* from the Foe.  
Alive and dead these Walls he will defend :  
Great Actions great Examples must attend.  
The *Candian* Siege his early Valour knew,  
Where *Turkish* Blood did his young Hands imbrue.  
From thence returning with deserv'd Applause, }  
Against the *Moors* his well-flesh'd Sword he draws ; }  
The same the Courage, and the same the Cause. }  
His Youth and Age, his Life and Death, combine, }  
As in some great and regular Design, }  
All of a Piece throughout, and all divine. }  
Still nearer Heav'n his Virtues shone more bright,  
Like rising Flames expanding in their height ; }  
The Martyr's Glory crown'd the Soldier's Fight. }  
More bravely *British* General never fell,  
Nor General's Death was e'er reveng'd so well ;  
Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close,  
Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes.  
To his lamented Loss for time to come  
His pious Widow consecrates this Tomb.

*Under*

*Under Mr. MILTON's Picture, before his  
Paradise Lost.*

**T**Hree Poets, in three distant *Ages* born,  
*Greece, Italy, and England* did adorn.  
 The *first* in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd;  
 The *next* in Majesty; in both the *last*.  
 The force of *Nature* cou'd no further go;  
 To make a *Third* she join'd the former two.



SONGS.

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# A S O N G

F O R

*St. CECILIA'S Day, 1687.*

I.

**F**ROM Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony  
This Universal Frame began :  
When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring Atoms lay,  
And cou'd not heave her Head,  
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,  
Arise, ye more than dead.  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Musick's Power obey.  
From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony  
This Universal Frame began :  
From Harmony to Harmony  
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,  
The Diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell !  
When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,  
His list'ning Brethren stood around,  
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell  
To worship that Celestial Sound.  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that Shell,

That

That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

## III.

The Trumpet's loud Clangor  
Excites us to Arms,  
With shrill Notes of Anger  
And mortal Alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thund'ring Drum  
Cries, hark! the Foes come;  
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

## IV.

The soft complaining Flute  
In dying Notes discovers  
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,  
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

## V.

Sharp Violins proclaim  
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,  
Fury, frantick Indignation,  
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,  
For the fair, disdainful, Dame.

## VI.

But oh! what Art can teach,  
What human Voice can reach,  
The sacred Organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy Love,  
Notes that wing their Heavenly ways  
To mend the Choirs above.

## VII.

*Orpheus* cou'd lead the savage race;  
And Trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the Lyre:  
But bright *Cecilia* rais'd the wonder higher:  
When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'n,  
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand

# SONGS.

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## Grand CHORUS.

*As from the pow'r of sacred Lays  
The Spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the Bless'd above ;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,  
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The Dead shall live, the Living die,  
And Musick shall untune the Sky.*

---

## *On the Young STATESMEN.*

**C**LARENDON had Law and Sense,  
Clifford was fierce and brave ;  
Bennet's grave Look was a pretence,  
And D——y's matchless Impudence  
Help'd to support the Knave.

But Sun—d, God—n, L——y,  
These will appear such Chits in Story,  
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jest,  
To be repeated like *John Dory*,  
When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,  
What wou'd these Madmen have ?  
First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,  
Deceive us without Common Sense,  
And without Pow'r enslave.

Shall free-born Men, in humble awe,  
Submit to servile Shame ;  
Who from Consent and Custom draw  
The same Right to be rul'd by Law,  
Which Kings pretend to reign ?

The



The Duke shall wield his conq'ring Sword,  
 The Chanc'lor make a Speech,  
 The King shall pass his honest Word,  
 The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford,  
 And then, come kifs my Breech.

So have I seen a King on Chess  
 (His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,  
 His Queen and Bishops in distress)  
 Shifting about, grow less and less,  
 With here and there a Pawn.

*The T E A R S of A M Y N T A, for the  
 Death of D A M O N.*

S O N G.

I.

**O**N a Bank, beside a Willow,  
 Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,  
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone :  
 From the chearless dawn of Morning  
 'Till the Dews of Night returning,  
 Singing thus she made her moan :  
     Hope is banish'd,  
     Joys are vanish'd,  
*Damon*, my belov'd, is gone !

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover  
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover ;  
 Oh so true, so kind was he !  
*Damon* was the pride of Nature,  
 Charming in his every Feature ;  
*Damon* liv'd alone for me ;  
     Melting Kisses,  
     Murmuring Bliss :  
 Whoso liv'd and lov'd as we !

III. Never

## III.

Never shall we curse the Morning,  
 Never bless the Night returning,  
 Sweet Embraces to restore :  
 Never shall we both lie dying,  
 Nature failing, Love supplying  
 All the Joys he drain'd before :  
     Death come end me  
     To befriend me ;  
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

---

## A S O N G.

## I.

**S**YLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,  
 Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green :  
 She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest  
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her Breast :  
 She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close :  
     By their praying and whining,  
     And clasping and twining,  
     And panting and wishing,  
     And sighing and kissing,  
     And sighing and kissing so close.

## II.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah for a languishing Maid,  
 In a Country of Christians, to die without Aid !  
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,  
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,  
 To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close !  
     By their praying and whining,  
     And clasping and twining,

And

And panting and wishing,  
 And sighing and kissing,  
 And sighing and kissing so close.

## III.

*Cupid* in Shape of a Swain did appear,  
 He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near ;  
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear ;  
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear :  
 When the Balm was infus'd, she was not at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close ;  
     By their praying and whining,  
     And clasping and twining,  
     And panting and wishing,  
     And sighing and kissing,  
     And sighing and kissing so close.

## The L A D Y ' s S O N G .

## I.

**A** Choir of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,  
 To choose a *May-Lady* to govern the Year ;  
 All the Nymphs were in White, and the Shepherds  
     in Green ;  
 The Garland was giv'n, and *Phyllis* was Queen :  
 But *Phyllis* refus'd it, and sighing did say,  
 I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

## II.

While *Pan*, and fair *Syrinx*, are fled from our Shore,  
 The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more :  
 The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our Desires,  
 Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his Fires :  
 And vows that himself, and his Mother, will mourn,  
 'Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

## III. For.

## III.

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more;  
 For we will perform what the Deity swore:  
 But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,  
 Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms:  
 Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,  
 When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

---

## A S O N G.

## I.

**F**AIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize  
 Reserv'd for your victorious Eyes:  
 From Clouds, whom at your Feet you see,  
 O pity, and distinguish me;  
 As I from thousand Beauties more  
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

## II.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd,  
 Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;  
 Angels, when you your Silence break,  
 Forget their Hymns, to hear you speak;  
 But when at once they hear and view,  
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

## III.

No Graces can your Form improve,  
 But all are lost, unless you love;  
 While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
 Your Veil and Beauty are in vain:  
 In Pity then prevent my Fate,  
 For after dying all Reprieve's too late.



## A S O N G.

**H**igh State and Honours to others impart,  
 But give me your Heart :  
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 So gentle a Love, so fervent a Fire,  
 My Soul does inspire ;  
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone,  
 I beg for my own.  
 Your Love let me crave ;  
 Give me in Possessing  
 So matchless a Blessing ;  
 That Empire is all I wou'd have.  
 Love's my Petition,  
 All my Ambition ;  
 If e'er you discover  
 So faithful a Lover,  
 So real a Flame,  
 I'll die, I'll die,  
 So give up my Game.

---

## R O N D E L A Y.

**C**hloe found *Amyntas* lying,  
 All in Tears, upon the Plain ;  
 Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain !  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain !

## II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain !  
 Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain :

Kifs

Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kiss me once, and ease my Pain !

## III.

Ever scorning, and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain.

*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain :  
 Kiss me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kiss me once, and ease my Pain !

## IV.

*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain :  
 But repenting, and complying,  
 When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :  
 Kiss'd him up before his dying ;  
 Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.

## A S O N G.

## I.

**G**O tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,  
 I wou'd not die, nor dare complain :  
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,  
 Thy Words will more prevail than mine.  
 To Souls oppress'd, and dumb with Grief,  
 The Gods ordain this kind Relief ;  
 That Musick should in Sounds convey,  
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

## II.

A Sigh or Tear, perhaps, she'll give,  
 But Love on Pity cannot live.  
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,  
 And Love with Love is only paid.  
 Tell her my Pains so fast increase,  
 That soon they will be past Redress ;

But

But ah ! the Wretch, that speechless lies,  
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

*A SONG, to a Fair Young Lady going out of  
the Town in the Spring.*

I.

ASK not the Cause, why sullen Spring  
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear ;  
Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
And Winter Storms invert the Year :  
*Chloris* is gone, and Fate provides  
To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

*Chloris* is gone, the Cruel Fair ;  
She cast not back a pitying Eye :  
But left her Lover in Despair,  
To sigh, to languish, and to die :  
Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
To give the Wounds they will not cure !

III.

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
A Face that can all Hearts command,  
That all Religions can invade,  
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land ?  
Where thou hadst plac'd such Power before,  
Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

IV.

When *Chloris* o the Temple comes,  
Adoring Crowds before her fall ;  
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
And every Life but mine recall.  
I only am by Love design'd  
To be the Victim for Mankind.

F I N I S.



—  
of



